

COMET

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over
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SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto

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Crums of Comfort

Put God in your debt.
Those that govern most make least noise.
No man flatters the woman he truly loves.
The dread of censure is the death of genius.
Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.
No man is happy who does not think himself so.
Preaching is of much avail, but practice is far more effective.
It requires greater virtues to support good than bad fortune.
The greatest difficulties lie where we are not looking for them.
He who despises fame will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it.
Weak and irresolute is man;
The purpose of today,
Woven with pains into his plan,
Tomorrow rends away. —Coveper.
He shall be immortal who liveth till he be slain by one without fault.
Employment is nature's physician and is essential to human happiness.
Those who attain any excellence commonly spend life in one common pursuit.
Change of fashions is the tax which industry imposes on the vanity of the rich.
Every man is bound to tolerate the act of which he himself has set the example.
People would not live long in society were they not the mutual dupes of each other.
Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker hours gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.
It looks beyond the clouds of time
And through death's shadowy portal;
Made by adversity, sublime,
By faith and hope, immortal. —Bernard Barton.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.
If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, he would draw his hat over his eyes.
The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers is always the first to be touched by the thorns.
To have freedom is only to have that which is absolutely necessary to enable us to be what we ought to be, and to possess what we ought to possess.

Little Prudy's Dottie Dimple

By Sophie May

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Susy and Prudy Parlin are delighted when Grandma Read tells them they have a new sister. In her joy Prudy falls down stairs. Prudy and Susy go in to see the new baby. Prudy tries to find the baby's teeth and blow her eyes open. The nurse sends them from the room. The little baby is named Alice and because of little dimples they call her Dottie Dimple. When she is old enough to run alone she is left in Susy's care. Susy, becoming interested in a book forgets the child and Dotty runs away. Susy is frightened and tells her mother, who with Prudy and Susy search for Dotty. Florence Eastman leads her home.

When Dotty is three years old she goes to Sabbath school. Her verse: "Thy word is my path." She sings a rhyme: "I wish you could see them, Susy; then you'd know how cunning they are; and now you never'll know. But it doesn't seem a bit like orphan children since their mother's got home." "Makes me think of our mamma, and her three little children," said Susy, taking her sister's hand.

"Yes," said Prudy, her face radiant with a glow of love, warm from her heart; "how good our mother always is, and always was, before ever our reasons grew! Think what we'd do this night, Susy Parlin, if there wasn't any mother to our house!"

looked on, and learned a lesson in patience which was worth twenty lectures.

Percy Eastman was as glad to carry his spirited little cousin back as he had been to bring her to his house. Mrs. Parlin rode too; but Susy and Prudy walked.

When they came to the tree which contained the birds' nest, Prudy parted the branches, but the nestlings were not to be seen; the mother-bird had gathered them under her wings, out of sight.

"Hush!" whispered Susy; "hear them peep! Let's go; we'll frighten the old birdie out of her wits."

"I wish you could see them, Susy; then you'd know how cunning they are; and now you never'll know. But it doesn't seem a bit like orphan children since their mother's got home."

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CHAPTER V.

FANNY HARLOW'S PARTY.

"Kiss me, little sister," said Prudy, "and let me go, for I must get ready for the party."

"I know where you're goin'," said Dotty; "why can't I go too?"

Little did innocent Prudy dream of the queer thoughts which were chasing one another in her little sister's brain. After she and Susy had gone, and the house was quite still, Dotty stood at the window, looking down street. It was a lovely day; the clouds were "softer than sleep."

"O, my sus!" said Dotty Dimple; "there they go, way off, way off, Susy and Prudy. Bof of 'em are all gone. Nobody at home but me. Didn't ask me to her party, Fanny Harlow didn't."

Dotty heaved a deep sigh, took her black baby out of its cradle, and shook it with all her might. "What you lookin' to me for, Phib? I wasn't a 'peakin' to you. I'm goin' to cover you all up, Phib, so you won't hear me think."

Then Dotty looked out of the window again. "What a good little girl I am," thought she, "not to be a cryin'! Prudy'd cry! There goes the blacksmith's shop." Dotty meant the blacksmith. "His mother lets him go everywhere. Everybody's mother lets 'em go everywhere."

A prettily dressed little girl passed the window.

"How do you do, little girl?" whispered Dotty, in a voice so low that even the cat did not hear.

"O, what a booful hat you've got! Would your mamma make you wear a rainy dress, like mine? No, she wouldn't. Your mamma lets you go to parties all the days only Sundays. My mamma has sticked me into the nursery, and nothin' but a dar'needle to sew with! O hum! And I haven't runned away since forever'n ever! They don't 'low me to run away. Wish Fanny Harlow'd asked me to her party. I know why she never! 'Cause she forgot I was born."

Presently there was a sound of little feet. Dotty was patterning up stairs.

"Didn't know I was sewing with a dar'needle—did you, mamma? Mayn't I go to Fanny Harlow's party?"

Mrs. Parlin was busy with visitors, and did not pay much heed to her little daughter. So Dotty crept close to her mother's side, and buried her roguish face behind her head-dress.

"Wish you'd please to punish me, mamma," said she; "punish me now; I'm a-goin' to be naughty!"

Mrs. Parlin smiled, and reminded Dotty that

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We are not sending out any envelope folder blanks this month, and shall not send any next month. To those who received their last month it meant that it was time to renew their almost expired subscriptions; and we did our part when we sent out that notice.

Many have profited by the opportunity, but some seem to have overlooked it or put it off.

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for 1910, with its lovely picture lithographed in ten colors, which will be sent free, as a holiday present to all those who renew or subscribe before the first of January, is another help to club-raisers.

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December number that we have ever issued, with its inspiring title page picture, Christmas essay and touching Christmas story, and many other good things especially appropriate to the holiday season. Full of the true Christmas spirit of peace, good will and hope, such as the angel choirs sang, it will make every home to which it comes brighter and happier.

Renew your subscription now and take no chance of missing Christmas COMFORT.

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November, 1909. (This coupon cannot be used after Dec. 31, 1909.)

Thanksgiving in Pumpkins Corners

By Charles Noel Douglas

Thanksgiving's rolled around again, and we should all express our gratitude for the many reasons for our heartfelt thankfulness. Right here and now some reasons for our thankfulness. We've lots of things to kick about, the fruit was second rate. We'd only one peach on the tree, and that the cinch bugs ate. Though the corn crop was a failure, and cyclones laid it flat. The corn crop on Dad's toes was fine, so let's give thanks for that.

We've had our share of politics in this fair year of grace. But trusts and combinations still are evils we must face. They've trusted the oil and coal, machinery and pie. The coffin trust it plants you, 'neath trust head stones when you die. They've appropriated everything from tacks to anti-But air's still free, let's be grateful be, and thank the Lord for that.

Saloons we've fought, and vainly sought to make the country dry. The liquor yoke we fairly broke, but rum declined to die. We'd speakers grand to stump the land, held meetings by the score. We've banished beer, but rum's still here worse than it was before. Dad says that liquor's good for folks, he's always on a bit. But he's been home sober twice last year, so let's give thanks for that.

Them auto cars have left their scars, in this year on the wane. They've slaughtered all our stock this fall and driven us high insane. Buggy and team, and that's no dream, they've smashed, and ducks and hens. They've killed them too, and then dashed through the hog's right in their pens. The old gray mule, those wretches cruel, have laid him stiff and flat. But we've one hog still they didn't kill, so let's give thanks for that.

We've had a deal of sickness in the year that's nearly flown. Old Uncle Ned has rheumatiz, you ought to hear him groan. He lost a leg at Gettysburg, has one of wood instead. He's tied in knots and suffers lots, and goes clean off his head. Tough Uncle Ned's confined to bed, and weaker than a cat. His wooden leg don't pain at all, so let's give thanks for that.

Calamities they've seemed to seize on us the whole year through. Right in the creek, Dad fell last week, took hours to bring him to. 'Twas a blessing in disguise for though he went in head o'er ears. He got the first bath he had had in thirty-seven years. The house too, it was swept by fire, Dad lost all but his hat. But the mortgage on the farm was saved, so let's give thanks for that.

With good times here, it's very clear, we all should thankful be. We're privileged to live in this great land of the free. Where we're allowed with body bowed to struggle for a crust. And after toll, hand o'er the spoil to some old pirate trust. If you've no shoes, don't get the blues, but learn this lesson pat. You're free to go barefooted so—just thank the Lord for that.

It was not polite to whisper in company. Then she went on talking with her friends, and Miss Dimple slipped quietly out of the room. "I know—I don't ought to," mused the child; "I'm a-goin' to do wicked, and get punished; I've been goody till I'm all tired up!"

Having made this decision, she went to Prudy's closet, and looked at the dresses hanging wrong side outward on the pegs.

"This is a booful one," said she, pulling down a scarlet merino. She put on the dress, forgetting, in her guilty haste, to take off her owa blue one.

"O, my sus! I never did see!" said Dotty, puffing and tugging in her efforts to fasten the frock. "My mother must make Prudy's clo'es bigger'n this; yes, she must. It cokes."

However, by dint of much hard work she succeeded in squeezing her round little figure into the red merino, and fastening two of the buttons. "O, hum!" sighed she; "this dress is so tight I shan't grow today!"

Dotty had a great admiration for her mother's purple breakfast shawl, which she now threw over her little shoulders with tremulous delight. Nono's Sunday bonnet she next laid her naughty hands upon. Very charming was this bonnet in Dotty's eyes, as it was made of claret-colored silk and was all on fire inside with scorching red and yellow flames. It was so huge and so deep that Dotty's small face under it looked as if it had got lost in Mammoth Cave.

"Now I've got every single clo'es on me. Guess there won't anybody think I'm a boy this time," mused she, giving a last glance at the mirror; "There won't anybody laugh, and say, 'How d'ye do, my fine little fellow?'"

Very well pleased with herself, Dotty dressed "brother Zip" in Prudy's water-proof cloak, and they both stole out by the side door, without being seen. But which way to go Dotty could not tell.

"Where is the girl-that-has-the-party's house?" thought she, under her bonnet. "Well, it's by the stone lions, most up to the North Pole. Now, Zippy, if we keep a-goin' we shall get there, and we'll see some girls out by the door."

Zip wagged his faithful tail, which was quite hidden under the cloak, and they both trudged on. Dotty's heart quivered with wicked delight.

She happened to go in the right direction, and at last did really reach the "house by the stone lions." Several young girls were indeed playing in the yard.

"What little image is that, traveling this way?" cried Florence Eastman, holding up both hands.

"A beggar child, perhaps," replied Fanny Harlow. "Sh! 'sh! don't laugh!"

"I don't see anything but a walking bonnet," tittered one of the girls; "don't it look like a chaise top? O, look, look! as true as you live, that thing that that's hopping along beside her is a dog!"

The little figure now approached very slowly, its head bent down, its fingers in its mouth; though the girls saw nothing but a big, drooping bonnet, a purple shawl, and a pair of tiny feet peeping out from a red dress.

"I guess she came from Farther India," suggested Susy, that being the most foreign land she could think of.

Dotty now gave a loud knock at the gate, and peeped in between the bars. In doing so she had to push back the chaise-top, and the little girls had a full view of her face.

"O, Dottie Dimple Parlin!" screamed her sisters, in dismay.

Fanny Harlow hastened to open the gate. "Where did you come from, you naughty thing?" whispered Susy, with a crimson face.

Dotty's sole answer was a violent sneeze, which burst off two buttons, the only ones which fastened the scarlet merino.

"I've broke my dress," said Dotty, calmly. The little girls were greatly amused, but Dotty eyed them with such a gaze of lofty disdain that they kept their faces as straight as possible.

"Poor thing," said cousin Florence; "how tired you must be! Don't you want to sit right down in this iron chair?"

Dotty's bright eyes flashed. "Don't you pity me, Flossy! Now 'top it!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Useful Christmas Presents to Make

In & Around the Home

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

NOW that Christmas will be here in such a surprisingly short space of time I am devoting the entire page to pretty things to make for the holidays. Those who have postponed much of their work till the morning can, if they so desire, resort to the brush instead of the needle for decorative effects.

As many of our readers are quite proficient in this line, without doubt they can skillfully copy the three pretty articles illustrated in this first column with little trouble.

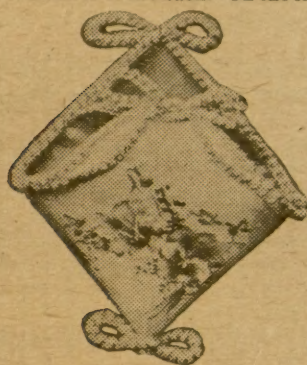
Hair Receiver

In planning such a gift as this there is ample scope for the exercise of individual judgment, as water color paper, celluloid or cardboard covered with silk or satin may be used according to one's fancy, with silk cord or ribbon for finishing.

Out the material the required shape and join in the center of the back. On the front paint in any pretty floral combination, such as pansies and maiden-hair fern as shown, or if it is known, the recipient's favorite flower should be first choice.

For the best results, first sketch in your design carefully. A dark and a light pansy work up artistically together, use a flat but small brush, work broadly, clouding the lights and painting in the shadows thinly; in this way they will keep transparent. In the dark flower use white, permanent blue, madder lake. In the center use cadmium yellow and for the buds burnt umber and yellow ochre; for the leaves and fern make a soft gray green of cobalt yellow ochre and white.

The lighter pansy can be laid in with lemon yellow, deepening the center with cadmium and working up the high lights with pure white. Work in a greenish tone under the lower petals to bring out the flower.



HAIR RECEIVER.

Pen-wipers

With a little paint numberless graceful conventionalized objects can be worked up into covers for these ever necessary little articles. Both the bunny and butterfly, with leaves of chamois, are painted on white velveteen with raw edges. The cute little bunny is tinted gray, with the strong lines put in black. The eyes and the marking of nose and mouth in pink; the whole is finished by working grass green in around the feet.

The butterfly could be colored in almost any way imaginable, but as somewhat of a guide the tints used in the one illustrated will be given.

Begin with the inside edges of the wings just below the body and tint them cobalt blue, shading in very lightly. The tip ends can be a little darker blue and from here around tint lightly, running a little deeper blue strip from the center of each wing in an upward line to the body.

When this is dry, from the body downward, next to the blue, put a faint pink, add a strip of this just above the blue running to the center of the body, and also on the upper edges of the wings from the body out, painting over the blue to within an inch of the ends.

Now in the spaces left use yellow ochre and finish by laying black unevenly around the upper edges of the wings, close to the body in outward lines as shown, and to spot the wings. The circles which appear are made by laying on wet cents, holding closely between thumb and finger and turning around.

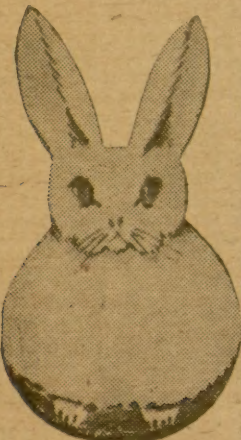
To get the best effect lay all of the colors on broadly and at once, do not rub or fuss over them, or the work will lose its purity and the tones become muddy.

Soften the shades into each other and avoid hard lines.

This butterfly measures seven inches across the upper part from wing to wing and five inches from the head to lowest tip of wing.

After painting the wings and cutting under leaves of the same shape, sew all together, and cover this joining with a little roll of felt two and one half inches long to form the body. Use black silk to mark it off, French knots for the eyes, and silk with the ends knotted to represent the antennae.

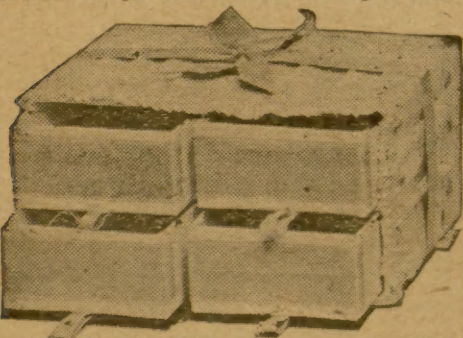
Pen-wipers in the form of butterflies, could of course, be made smaller and the arrangement of color schemes depends only upon the ingenuity of the worker.



BUNNY.

Jewelry Box

This dainty little contrivance can be fashioned of four small pasteboard boxes such as pills usual-



JEWELRY BOX.

ly come in, the size selected being three and one half by two and one quarter inches. Across the

front of each box glue a band of ribbon and on the bottom, in the center, a loop of baby ribbon. These raw edges can be covered with a piece of white paper long enough to cover both sides of the box and the bottom. While these are drying a box into which the four will go, can be fitted with partitions and the edges nicely covered with white paper. The outside of this box, as here shown, was covered with a piece of fine lawn shirred with a long ruffle around the front. This covers the top and sides and should be pasted into place, as glue would be liable to show through. A band of ribbon tied on top, with the long ends carried over the center of the sides and securely glued on the bottom, gives a finish.

Darning Bags

These ever useful articles are assured of a welcome from most any busy mother, and especially one whose many duties has perhaps prevented the making of any such contrivance.

Our illustration shows a bag of ample proportions and also graceful outline. Cretonne with striking red poppies and green leaves and buds was the material chosen, outlined all around with a binding of red cambric.

To make one of similar shape, first make a pattern by cutting an eighteen-inch square of paper. Fold this together and measuring down the fold mark off fifteen inches; considering this the bottom from the corner measure six inches toward the center fold and six inches up the side. Then scallop the corner as shown, into the six-inch



DARNING BAG.

mark, from here sloping upward to the fifteen-inch mark. This gives the bottom lines; the sides should also be cut in just above six inches so the width will measure thirteen inches from side to side.

When the pattern is accurate cut two pieces from the cretonne exactly alike. Before sewing together stitch a fold of the cambric on the corners from the six-inch marks down the sides and across the bottom.

Finish by binding all around. Hem the top over a wooden or wire hoop and bind and sew in place a narrow strap to hang up by.

Eyeglass Holder

Lena E. Hinz submitted the original design and directions for making this inexpensive and useful little present which will be of every-day use. Her suggestion may help to solve the perplexing question of what to give if a friend is dependent upon glasses.

Make the back of a five and one half inch pasteboard circle covered with velvet, across the upper part of which first embroider or outline the words "Let me see," to either side of which can be added a small spray of holly berries.

Cut a new moon-shaped piece of pasteboard for the front, and connect it with the back by an inch and one half band, then cut a piece of velvet sufficiently large to cover the front and the band, allow for the edges to lap over one-quarter inch, glue into place after which finish the back with a sheet of white paper and add ribbon as shown.

Floral Sachet

This is designed especially for one's handkerchief box or basket. Use



FLORAL SACHET.

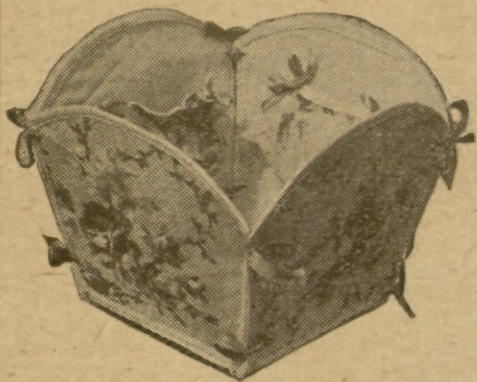
of baby ribbon of the same shade.

One of our oldest subscribers, Mrs. Lida M. Dearborn, who sent in the dainty Cretonne Work Basket, Hair Pin Receiver and Toilet Case, for Christmas ideas also included this interesting bit of information: "Grandmother, mother, myself and daughter all take COMFORT, and now I am the grandmother of a dear nine-months old baby who will undoubtedly subscribe as soon as she is able to read. This will mean five generations of subscribers in one family, so naturally we feel deeply interested in our favorite paper and very happy to be able to help in even the slightest degree. I have read COMFORT each month for twenty years."

Cretonne Work Basket

Our illustration shows another way in which covered pasteboard may be converted into a handsome work basket. For the outside use cretonne lining with silasia or sateen. Cover a five-inch

square for the bottom and four pieces for the sides each five inches across the lower edge, with the sides sloping up for four inches to where the width should measure six and one half inches round the top, making the center depth of each side five and one half inches. Bind each side and the bottom all around, then tack into position, tying the corners



CRETONNE WORK BASKET.

together with narrow ribbon as shown. The fittings for the inside consist of a tomato pincushion of cretonne, a square cushion, a needlebook and a sewing table, for needles. One or more of the berries may be filled with emery and the rest with bran or dried coffee grounds, which will prevent pins or needles from rusting.

To prepare the filling pour off the coffee and rinse the grounds to be used for this purpose in several clean waters, then let them dry thoroughly in the air before using. For covering the berries, cut circles of red flannel, three inches in diameter, fold and cut each circle in half, then fold each half together and seam up the straight side, gathering the rounded edge which forms the top. Make and fill berries of white cloth in the same way, slip into the red covers, draw up the top and fasten, then indicate the seeds with yellow silk. The berries may be varied in size by cutting circles of different diameter.

Use green felt for the stems, leaves and hulls, cut small circles for the latter, pointing the edge all around, tack into place and finish each berry with stem of felt. Cut leaves two by three and one half inches, vein with yellow silk, then arrange and sew all together into a graceful group.

Strawberry Needle Cushions

A good suggestion for a pretty little gift comes from Elva Timberlake. This bunch of strawberries is designed to hang on a curtain or one's sewing table, for needles. One or more of the berries may be filled with emery and the rest with bran or dried coffee grounds, which will prevent pins or needles from rusting.

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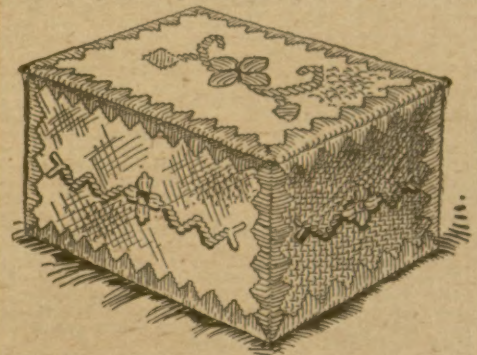
STRAWBERRY NEEDLE CUSHION.

Handkerchief Box

Select unpainted fine wire screening, which will cost but a few cents. With a pair of sharp shears cut two pieces five and one half by four inches for the ends, two nine and one half by four inches for the sides and one piece for the cover nine and one half by five and one half inches. Turn under one-quarter inch of the screen and pound down with a hammer till flat on all edges of each piece, then gild the outside of the screening and let it thoroughly dry.

Use silk or sateen for lining and zephyr of the same or a contrasting shade to work. Any cross-stitch design can easily be copied to decorate the center of top and sides. After this is finished, stretch the lining over the back of each piece and baste in place. With the zephyr work over and over all edges in points, as shown.

Cover a piece of pasteboard, pad and scent, for



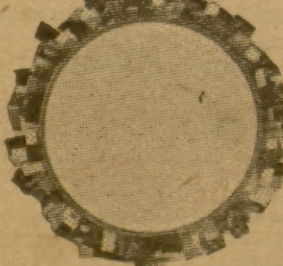
HANDKERCHIEF BOX.

the bottom. Then sew all together with strong thread and an unusually pretty box will be the result. The sender, Emma Garibaldi also suggests that photograph frames may be made in a similar way, any article which is attempted, however, should be cut allowing a quarter inch to be turned back, or the sharp edges will show even after worked over.

Lamp Mat

Another unique way of utilizing the tiniest bits of silk is here shown, for which we are indebted to Mrs. Caroline Stewart.

First cut and cover a six-inch circle of pasteboard around the edge, then sew a bias fold of most any material, placed so it will extend about one half inch beyond the edge. Now cut silk into strips one-quarter inch in width. Sew a row of inch loops all around the edge, place next row in one half inch, and third row in the same distance. This makes a full ruche around the edge and is very pretty. Finish by buttonholing the edge of a six-inch circle of silk or velvet for the center, after which catch into place with invisible stitches.



LAMP MAT.

Hairpin Receiver

For this can be used a small glass, or one can make a foundation of cardboard or use a circular box of any sort a couple of inches in diameter and three in height. Around the top glue or paste a double row of two-inch loops of red ribbon. Cut a dark green ribbon into five-inch pieces, double together, point the ends and place all around, with the ends up and the loops just a trifle below the bottom. Finish by putting a band of red around about in the center of the green ribbon, lap the ends and sew into place, fill with cotton batting and one will have an attractive little novelty somewhat resembling a red rose to hang conveniently near a dressing table.

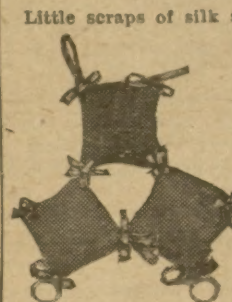


HAIRPIN RECEIVER.

Dainty Cushions

Little scraps of silk and velvet can hardly be worked up into anything more acceptable for small gifts, than pin cushions. Fig. 1 and Fig. 2 illustrate little groups, each of which require but little time and material to duplicate.

Fig. 1 consists of three two-inch square cushions, tied together with ribbon, the lower corners being finished with small brass rings, crocheted over with silk, for holding safety pins. The other group, of triangular shape, is especially attractive for fancy pins, and each shows a side of velvet and one of silk. Both of these illustrations were sent in by Miss Vina Dibb.



DAINTY CUSHIONS. FIG. 1.

Toilet Case

This is made of cretonne and oil cloth bound all around with sateen.

Cut of each, a piece four by sixteen inches, lay together, back to back, point one end and bind the other straight across, then turn this end up three and one half inches. An inch and one half above this stitch a piece of sateen, oil cloth lined, four and one fourth inches deep, bound top and bottom and also divided with a stitched binding as shown, making pockets for comb and tooth brush. The lower pocket being used for sponge or soap. Finish with ribbon bow, leaving one end long to tie around when the case is folded up.

Other Suggestions

We have described and illustrated work bags of all sorts, but it is a new idea to have a combination of bags to match. People who take satisfaction in possessing a set of anything will be especially pleased. Select your materials, colors and shapes, making up everything to match and then watch for the delightful surprise of your lucky friend.

For anyone who is well supplied with bags, but enjoys needlework, instead of giving duplicates just make a sewing set, consisting of one bag and an apron to match.

A very dainty, inexpensive one could be fashioned of white swiss.

A heart-shaped bag and apron would be very pretty. The rounded portion of the heart would form the lower edge of the apron. A tucked ruffle with a lace edge would make an effective finish, while a favorite bit of color could be introduced by running ribbons through a binding at the waist line.

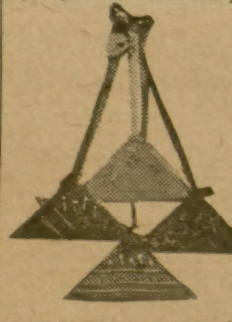
Sew a round bag to a heart-shaped bottom using a silk foundation covered with swiss edge the top with lace to match the apron and use ribbon of the same shade for drawing strings.

A handy little trifle can be made of two clothes-pins, gild or stain as preferred, then put one inside the other so as to form the letter X. Into each clothes-pin can be screwed three small brass rings which will be found very convenient for holding a all sorts of small articles such as glove buttoners, keys, etc.

Around the top of each clothes-pin tie an inch wide ribbon, then bring the two ends together and tie in a bow at the top to suspend by.

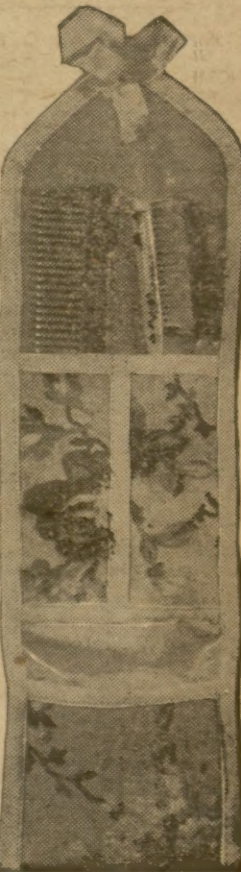
An inexpensive gift which would be appreciated by anyone who collects post cards, is a postal case.

Light weight cardboard covered with linen is very pretty. Cut one piece a trifle larger than a postal, say four by six inches for the bottom, two pieces for the ends, four by eight, one piece six by eight and one six by fourteen inches for the sides. Cover each of these pieces smoothly with linen, using paste to hold in place. When thoroughly dry use an awl to punch holes an inch apart, on each side and on the bottom of each piece, lace together with baby ribbon of some bright color and tie in small bows at each corner.



DAINTY CUSHIONS. FIG. 2.

One side will be found long enough to cover the top and give a two-inch lap besides, from the center of this a ribbon can be attached long enough to wind around the case and tie on top.



TOILET CASE.

A Few Words by the Editor

WITH an eight-billion-dollar harvest safely gathered in, and the ground swell of a mighty wave of prosperity sweeping its way, after two years of depression over the land, Thanksgiving day this year should be more than ordinarily joyous, and the prayers of the nation should ascend with more than usual gratitude and fervor to the throne of the Creator who has blessed this country with his wondrous bounty as it ne'er was blessed before.

Well does the Psalmist say: "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord for He is good; for his mercy endureth forever." If the Creator's bounty were withheld for but one short season man would perish from the earth; but all through the centuries, God has set the table of his abundance with a lavish hand, and it will be a poor heart indeed that cannot find some cause for gratitude upon this day of national thanksgiving.

The lean years through which we have recently passed were not of God's sending, but the result of man's inhumanity to man. God never stints the national dinner pail but fills it to repletion. If His bounty is not distributed equally, justly or fairly, the fault is ours and not the Creator's. For the jangling of political factions, the oppression of monopoly, the economic wrongs of a people betrayed by those in whom they placed their trust, for poverty in a land of plenty, God is not to be blamed. These ills arise from faults in the national character, and the lack of ability to solve economic problems, which have baffled man through the centuries, but which in his good time, and at no distant date, will be solved to the satisfaction of all men.

So let us give thanks, thanks that God has caused the fruitful earth to yield her increase, and thanks to that sturdy soul, the American farmer, whose ceaseless toil has made the harvest possible, for it is not in God's plan to be both provider and reaper.

But in the general rejoicing a note of warning, uttered with a bluntness almost startling, causes a skeleton head to appear at the national festal board, groaning with the abundance of field, orchard and vineyard, a skeleton which causes merriment to cease and sober thought to reign.

James J. Hill, the great railroad builder, than whom no greater authority exists, in a public speech delivered on September 14th last at a meeting of the American Bankers' Association at Chicago said:

"We have almost reached a point where owing to increased population per acre, our home food supply will be insufficient for our own needs; within ten years, possibly less, we are likely to become a wheat importing nation; the percentage of the population engaged in agriculture and the wheat product per acre are both falling; at the same time the cost of living is raised everywhere by this relative scarcity of bread, by artificial increase in the price of all articles, and by a habit of extravagance which has enlarged the view of both rich and poor of what are to be considered the necessities of life.

"Never yet has this enhanced cost of living, when due to agricultural decline and inability to supply national needs, failed to end in disaster."

Mr. Hill cited the examples of ancient Greece and Rome, and asserted the United States would shortly be face to face with a dilemma of the sort "from which Great Britain has turned to the socialistic hallucination."

Careless methods of soil tillage and the exodus of young people from the farms to the already crowded cities, he said, constitute the menace of the age. Mr. Hill stated that the American methods of soil cultivation are less efficient than those employed by the agriculturists of Europe, and pro-

duced less than half the yield of wheat per acre than was raised by the English farmer.

The education of the American farmer, Mr. Hill averred, was a tremendous task, the mere preliminaries of which have not yet been accomplished. Practically only a few months lie between a universal cessation of production and the destruction of the human race by starvation.

"The recent movement toward the more rapid opening of the Western Government lands to the people is doing more than any other one thing to equalize our population, and, consequently our prosperity."

Mr. Hill's views are certainly pessimistic and gloomy, but if they are no nearer the mark of truth than his reference to Great Britain's incursions into the realm of socialism no one will be greatly disturbed.

Great Britain, which has now the greatest and most democratic government the world has ever seen, under the leadership of Lloyd George, a genius and a man who sprung from the masses and whose sympathies are with them, is trying to put the burden of taxation on the backs of those who are able to bear it, and trying to lift it from the shoulders of the workmen to that of the millionaire and titled land owner.

In Great Britain they are taxing automobiles, but the taxicab, by which a poor man earns his living, goes untaxed. They are taxing gasoline used by automobiles, and using the money to repair the roads, but the gasoline used for business instead of pleasure is only taxed one half as much as that used by the rich gentleman in the big car, who runs over people for sport. They tax incomes in England, and they propose to tax the man whose income is inherited, but not earned, more than the man who works for, and earns what he gets. And think of it, they take into consideration the number of children a man has got, and reduce the tax accordingly.

From the death duties on inherited fortunes the government receives nearly forty million dollars a year.

And this money is actually being spent to provide incomes for poor old men and women who, after years of honest toil (chiefly spent in creating wealth for the red-faced Tory landowners of England) are facing the inevitable poorhouse.

These are the measures which English Tories, and American Tories, too, for that matter, are calling socialistic and anarchistic. When the Postal Savings Bank is discussed the Trust magnates and the subsidized press which they control, shriek socialism. But thinking people know if the Postal Savings Bank is socialistic, so is the Post Office, and surely no one would dare to suggest that the handling of the mails should be turned over to the tender mercies of private individuals.

No, the American people are not alarmed at Mr. Hill's pessimistic views. If there are thousands flocking to the cities only to exchange health for disease, bright hopes and a life of independence for disappointment and machine slavery, there are thousands in the cities turning their longing eyes countryward, multitudes who would gladly if they had capital and the necessary knowledge of agriculture exchange the tenement for the farm.

Some day our government is going to become a government of the people for the people by the people, instead of the toy of privilege and predatory wealth, and when that day comes Uncle Sam will do as they are doing in New Zealand—loan money at a low rate of interest to those who want to embark in agricultural pursuits, and government experts will instruct the novice and show him and others how by scientific handling of the soil—intensified methods of farming—it may be made to produce double and treble what it does now.

No doubt the population of this country has reached the point where agricultural products will always command a profit-

able price, but the main increase in the cost of living is due, not to a shortage of agricultural products, but to a merciless financial manipulation of the output of field and factory, and an iniquitous exploitation of the masses of the people by criminal corporations whose plundering has been fostered and made possible by a robber tariff which has recently been revised, and revised, of course, in the interest of those it has already enriched beyond the dreams of avarice, as against the masses of the people who ask only the opportunity to rear and educate their families decently and be permitted to earn sufficient to keep the wolf of hunger from the door and provide for old age.

The masses of the people, after the corporations have exploited them, have little left for necessities, let alone the ability to indulge in extravagances and luxury that made Rome an easy prey to Goth and Vandal.

We are not alarmed by Mr. Hill's pessimism. Our eight-billion-dollar harvest can, and will be increased to a twenty-billion-dollar harvest as our population increases, and our resources are developed. The American people will not sit down and starve in a land of plenty.

What our country needs is some more equitable system of distribution of the magnificent wealth which the toiling masses in country and town so readily produce, and which now finds its way chiefly into the pockets of the few, and too often into the pockets of those who have neither toiled nor spun.

The United States is all right, and so are the American people. All this country needs is to utilize some of the genius we now display in creating wealth in an effort to create patriotic statesmen, men who love their country more than gold, and who will devote their entire energies to giving us a government worthy of our country and the virile, splendid American race. Once this is accomplished there will be no need to heed the pessimistic wailing of any man.

THE discovery of the North Pole, after centuries of effort, has sent a thrill through the whole civilized world.

There is another discovery of far greater benefit to humanity that thousands of American people have yet to make, and that is that COMFORT is the best and cheapest home magazine in existence. The man or woman who puts one copy of COMFORT into an American home confers a greater benefit on humanity, and does more for the happiness and progress of the world than all the Polar expeditions combined. Take this fact to heart, and spread COMFORT amongst your friends and neighbors. Show them a copy of this month's issue, and point out to them the good things it contains.

Now is the time for subscription renewals, the club raiser's harvest. Go out among your friends, and earn some of our splendid premiums. Don't waste time buying Christmas presents when you can earn them so easily.

The writer would like to suggest to all COMFORT's readers that they send in their subscription renewals as early as they can before the Christmas rush sets in. By doing so you will confer a great favor on us at this end of the line, and give our overworked staff a chance to participate in the Yule Tide rejoicings, and assist the mail carriers, and postal employees, who at this season of the year have more work than they can compass. Consideration for others is one of the first principles of Christianity. We try to consider you all we can throughout the year, and this is the time when you can show your appreciation of our efforts by considering us. Come early and avoid the rush. A Happy Thanksgiving to you all, and a fervent God bless you.

Comfort's Editor.

The Hudson-Fulton Celebration

AS New York is the largest city in the United States—Greater New York, 4,500,000 people, and in the suburbs 1,500,000 more, half a million of this in Jersey City and Newark alone—it might naturally be supposed that a great celebration held there of international significance would attract the very largest crowds possible on this continent. And it did. The Hudson-Fulton celebration, beginning September 25th and continuing in the city and in cities near by and up the Hudson river to Albany for two weeks was a drawing attraction that drew the record crowds of this record breaking country, millions being out to see the various land and water displays during the days and nights.

As many of our readers may not be aware, it is explained that the celebration was in honor of the discovery of the river, which bears his name, by Henry Hudson in 1609, and of the definite accomplishment of steam navigation by Robert Fulton's steamboat, the Clermont, in 1807 on the waters of the same river, the initial voyage being made from New York to Albany.

For months preparations went on in the metropolis and in all the cities interested directly to make the celebration worthy of the deeds it memorialized and certainly in the magnitude of the work nothing has ever been done in the same line to equal it. While in a sense it was a city and state affair, many foreign nations, notably Holland and England—Hudson being an Englishman in command of a Dutch ship—sent their representatives and ships to take part. There were at one time fifty or more American naval vessels in the harbor, with battleships and cruisers from Holland, Great Britain, France, Germany, Sweden, Argentina and Mexico some twenty in all, flying other flags than the stars and stripes.

The celebration began on the morning of September 25th with a grand marine parade of all the merchant vessels in the harbor sailing in single file around the battleships lying at anchor for ten miles along the river front of the city, from Forty-seventh street to Spuyten Duyvil, the head of Manhattan Island. There were five hundred or more of these vessels led by duplicates of Hudson's Half Moon and Fulton's Clermont, and as the tiny vessels passed the grim warships everyone roared a salute from its mighty guns in their honor. Of these huge machines of naval war it would not be courtesy to say that any nation was more fitly represented than any other, but it may be said that England's magnificent ship, the Inflexible, seemed to receive the most flattery. Five hundred thousand people were afloat that day, and it is estimated that three millions saw the parade from both shores of the river. The elevated and subway trains carried over four millions of passengers, and the surface lines, probably three quarters of a million more, but that means taking them to and from the points of interest. The streets to the river were crowded with vehicles of every sort, and hun-

dreeds of thousands of sight-seers walked, while every roof along the river was black with people.

The spectacle by night was a scene of dazzling splendor, the electric lights representing one billion candle power. The average reader will get a clearer notion of what that many candles mean when he is told that a billion candles of the old time tallow kind would weigh one hundred and twenty-five million pounds, worth twenty million of dollars and that 150,000 head of cattle would be required to furnish the tallow to make them.

Half way of the line of ships at anchor, a white pillared receiving gate had been erected on the shore and here the various visitors from the water were received by the Governor of the state and the mayor of the city, with their retinues during the afternoon. Early in the evening hundreds of thousands of the most beautiful rockets filled the air with all colored lights, and blazing fireworks lit up the shores for miles. Every ship was brilliantly outlined in its electric lights and the river for a dozen miles seemed to be some scene that could be dreamed of, but could not be a reality. This grand display continued until midnight.

On Sunday all places of worship had special services and on Monday all museums, public buildings and libraries were thrown open to visitors and at night the theaters were ablaze as well as the streets which were thronged with people. On Tuesday, the next big day, a historical parade of floats, marched five miles through the streets of the city, accompanied by thousands of men marching in organizations with hundreds of bands of music, and more than a million people blocked the sidewalks, and filled windows and street stands to see it. Miles of temporary stands had been erected along the line of march, and on these seats sold at prices from one dollar to ten times as much. Wednesday was another day for seeing picture galleries,

museums and so forth, with the crowds on the streets at night as usual. On Thursday twenty thousand American and foreign soldiers and sailors marched over the course of Tuesday's parade and more than a million turned out to see it, because it promised a finer display than Tuesday's. The crowds were not disappointed and the parade was said to be the finest military display ever seen in this country. Notwithstanding the better opportunity New York had to have the finest turn-out, it remains to be said that the foreigners carried off the honors. The Americans looked like they might be more useful, but they were not nearly so ornamental as the foreigners. Friday was as Wednesday.

On Saturday the show went to the river again and a long line of ships proceeded to Newburg, about sixty-five miles up the Hudson where the Half Moon and Clermont had preceded them the day before and there more celebrating took place, the ships returning before dark. This was not such a parade as that of the previous Saturday, but at night the great ships at anchor blazed out again and once more the river became like a twinkling, fairy spectacle. While the river glowed and glamed a gorgeous mythological parade marched over the prescribed course through the city and this brought out, in conjunction with the other displays, between three and five millions of people. This parade, occurring as it did at night, when all the tinsel and gold and brilliant coloring of its floats had the advantage of the electric lights, was the most brilliant of all and was a fitting close of the week of splendor for the city. These floats represented noted mythological events and characters, with scenes from the tropics, from the Arctic and from everywhere that color and light find a source, and were dazzling beyond description. They were followed at the last by one of special significance, Uncle Sam Welcoming the Nations.

A huge figure attired in red and white striped trousers, with coat to match and a waistcoat of stars. His hands were out to all the world and his welcome was met all along the line of march by thundering cheers.

Every night of the celebration Fifth Avenue and other streets were blazing in electric lights till midnight and crowds of merry-makers were thronging them, with every restaurant crowded to the doors with diners. The Metropolitan Life Insurance building, the tallest in the world—six hundred and fifty-seven feet, forty-six stories—and the Singer, the second in height—six hundred and twelve feet, forty-one stories—blazed from basement to top, other great structures seemed to be covered with smokeless fires, Fifth Avenue had five miles of electric lights strung in one line on threads, flags of all nations fluttered out through a maze of decorations, the bridges swung across the East river in gossamers of electricity, and the air was full of a glory that sent the moon and the stars into seclusion.

New York has over four hundred hotels and all of them were full of visitors from a distance, while every ferry-boat and car leading from the city to the suburban towns was crowded with people day and night. No such crowds have ever congregated in this country, and remarkable as it may seem there were very few accidents, and only one death, the result of a collision on the water.

The celebration in New York city proper closed Saturday night, October 2nd, but only to be taken up by Brooklyn and all the neighboring cities, where for another week the festivities continued, every town on the Hudson as far as Albany, one hundred and sixty miles, decking itself in festive attire and indulging in parades by day and fireworks by night, with a grand illumination on the closing Saturday night extending from Staten Island to Albany. This illumination was the most unique ever attempted, and consisted of beacon lights over the whole course of Hudson's ship on its first sailing three hundred years ago. These lights were placed on high buildings, hilltops and other prominent points so that each was in the sight of two others and there was a continuous line of light for more than one hundred and sixty miles.

The whole show was a record breaker, but the remarkable feature of it was the displays of light, only possible by electricity, and in the memory of all the millions who saw it there will remain for all time the splendid dazzle of river and shore by night. What it all cost in dollars, can hardly be estimated, but the figures run up far in the millions. Still, New York is our richest and greatest city and she cannot stop at a mere item of cost when she starts in to celebrate two events of such great import to the whole country and the whole world as the discovery of the Hudson river and the introduction of steam navigation which had its accomplishment upon that river.

A New Departure Which Helps

Heretofore we have not permitted old subscribers' half-price two-years-for-a-quarter renewals to be included in subscription clubs under any of our premium offers.

From now UNTIL THE LAST DAY OF DECEMBER we will accept any number of these two-years-for-a-quarter renewals or extensions on any and all club premium offers.

A TWO-YEAR RENEWAL COUNTS THE SAME AS A NEW ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION.

Thousands of subscriptions expire between now and the last day of December.

THESE SUBSCRIBERS ARE ONLY WAITING for somebody to remind them and they will jump at the chance to renew at this low rate before the renewal rate advances on New Year's Day.

JOG THEIR MEMORIES, and get their renewals while you are also canvassing for new subscribers.

IT'S A CINCH TO GET THEM TO RENEW and to get those whose subscriptions expire later to extend theirs two full years from date of expiration while they can do so FOR ONLY 25 CENTS.

THE FINAL ANSWER

A Romance of the First Thanksgiving

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By Hannah Jane Parker

PROLOGUE.

When the writer engaged lodgings and board this past summer in the vicinity of the stone marking the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, she little thought what was to open before her. She did not realize that beneath that New England roof-tree was stored away a record of an unwritten romance of our country. A rainy day sent her to the old-fashioned attic with full permission from her dear, old, maiden landlady to hunt for relics. With the rain pattering on the roof, and the sweet, wet air blowing in through the open dormer window, the writer discovered, way back under the eaves a little, old wooden chest, bound with bands of iron. Carrying the treasure to the light, the inscription burned into the wood, was easy to read: "Comfort Widrow, her box." For some hours the 20th. Century faded away and once more those gallant, true, brave men and women who founded New England and laid the beginnings of a mighty nation, lived and spoke as I pursued those yellowed papers, and the rude diary kept by Comfort Widrow found within the box. I have tried to put together this thrilling story of those early days, which culminates in the events surrounding the First Thanksgiving Day, for the readers of the great paper which is the namesake of this Puritan girl. The facts are just as I found them. If I have succeeded in making Comfort Widrow one half as real to you my readers, as she appeared to me on that rainy afternoon, when I read her little diary, I shall be content.

THE good ship "Mayflower" tossed upon the stormy sea, and crowded in her stuffy little cabin were many sick, and still more distressed, although all were sustained by the realization that the cause which had led the Pilgrims from England to Holland, and thence to the unknown land, was a just and holy one.

Among those who had so bravely ventured forth, were two girls. One had the features that were to become so famous, whose love story was to be breathed forth whenever and wherever Americans congregate, Priscilla Mullens, a pretty, wholesome, English girl, and the other, Comfort Widrow, a lovely creature. The two were almost inseparable, and as they appeared but little affected by the action of the waves, they ministered to those less fortunate, and many grateful eyes followed their graceful forms.

Standish was one who looked long and tenderly upon one of them, but he did not notice the wonderful beauty of Comfort Widrow, for all his thoughts were centered upon the one who was to accept John Alden in place of him.

There was a tragic little story clustering about sweet Comfort. Her mother had fled with her to Holland, after the young husband had been tortured to death, a martyr to his creed. There among the kindly Dutch she had reared her little girl, and increased her scanty hoardings, until when in 1620 the Mayflower was fitted out, she was able to make her arrangements to join the little party, with what was then quite a sum of money.

Unfortunately she died before she went on board, and her young daughter was the charge of all these godly people, from whom she received as much tenderness as they felt was consistent with their rigid ideas about temporal matters.

Comfort was among them all, but not of them. Although her soft black hair was tucked beneath the white cap, little curls constantly escaped, and her bright, merry eyes, and her ready smile, made her a favorite with all. The snowy kerchief that crossed her girlish bosom often covered a rebellious heart, for Comfort longed as does any gay-hearted young girl, for some of the sunshine of life. Trouble had not yet pressed upon her, nor taught her that the shadows have their value as well as the glory of the full noon day.

Her deep, dark eyes seemed to hold a message from another world, and sadly disturbed the heart of honest Christian Malden. He had watched the lovely girl from beneath the brim of his sugar-loaf hat until his heart fairly ached for love of her, and so on the day before their landing upon the to-be-historic Plymouth Rock, he approached her, as she was holding one of the many children on board, vainly striving to quiet the little one, whose mother was still ill.

"Mistress Comfort," he began awkwardly, "if you could know how such womanly tasks become you, we would never hear again words from your lips expressing a longing to be able to do a man's work."

Comfort raised those lovely dark eyes towards the steadfast gray ones of the man she well knew was her suitor, and replied lightly:

"Full well do I know that I can act the part of a nurse maid, Master Christian, but so can any woman whose arms are strong, and patience great. I would fain do more. I would be a soldier, and fight to hold what we may obtain," and her eyes lost their dreamy expression and flashed.

The young Puritan shook his head. With his thick, heavy brows, his wide turned-over collar, and quaint hat, he would have made a strange picture in these days, but then he was dressed as his fellows. As he looked at the young girl, he pictured her in his own home, won from the wilderness by his own right arm; sheltering within her tender arms their children, and he could not understand the strange light that sparkled in her eyes, an inheritance from a Spanish forebear, who had come with King Philip, and married into the Widrow family, a beautiful woman.

As they talked, Priscilla Mullens joined them, and at her heels was the sturdy Miles Standish, who made a pretense of needing Christian, but whose evident purpose was to gain a word with the girl who was so bitterly to disappoint him.

This little interview between Comfort and Christian was but the first of many, for during the terrible days that followed, after they made their landing, the two were much thrown together, and he never found the dainty girl lacking, whenever any demand was made upon her.

It was she who comforted the stricken family when young Carver died, leaving his father desolate, although governor. It was she who fashioned tiny garments for the newcomers, and nursed the sick. No hand was defter than hers in cooking the scanty rations, and her cap and kerchief were delicately white no matter what her work. Still for all that she was like someone removed from the rest. In her heart was a strange fire, ever burning, almost consuming her dauntless spirit. While she was performing her homely household tasks, she longed to be out with the men, hewing down trees, laying out claims, doing something different from the eventless round of duties that appeared to lie next her shapely little hands.

When the Indian Samoset arrived, with his messages from Massasoit, she could scarcely contain herself, that she could not form one of the council, and hear all he had to tell, although she wormed it all out of Christian.

In vain did she try to take interest in the little chipmunks that the men killed for savory stew; the golden-throated thrushes that sang of a coming summer; the deer that not only furnished food, but clothing. Even the wolves did not frighten her. She panted for a larger, broader life, and for a glimpse into the outside world.

March, which brought Samoset, faded into April, and she, whenever she could, slip away from the others, sought wild flowers, which she bound in her hair, and admired her beauty in flowing streams now released from their winter bounds. Had any of her companions known of this innocent vanity, little Comfort would have been severely reprimanded, but the forest kept her secret, and the wild things that never feared her, seemed to join her in her happy playtime.

when not otherwise engaged, the women spun and wove, while the men hunted. Comfort had learned the uses of herbs, and was therefore commissioned to hunt for them so that she might help brew the remedies the good housewives were preparing, and thus oftentimes escaped from their watchfulness.

April, May and June thus slipped by, when on one bright, hot July morning, with her little basket on her arm, Comfort sailed forth into the woods. She was allowed to go alone for there was no danger in her doing so, or at least so the good people believed. The Indians were all friendly; the wild things never harmed her, and so, trying hard to keep her happy youth out of her step and face, Comfort went away, her little cap her only head covering.

She had discovered a spot where all kinds of wild herbs grew thick, and she was thus able to fill her basket on each of these excursions without any trouble, and to bring it back full. After she had piled it up, she felt free to give herself over to the beauty of the woods, and to admiring her beautiful face in the little stream she had grown to love.

Taking off her stockings, knit by her own fingers from thread she had spun, and the deer-skin shoes, she deliberately gathered her straight stuff gown about her and waded about in the little stream, giving vent to delighted little cries of joy as the refreshing water cooled her firm, white flesh. At last tired of that, she sat down on the bank, and with her little feet still in the water began to weave one of those garlands she was fond of fashioning, singing to herself as she did so. The words were but a fancy of her own, the tune one she had heard at Delft Haven before they embarked, but coming from her lovely lips, sung in her sweet young voice, the song sounded like some pean of joy to a young man who stood watching the girl for some time, before she raised her eyes and saw him.

As she did so the Puritan maiden blushed a deep crimson, and yet something in the handsome, although dissipated face held her eyes, until he stepping forward said, lifting his much battered cavalier hat from his head and sweeping the ground with it as he bowed low:

"As Master Will Sheakspere would say: "As plays the sun upon the glossy streams, Twinkling another counterfeited beam, So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes."

The girl raised the eyes which had fallen when he began to speak, and they glowed. "Oh, have you ever seen a real play?" she gasped.

"A thousand," replied the man with another low bow. "Whence came you?" Comfort questioned. There was something essentially different about this man, with his handsome, daring face, his bold blue eyes, and mane of tawny hair which fell about his face.

On one pretense or another, she and Sir Sydney managed to be together and he poured into the little ears tales of the court and its gaieties that unsettled her more than ever. Entirely hateful now became the homely tasks, and as she spun, her thoughts were far away across the water with the people he now promised should be hers as soon as he could take her back. Her little confessions in the diary bespeak her innocence and her love of all that was true and best.

The man was well versed in the gallantry of the court and understood how to win the heart of the lovely girl.

"My lady love," he would whisper when they met, "I live but upon your glances."

"Dost love me?" he would ask tenderly, and her great dark eyes would flash back the answer the lips were too timid to make.

In the meanwhile Christian was quietly building his little home, and with each log he cut, with each stroke of the axe, he thought of the girl he loved, and did not disdain to ask for Divine help in his wooing. Quietly he watched and waited, for he could not believe that this man he believed was a scoundrel could seriously affect a girl like Comfort. He did not take into consideration the desire the poor girl had to live a broader, wider life, her yearning for something beyond anything she had experienced or the fact that she was so totally inexperienced that she could not easily pierce beneath the outside gilding.

Swiftly the summer sped by. The crops had been surprisingly large; the winter was well provided for, and Governor Carver felt to the very bottom of his honest, God-fearing heart, that it was only meet and right for them to give thanks to the One from whom all blessings flow. He accordingly commanded that a day be set apart for public thanksgiving, and his proclamation met with the hearty approval of all.

Christian also decided upon immediate action. He felt that if he could declare his approaching marriage with Comfort upon that important day, there would be nothing to keep it very far in the future. His little log cabin was ready. From others who had arrived, he had bought many things to put in that one-roomed home, that were entirely lacking in others. He had made a good deal of the furniture himself, but there was a quaint old chair, some pewter dishes, and a feather bed that was the envy of the entire settlement. He knew Comfort had her own spinning wheel, and he had brought with him what was a priceless treasure, a Bible, printed in large type. In those days such a book was not within the reach of everyone, and he had built a table for it, and put it where it might be seen by all who entered.

Having thus prepared his home, and made up his mind, the young man on the eve of the day the Governor had appointed as the first Thanksgiving day, Christian sought Comfort in the home of one of the married women, but she was not there.

to let them hear his approaching steps. And yet she was safe enough, to all outward seeming, and well employed, too, for she was kneeling and digging up the root for which she was sent, while Sir Sydney held her basket with a grace Christian knew he could never assume.

The man bent over in an attitude of adoration, his eyes looking down upon her, his tawny hair blowing about his face. As he had often noticed before, Christian recognized what gave the handsome face so peculiar an expression. His eyebrows were jet black, and so highly arched as to form a peak on each side of his face. It made him appear to be constantly raising his eyebrows as though in cynical amusement.

The Puritan, half kneeling, peering in through the dense undergrowth could hear the girl's sweet voice as she chattered about the virtues of the various herbs, and marveled that so dandified a man as Sir Sydney should listen. Yet he acknowledged there was a charm in the man, and his eyes were remarkably soft as they fell upon the girl.

At last he broke in: "My lady love, cease. I care but little about the virtues of these simples. In London there are a plenty of physicians who make it their work to tend the sick. Fought it is not meet that one like you should soil your hands and wear out your dear self with such work. Come, my comfort, my dearest love, give me an answer. Soon I will be ready to go back to my home and estates, and I want to take back such a Lady Carteret as my people have never seen before. My influence can get you a position as lady in waiting at the court. Think fair one of the glories of such a life. I will have you taught the mysteries of the dance. You will see all men bow before those charms, the like of which are not to be found in all London. Once more, sweet love, pray give me my answer."

Comfort dropped her knife, and rose to her feet, standing facing him. Even in that dim light it was easy to see how excited she was. Her rich coloring was magnificent; her eyes glowed with a deep, hidden fire, and her bosom rose and fell under the muslin kerchief, not entirely hidden by her cloak which was slipping from her shoulders.

Before she could reply, Christian stepped forward. His eyes were stern and unyielding, his tones harsh, as he cried:

"Before you give him an answer, Comfort Widrow, let me call to your mind, who you are. You are a Puritan maiden, good and godly, and one who can have nothing in common with the vanities of the world. Such things we all put behind us when we left England to go into voluntary exile. We will become a great people. The God of Israel is guiding us. It lies in your power to fulfill the mission for which you were intended, or to go forth into a world that can have nothing but evil in it. I too offer you something. There are no quibs in my offer. In the life I open to you there is no pomp; I do not propose to make you a servant, even if of a Queen; I will not have you taught the godless dance, or allow men to insult you with admiration no good wife should desire, but I can offer you," and here his voice softened, "an honest love. No man can say ought against you while I live. As long as there is breath in my body will I labor to protect and provide for you and the children God may send us. Choose, Comfort. Do not let the characteristics of us two men weigh with you. It is your soul that is trembling in the balance. Go with this man, and it is lost, but—"

"Go with your long-faced lover, Comfort, and it will be saved," jeered the cavalier. "A fine life he offers you, surely. To labor in his hut, to wash, cook and spin for him, with never a sight into the outside world. Yes, Comfort, choose, dear love, but remember it is for life."

"No, Comfort, it is for eternity," cried Christian.

She stood there between them, her color deepening, her eyes like two great stars, then with a little sigh, she laid her hand in that of Sir Sydney.

"Forgive me, Christian, I must choose him, but I will never forget my religion," and then with a little wan smile as her lover would have clasped her to his heart, she said gently:

"Until the others give me their blessing, do not touch me," and Christian felt his heart rejoice at her words. The stern training of her associates was protecting this motherless girl.

"You must lay your request for this maiden's hand before the Governor," Christian said savagely.

"And I am willing," jeered the other, and Christian felt his gore rise at the expression of the strange eyebrows.

When they reached the clearing, Sir Sydney found no opportunity to make his request, for the good Governor was too busy with his preparations for the First Thanksgiving Day, but he found time to whisper many tender things into the ear of his lady love, and she went to bed trembling with happiness. Still she put at the bottom of her account of the meeting in the woods, these words, traced in pokeweed juice upon the yellowed paper:

"I trust that the good Lord will forgive me if I am doing wrong. Surely love cannot be wrong. If he did not intend us poor worms to love, would such capacity be placed within us?"

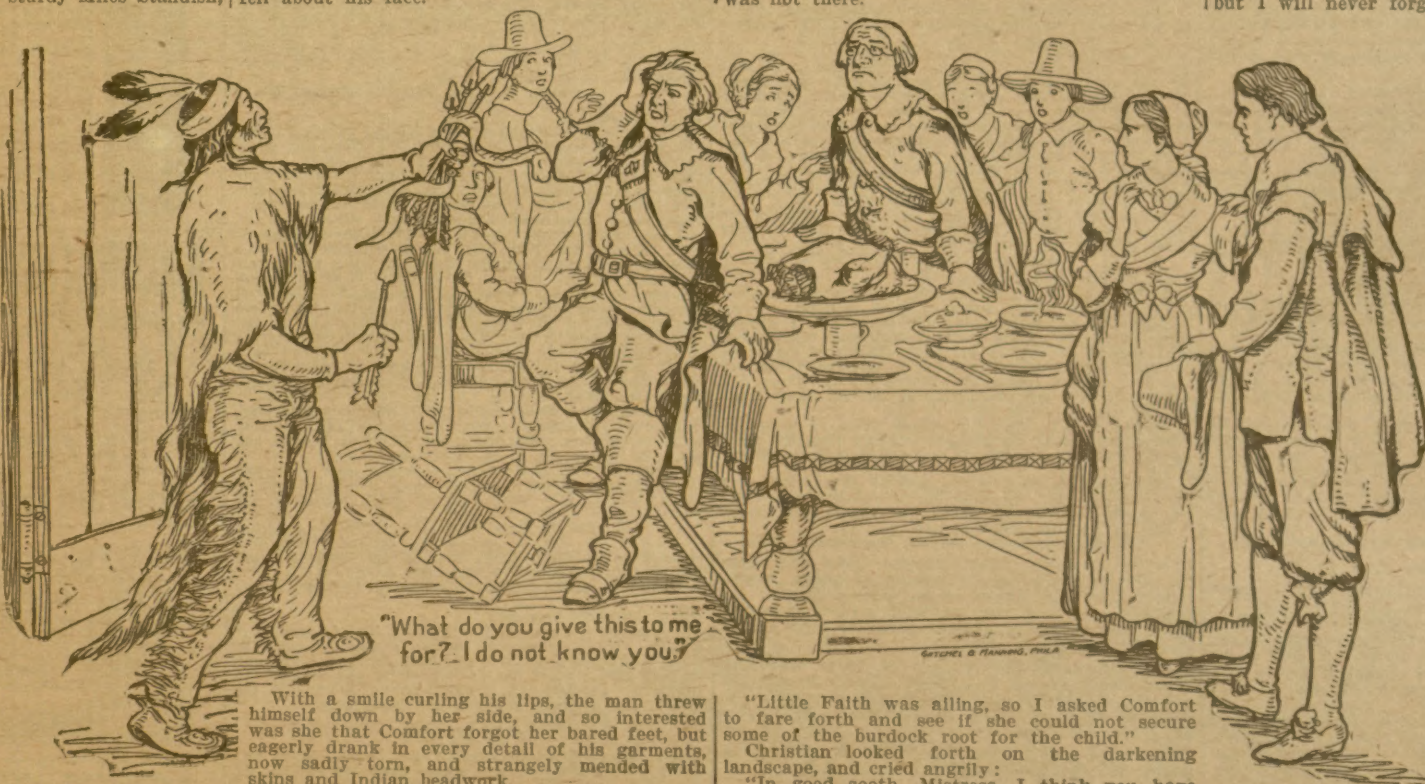
Poor little Puritan maiden, voicing the wonder of her sex in all ages! The next morning dawned the First Thanksgiving Day and those of the little settlement gathered and offered up their thanks for the wonderful mercies vouchsafed them during their year in their new home. The Governor himself made a powerful address, and urged his people to continue to uphold the principles that had sent them across the terrible ocean to this land of refuge. It was a wonderful speech, and lifted up the hearts of many, that had been downcast for fear of the coming winter.

Then they separated, to eat the many excellent dinners prepared. Wild turkey, shot by the hunters, great haunches of venison, steaming bowls of Maize pudding, and many triumphs of housewifely skill flanked these primitive boards. At one of them sat Comfort, her sweet face pale, her eyes glowing like coals. Here too was the Governor, and Sir Sydney.

When the hunger of all was satisfied, the last named rose and in a few words asked the Governor for the hand of his ward.

The Governor was not surprised, but he was worried. He had come to love the fair girl as though she were his daughter. He could not

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



"What do you give this to me for? I do not know you."

With a smile curling his lips, the man threw himself down by her side, and so interested was she that Comfort forgot her bare feet, but eagerly drank in every detail of his garments, now sadly torn, and strangely mended with skins and Indian beadwork.

"Fair nymph of the dell," he said marveling that such a tender rose could have sprouted from the Puritan stock, "I am one of those unhappy ones who endeavored to found a new kingdom in the wilds of the new world, which we named Virginia our maiden Queen, Elizabeth."

"Not of the fated Jamestown settlement?" she gasped. "Even so," he returned softly. "When the treacherous Indians burned and captured the pitiful remnant, I was among those made prisoners. Just lately I managed to escape, and I hope I can find shelter in this new colony. My name is one not much known here, although in fair England was known by many, as Sir Sydney Carteret, fair lady at your service," and rising he bowed once more.

The beautiful girl listened and believed all, and when she took him back with her, the others believed too, all except Christian Malden. Perhaps it was the constancy with which the new-comer paid attention to the fair Comfort, or the grace with which he wore his borrowed clothes, with which he was generously supplied, that raised the Puritan's anger, and made him seek to counteract the influence he felt was gaining sway over his beloved.

Each day Comfort grew more and more gloomy,

"Little Faith was ailing, so I asked Comfort to fare forth and see if she could not secure some of the burdock root for the child."

Christian looked forth on the darkening landscape, and cried angrily:

"In good sooth, Mistress, I think you have forgotten the maiden in quest for the child. Surely she is not so ailing as to warrant the sending forth of a girl into the dusk."

The good woman tossed her head, and replied quickly, her mild eyes flashing:

"Comfort did not go out alone. Surely I am as careful of the girl as though she were my own. She had the Englishman with her."

Christian's face paled under the summer's tan which was still on his healthy cheeks. For a minute he paused to keep control of his temper and tongue, then he said slowly:

"All dangers to a maiden do not lurk in the forest. There are things more dangerous than the beasts out there," and then he vanished, pulling his sugar-loaf hat down over his eyes, and holding his musket in the hollow of his arm. Suddenly his eyes were opened. He felt they all had been remiss to trust this fair blossom within reach of one whom he knew was not worthy to pluck it.

"God grant that her mind has not been turned towards the world too much," he whispered, striding over the ground. He knew where he would find them, for he had discovered Comfort's dell, and had named it to himself, Comfort's Glade.

As he approached the little place, now bare and lonely, he crept along lightly, not wishing



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as you receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THE years run off so swiftly now that each season seems to slip by before we realize it, and, once again bleak November ushers in the time-honored Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims, which has spread over the length and breadth of our land.

When the time comes to praise God with the knife and fork, few are laggards, but do we always stop to think at this time of the Giver of all good and perfect gifts, and render true thanks for all the bright days and kindly blessings which mean more to us than earthly gain.

COMFORT readers, we feel do, for they appreciate what COMFORT is, does and stands for, and are ever quick to respond with help and sympathy.

This is something to be thankful for and is it not a most hopeful sign of the times that a periodical of service, of real helpfulness, should receive such welcome support and cooperation? Dear Friends, COMFORT is a cooperative undertaking; as such it has won its gratifying success. It occupies a field of its own, and a service, which cannot be found elsewhere, is provided in these pages.

As you enjoy it, so would others, so send it into some home as was suggested last month. Cannot many of you respond immediately in this way? Remember, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

NO, IT'S NOT FOR SALE.—that beautiful COMFORT Calendar which everybody wants is only for COMFORT'S subscribers and can't be bought. Subscribe or renew if you want one too.

A Texas sister, Mrs. Sibley says:

Whenever I have a chance to speak a good word for my favorite paper I always do so. It is the best friend I have and I expect to prove it in other ways than words, eventually.

Now is your chance Mrs. S. COMFORT can brighten many days of the coming year for some poor shut-in with your help.

Think of living twenty-two miles away from everyone, surely letters will be royally welcome even after Nov. 13.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have been spending some of my time this beautiful Sunday afternoon reading your nice, interesting letters.

I assure you I enjoy them very much. I expect more than most of you do, for I am living a very isolated life just now. It is twenty-two miles to my nearest lady neighbor's. So imagine, if you can, what a letter means to me.

One thing for which I am very thankful—is good health. I would greatly appreciate a letter or postal shower on our twenty-second wedding anniversary, Nov. 13th. I'll surely answer every one received. Now thinking you, one and all, for the many things I have enjoyed in COMFORT, and especially our dear publisher for his good deeds, I close by saying let's all help the wheel-chair fund.

Mrs. MARGARET RICHARDSON, Wasioja, Cal.

The following comes from N. Y.:

I cannot get along without this magazine, it grows better all the time. Many of my best recipes and ideas come from its pages.

Mrs. L. M. ADAMS.

So the letters come in every day from Texas to N. Y. and all the states between; from country women, from cities and suburban towns, the majority are highly enthusiastic, friendly, frank, and a few kindly critical.

These letters mean so much, please continue to speak up if you have any change to suggest. It is this constant personal touch between editor and reader which has established a bond of confidence and made COMFORT the vital sympathetic friend in something over one million homes.

And now, for a genuine Thanksgiving. How I wish I could peep in personally on each cheerfully lamented gobbler, and view the dinner party throughout our great COMFORT family. This being impossible, however, by force of imagination only can I be with you at the happy feast of golden autumn.

Mrs. C. A. Perkins, Fredonia, R. D. 14, N. Y. I read your letter with much interest and I am so sorry that upon settling in your new home you find conditions unpleasant. I would advise you not to give a thought to those who have annoyed you. They surely are not worth considering and if you are totally indifferent and just continue to live as you always have, as you become better known the rumors will have no weight.

Let us strive to forget yesterday's worries, troubles, bad temper, wrong thoughts, failures, blues and despondencies and each day try more earnestly to overcome our difficulties instead of slipping away from them.

Do not pray for a life of ease, but rather strength to bear your burdens, and you will be surprised at your strength, your power to overcome and how easy it is to be cheerful, contented and happy. Just try it.

Can someone kindly send Miss Mina A. Black, Box 10, New Dover, R. D. 1, Ohio, a small sample of Battenburg work, as she finds it hard to understand from printed instructions?

Will Tina Oneal, Miss Myrtle Hoyer and also others write me, as I am a partial invalid and also lonely. Within three months I have laid a darling rosy-baby and also my mother to rest. It is a comforting thought to feel that "sometime we'll understand," but I find I am not as brave and bright as Uncle Charlie, his good example often makes me ashamed.

Mrs. MINNIE SHAWLER, Fletcher, R. D. 2, Ohio.

In July number I notice Mrs. Redman of Mich. asks if any one has a COMFORT older than 1893. I have from 1891 and shall continue to take it until my eyes fail. Who has still older COMFORTS, let us hear from you.

Mrs. HENRY WHESELEY, Box 50, Two Taverns, R. D. 11, Pa.

Let all touch on this subject; it would be interesting indeed to know who is the oldest subscriber. Look up your COMFORTS and send in a line giving the date. Who can do better than Mrs. Whesley?

Mrs. James Hoyle asks how to overcome a bad disposition and become happy and contented. Few of us ever welcome difficulties and trials, but they should be counted among our blessings, as they are opportunities for development—all experiences of life are but means for this purpose. Sad denial and self control are important lessons that all have to learn, and we only grow strong, self reliant, generous and sympathetic through suffering.

The following letter is along the right line and I am sure will prove helpful.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to suggest my plan of enjoyment in return for all the cheerful words and good thoughts I have found in this corner.

A contented, happy spirit is worth more than millions, and it will not cost a cent. We have only to cultivate it. Let us all learn to look for the beautiful, and to admire the many, many lovely things which can be found each day along the pathway of life.

I often step out on the back porch for a few moments to watch a glorious sunset, especially in summer, see the great billowy clouds of all shapes and sizes to which the sun gives a brilliant touch as they pass by. Often in the morning I open the kitchen door and watch the sun rise. Isn't it wonderful to see the sun's rays as they light up this old earth? A snow storm is one of the most beautiful of things. Nothing rests me more than to watch the great white flakes come drifting down. See the snow pack into the crevices of walls and cling to frail weeds and branches, making them dainty and beautiful. Even a blizzard brings novelties and mysteries with it, and the immense drifts have a grand loveliness about them. If we would only stop in the routine of duties, and seek for the beauties which lie around us our work would be easier and our hearts the lighter for the giving to us of our appreciative thoughts and brings us so into touch with nature, that our tasks seem to diminish as our strength increases. Don't you think it is a duty we owe to our Great Creator as well as those dear to us and ourselves? There is dullness enough in life, at best then let us enjoy the sunshine as it passes. Then when we get near the end of life's journey it will be a glorious satisfaction to feel that we have done our best.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined end or way, But to act that each tomorrow finds us further than today."

Miss M. S. McKINNEY, Melber, Ky.

A sister who has read COMFORT for sixteen years sends this recipe with the suggestion that you each let the good man of the house read it.

To Preserve a Wife

Be careful in your selection, choosing only such varieties as have been reared in good Christian homes, garnish with patience, well sweetened with smiles and flavored with an occasional kiss; wrap well in a mantle of charity, keep warm with a steady fire of devotion and serve with peaches and cream. Thus prepared will keep for years. Don't you think so COMFORT sisters? Mrs. J. V. Mix, Vacaville, Cal.

Mrs. M. E. Harkrader, Rural Retreat, Va., a homesome sister requests letters and says:

For more than ten years my companions have been mostly children and pets as my husband died three short years after we were married, leaving me with one little daughter of two. Naturally I am of a despondent nature but have gradually learned to look for the silver lining of my clouds and it is truly wonderful how much happiness can be found. Others who have had to fight life's battles alone please write me. I would especially like to know what they have done to earn money.

Another says:

Miss Nellie Lee? I echo your sentiments of school. It does make a great difference in a child's progress if the parents and teachers are united. I am not a teacher nor have I any children for I am not married, but I have younger sisters and a brother to whom I have had to be both mother and sister, as our mother died when we were small. Children are so different that a few minutes' talk with a mother or one who understands a child, will often give a teacher, what otherwise it might take considerable time to find out, and thus help the teacher and perhaps prevent the child from being misjudged. I have had to work hard and since last spring have not been able to do as much work. I am only twenty so am especially interested in the younger sisters' letters and would like to hear from girls of my own age.

MARGARET CHAMBERS, Condit, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS: This Thanksgiving time I feel like dropping a word to the sisters whose letters I read monthly, as my brother has taken COMFORT for years and I always find that it contains so much of cheer and hearty good will that in reading it one seems to forget the stony paths of life and to hope for a brighter tomorrow.

I live in the country in Wayne county, Ohio, and keep house for my two brothers, and am alone much of the time.

How fortunate that the sisters from all over the United States can be brought together like one great family and exchange words of comfort and encouragement.

When cold weather comes I shall go out but very little so you will see how much I should appreciate the cards and letters which the sisters may send.

May joy and happiness be with you all.

MISS KATIE LANTENHEIMER, Doylestown, Ohio.

A little sister from Sweden, who has been in this land for only a couple of years, would enjoy receiving letters from young people, interested in her country or from anyone who can write her native language. Address Miss Christine Nelson, Spero, N. C.

A Chicagoan, the mother of three bouncing boys, would like the COMFORT sisters to suggest a name for her youngest, and also a remedy for stomach trouble. Mrs. A. Davidson, 2493 Bernard St., Chicago, Ill.

The next writer has a few words for the young people which all will do well to heed.

DEAR SISTERS:

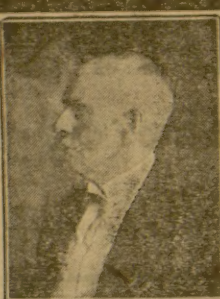
Though this subject has been spoken of before by several writers it is one which merits much consideration. Children obey your parents is a Divine command. Children obey your parents is a Divine command. Children obey your parents is a Divine command.

GET INTO THE GAME. Everything to win and nothing to lose by entering COMFORT'S Grand Prize Competition. Enter now for November prizes. Read announcement in this paper.

mand and one which I believe if broken brings severe punishment. My heart seemed torn to pieces, only a few days ago, when my sixteen-year-old sister married against our dear old mother's will. And to hear her, my mother cry, to see the tears stream down her dear old wrinkled face because of a disobedient child nearly broke my heart. I am only eighteen, but am the mother of a dear four-months old boy. So I could more readily understand her feelings, and think that after all parents go through and deny themselves for their children, they should at least be accorded obedience. The burdens of the aged are heavy enough anyway, so let us all remember while we are young that the day may come to us when we will be old and older with the respect we would want.

Dear young people, boys and girls, remember that your parents are wiser and above all they have always only your best interests at heart. Do not cause them needless pain or tears.

Mrs. BIRDIE MILLION, Pocatonga, R. D., Ark.



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DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Since you have invited your family to express their opinions upon the subject of "Woman's Rights," I shall call long enough to tell briefly what I think.

We still glory in our forefathers' sense of justice which led them to declare that "Taxation without representation is tyranny," but why is not that statement as true today as then?

I pay yearly to the government a tax for the right of holding property, but when it comes to saying for what that tax is to be used, I am unable to say what my neighbor, because he happened to be born a "male man" can vote, though he owns no property and can neither read nor write.

Are the women of Colorado any less womanly because they exercise the right of suffrage? I do not think most women care much for the actual pleasure of casting their vote, but they do care that they are unjustly classed in the eyes of the law, with papers, criminals and the mentally incompetent.

I am rearing a family of boys, but the saloons and kindred evils can flourish all around me, while I, being only a mother have no legal recourse! A few days ago in a neighboring city, a warrant was sworn out for the arrest of a saloon keeper, who, in open violation of the law, sold liquor to children—girls—and allowed them to drink in his saloon. Before it came to trial the judge dismissed the case because

EXTEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTION two full years from date of expiration for only 25 cents now even if it does not expire for some months yet, because renewal rates advance on New Year's day.

he found some slight, technical error in the wording of the complaint. Yet when next election comes, the mothers of those girls must stand aside while the liquor dealers vote that judge into office again. If this is just or right, I am not able to see it.

Mrs. ELOY CROSBY SMITH, Fair Oaks, Cal.

DEAR SISTERS:

I feel that I am not competent to write of what bears on my mind, but will try to do as I do not want other mothers to worry as I have. One day I was holding my little Fred and also reading aloud the story of the disciples' lives. As I read I was questioned but being in a hurry put Fred down not stopping to explain. In less than a week, however, how much I regretted my haste, for my little one lay very ill and every little while murmured over the questions I had failed to answer. Then I resolved if his life was spared I would never again be too hurried to explain. He is now gaining but so slowly, most of my time is spent in amusing him. Dear mothers let the work go, but don't neglect the children. I know from experience what it costs.

As Christmas is coming I will give directions for making

Salt Marble Work

In a flat-bottomed granite pan put two cups of salt, one cup of water, boil until water all evaporates. Takes half a box of corn-starch, wet with water, have this ready to add to salt as soon as it has boiled dry. Stir together into a stiff dough, then turn it out on to a cloth, roll into a ball. While hot tie up and cook over a hot fire. Use dyes to color and while warm mold into flowers. A little practice will enable one to do many things; pretty photograph frames can be decorated in this way.

Mrs. CLEMEN SMITH, Bremen, Ga.

DEAR READERS:

I've been a silent reader for several years. I certainly think there is no other paper that can equal COMFORT. I saved each month for its coming, and in fact it is the only paper of that kind I take. I have received much needed information from its tested recipes which proved a success. There is nothing I could enjoy more than housekeeping.

I am twenty-seven years old, have blue eyes, brown hair, height five feet and twenty-two inches, have been married nearly seven years, I have a pleasant home and am very happy. My husband is of dark complexion, twenty-eight years old, height five feet and ten and one half inches. He is very good to me. Time has fairly flown since we were married. Life at the longest is short in this life. "Could we but improve it properly as the days go by, my husband is a very kind and is very kind of horse especially the racing stock. We have three hired men so it keeps me pretty busy.

We have two sweet little girls, the oldest is five, will be six this month; her name is Gladys; she is of dark complexion. The baby was two last March, her name is Helen, she is of light complexion.

I have several new pieces of music and all kinds of old pieces; anyone wishing any, I would be glad to gratify them, also have lots of quilt pieces of all kinds.

I would like to hear from the sisters, especially would like to receive post cards, letters or any remembrance on Nov. 13th, that is my birthday, and I'll return the favor in any way I can.

ETHEL V. MCKEE, Box 44, Conway Springs, Kans.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to tell you all how much I love to read your letters. They are interesting and a great pleasure to me. I neglected to take COMFORT for two years and decided that I could not do without it any longer. In return for the help that I have received I will tell the sisters how to make a pretty and inexpensive

Spool Holder

Get a smooth board four by ten inches, paint and let dry, then drive in wire nails, mine has fifteen. On one edge tack ribbon for hanging on the wall near your machine and you will no longer be bothered with spools lying all over the machine or table.

I also want to tell how to darn the most delicate fabric in white or colored so it is not noticed. Get a scrap of same goods and ravel thread that is long enough to put in a fine needle, now weave this thread back and forth in the torn place, when done take point of needle and scratch thread of the garment towards center of the rent. You will be surprised at the appearance, especially when starched and ironed. Would like a souvenir shower from the sisters.

Mrs. T. H. H. Wood, 703 S. Church St., Spartanburg, S. C.

DEAR SISTERS:

For so long I must greet you and will look for the glad hand to be extended when I enter this social circle. I am a farmer's wife along with many of you and know all about farmwork. I enjoy raising poultry the most of anything about the farm.

I notice many of the sisters seem interested in woman's suffrage. Some pro and some con as Aunt Samantha says.

That question has been settled in our state for some years, but whether politics have been purified or whether they are as corrupt as ever is still a mooted question. I don't think any one could distinguish any difference as far as the two old parties are concerned. The women of Colo. never clamored uproariously for the ballot. It was granted them during the administration of a governor who with his colleagues

were in favor of the question, and many women were surprised, and some I think felt quite insulted, when informed the ballot was theirs, but as time goes on and the voting women do not turn into fighting Amazons or female masculinities or any other monstrous absurdities, but remain the same womanly women they always were, all this prejudice is passing away and very few now miss their chance of voting for their favorite candidate. And why should she not? Suppose in your county you wish to elect a set of officers who are opposed to saloons and who

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

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direct from our factory at actual factory prices. No stove gives greater satisfaction; 30-day approval test. We pay freight and guarantee safe delivery. Send for Catalog No. 501.

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This is a Genuine Offer to one person in each locality in the U. S., made to introduce the Wonder INCANDESCENT 100-CANDLE POWER Kerosene Oil Lamp. Many times BRIGHTER, CHEAPER and SAFER than Gasoline, Electricity or ordinary lamps for lighting Homes, Offices, Stores, Halls and Churches. If you accept the proposition we send you a free lamp FREE. Send your name and the name of a friend nearest express office.

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CORNETS \$6.60

up, Trombones \$7.75 up,
Alto \$9.95 up, Tenors \$12.25 up, Baritone \$13.95 up, Tubas \$15.35 up.

"Eugene Le Sour Et Cie" and M. Cousmon Et Cie's wonderful instruments; beautifully engraved, full clear tone, responsive action; guaranteed 10 years, 10 days free trial. **50 FREE LESSONS** by best teachers with We give

Write to-day for our big free special Band and Orchestra instrument catalog and see our wonderfully low prices and fine goods.

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WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. HAIR SWITCH

Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 24 in. 22-in. short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit \$1.50 in ten days, or sell 3 and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Enclose 5c. postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, etc.

Anna Ayers, Dept. 422,
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AGENTS—My Sanitary Coffee and Tea Makers produce a pure, sweet cup. Needs no settler nor strainer and never wears out. Saves tea and coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight. New inventions. Send 15c for 50c size of either, postpaid, or will send sample of both for 25c. Without question the two best selling articles ever invented. Order both.

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Cleanse and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. 50c, and \$1.00 at Druggists

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Big territory. \$25 to \$75 a week.
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Sales Dept. 535 Lumber Ex. Bldg., Portland, Oregon

MADDY'S TEMPTATION

Or, A Heroic Sacrifice

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

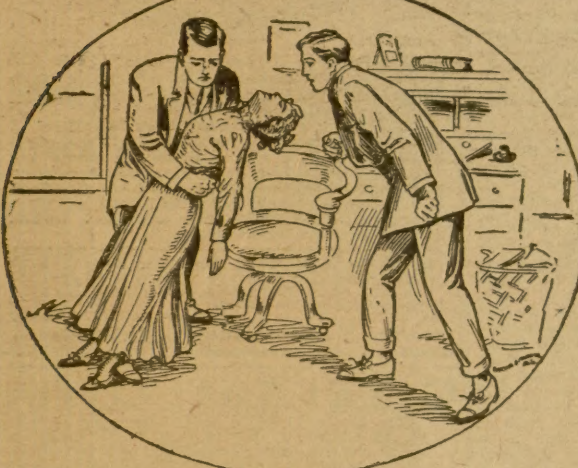
Madeline Clyde, a young girl, not fifteen, anxious to help pay the mortgage on her grandfather Markham's farm applies for a school. Dr. Holbrook, a native of Boston, and lately settled in Devonshire, is appointed inspector of schools. Guy Remington, engaged to Lucy Atherstone, his stepmother Agnes, in love with Dr. Holbrook, and her daughter Jessie, drive from Aikenside. In a spirit of fun Dr. Holbrook asks Guy Remington to examine Maddy. If she is competent Dr. Holbrook will write the certificate. Grandpa Markham leaves Maddy at Dr. Holbrook's office and drives to Aikenside to ask Guy Remington for the loan of three hundred dollars.

CHAPTER III. THE EXAMINATION.

It was Guy who received her, and, naturally enough, she took him for Dr. Holbrook, wondering who the other man could be, and if he meant to stay in there all the while. In her excitement the cube root was in danger of being altogether forgotten. Half guessing the cause of her uneasiness, and feeling more averse than ever to taking part in the matter, the doctor, after a hasty survey of her person, withdrew into the background, and sat where he could not be seen.

"She's very young," he thought; and Maddy's chances of success were beginning to decline even before a word had been spoken.

She could almost hear the beatings of her



GUY HOLDING MADELINE TENDERLY IN HIS ARMS.

heart, and only by counting and recounting the poplar trees growing across the street could she keep back the tears. At last, summoning all her courage, she lifted her great brown eyes to Guy, and said, pleadingly:

"Would you be so kind, sir, as to begin?"

"Yes, certainly," and electrified by that young, bird-like voice, Guy knelt down from the pile of books the only one at all appropriate to the occasion.

Had Guy Remington reflected a little, he would never have consented to the doctor's work; but, unaccustomed to country usages, especially those pertaining to schools and teachers, he did not consider that it mattered which examined that young girl, so he started Madeline by asking her name.

"Madeline Amelia Clyde," was the meek reply, which Guy quickly recorded.

Now, Guy Remington intended no irreverence, indeed, he could not tell what he did intend, or what it was which prompted his next query:

"Who gave you this name?"

Maddy had never dreamed of being catechized, and with a feeling of terror, she said: "My sponsors, in baptism gave me the first name of Madeline Amelia," adding, as she caught and misconstrued the strange gleam in the dark eyes bent upon her, "I am afraid I have forgotten some of the catechism; I did not know it was necessary in order to teach school."

"Certainly, no; I do not think it is. I beg your pardon," were Guy Remington's ejaculatory replies, as he glanced from Madeline to the open door of the adjoining room, where was visible a slate, on which, in huge letters, the amused doctor had written "Blockhead."

There was something in Madeline's quiet, womanly, earnest manner which commanded Guy's respect, and resolutely turning his back upon the doctor, he commenced the examination in earnest, asking first her age.

"Going on fifteen," sounded older to Madeline than "Fourteen and a half," so "Going on fifteen" was the reply to which Guy responded:

"That is very young, Miss Clyde."

"Yes, but Mr. Green did not mind. He knew how young I was," Madeline said, eagerly, her great brown eyes growing larger with the look of fear which came so suddenly into them.

"Of course, if your employers are satisfied it is nothing to me, only I had associated teaching with women much older than yourself. What is logic, Miss Clyde?"

The abruptness with which he put the question startled Madeline to such a degree that she could not positively tell, much less could she recall its meaning, and so she answered frankly:

"I don't know."

A girl who did not know what logic was did not know much, in Guy's estimation, but it would not do to stop here, and so he asked her next how many cases there were in Latin?

Maddy felt the hot blood tingling to her very finger-tips. She had never looked inside a Latin grammar, and again her truthful "I don't know," fell on Guy's ear, but this time there was a half-despairing tone in the young voice usually so hopeful.

"Perhaps, then, you can conjugate the verb *Amo*," Guy said, his manner indicating the doubt he was beginning to feel as to qualifications.

Maddy knew well what "conjugate" meant, but that verb *Amo* what could it mean? Mr. Remington was waiting for her; she must say something, and with a gasp she began: "I *amo*, thou *amoest*, he *amoes*. Plural, we *amo*, ye or you *amo*, they *amo*."

Guy looked at her aghast for a single moment, and then a comical smile broke all over his face, telling poor Maddy plainly that she had made a most ridiculous mistake.

"Oh, sir," she cried, her eyes wearing the look of the frightened hare, "it is not right. I don't know what it means. Tell me, teach me. What is it to *amo*?" and the pale lips parted slightly as Maddy appealed to him for the definition.

"It is a Latin verb, and means 'to love,'" Guy said, with an emphasis on the last word, which would have made Maddy blush had she been less anxious and frightened.

Thus far she had answered nothing correctly, and, feeling puzzled to know how to proceed, Guy stepped into the adjoining room to consult with the doctor, but he was gone. So, returning, Guy resumed the examination by asking how "minus into minus could produce plus."

Again Maddy was at fault, and her low spoken "I don't know" sounded like a wall of despair. Did she know anything, Guy wondered, and feeling some curiosity now to ascertain that fact he plied her with questions philosophical, questions algebraical, and questions geometrical, until in an agony of distress Maddy raised her hands

deprecatingly, as if she would ward off any similar questions, and sobbed out:

"Oh, sir, no more. They don't teach that in common schools. Ask me something I do know."

Suddenly it occurred to Guy that he had gone entirely wrong and mentally cursing himself for the pain he had caused, he asked kindly:

"What do they teach? Perhaps you can enlighten me?"

"Geography, arithmetic, grammar, history and spelling," Madeline replied, untiring and throwing off her hat in the vain hope that it might bring relief to her poor, tired head, which throbbed so fearfully that all her ideas seemed for the time to have left her.

This was a natural consequence of the high excitement under which she was laboring, and so, when Guy did ask her concerning the books designated, she answered him but little better than before, and Guy was wondering what he should do next, when the doctor's welcome step was heard, and leaving Madeline again, he repaired to the next room to report his ill success.

"She does not seem to know anything. The veriest child ought to do better than she has done. Why, she has scarcely answered a half-dozen questions correctly."

This was what poor Maddy heard, though it was spoken in a low whisper; but every word was distinctly understood, and burned into her heart's core, drying her tears and hardening her into a block of marble.

She knew that Guy had not done her justice, and this helped to increase the terror stealing over her. Still she did not lose a syllable of what they were saying, and her lips curled scornfully when she heard Guy remark:

"I pity her; she is so young, and evidently takes it so hard. Maybe she is as good as the average. Suppose we give her the certificate."

Then Dr. Holbrook spoke, but to poor, dazed Maddy his words were all a riddle. There seemed to be a difference of opinion between the young men, Guy insisting that out of pity she should not be rejected; and the doctor demurring on the ground that he ought to be more strict. As usual Guy over-ruled, and set himself at the table, the doctor was just commencing:

"I hereby certify—"

while Guy was bending over him, when the latter was startled by a hand laid firmly on his arm, and turning quickly he confronted Madeline Clyde, her eyes gleaming like coals of fire.

"He need not write that," she said huskily, pointing to the doctor. "It would be a lie, and I could not take it. You do not think me qualified. I heard you say so. I do not want to be pitied. I do not want a certificate because I am so young, and you think I'll feel badly. I do not want it."

Her voice faltered here, her bosom heaved, and the choking sobs came thick and fast, but still she shed no fear, and in her bright, dry eyes there was a look which made them both turn away involuntarily. Once Guy tried to excuse her failure, saying she no doubt was frightened. She would probably do better again, but Madeline still said no, so decidedly that further remonstrance was useless. She would not take what she had no right to, she said, but if they pleased she would wait in the back office until her grandfather came back; she should not trouble them.

Guy brought her the easy-chair from the front room and placed it for her by the window. With a faint smile she thanked him and said:

"You are very kind," but the smile hurt Guy cruelly, it was so full of unintentional reproach, while the eyes she lifted to his looked so grieved and weary that he insensibly murmured to himself: "Poor child!" as he left her, and with the doctor repaired to the house, where Agnes was impatiently waiting for them. Poor, poor little Maddy! It was the first keen disappointment she had ever had, and it crushed her as completely as many an older person had been crushed by heavier calamities.

"Disgraced forever and ever," she kept repeating to herself, as she tried to shake off the horrid nightmare stealing over her. "How can I hold my head up again at home where nobody will understand just how it was—nobody but grandpa and grandma? Oh, grandpa, I can't earn that thirty-six dollars now. I must wish I was dead, and I am—I am dying. Somebody—come—quick!"

There was a heavy fall, and a childish figure was lying upon the office floor, white, stiff and insensible.

Little Jessie Remington, tired of sitting still and listening to what her mamma and Mrs. Conner were saying, had strayed off into the garden, and after filling her chubby hands with daffodils and early violets, wended her way to the office, the door of which was partially ajar. Peering curiously in, she saw the hat, with its ribbons of blue and, attracted by this, advanced into the room, until she came where Madeline was lying.

With a feeling that something was wrong, Jessie bent over the prostrate girl, asking if she were asleep. The dull, dead expression of the eyes sent a chill through Jessie's frame, and hurrying to the house she cried: "Oh, Brother Guy, somebody's dead in the office, and her hat is all jammed!"

Scarcely were the words uttered ere Guy and the doctor both were with Madeline, the former holding her tenderly in his arms, while he

smoothed the lovely hair, thinking even then how soft and luxuriant it was. The doctor was wholly self-possessed. Maddy had no terrors for him now. She needed his services, and he rendered them willingly, applying restoratives which soon brought back signs of life in the rigid form.

With a shiver and a moan Madeline whispered: "Oh, grandpa, I'm so tired," and nestled closer to the bosom where she had never dreamed of lying.

By this time both Mrs. Conner and Agnes had come out, asking in much surprise who the stranger could be, and what was the cause of her illness. The doctor and Guy were silent with regard to the recent farce enacted there, simply saying it was possible she was in the habit of fainting; many people were. Agnes held up and back the skirt of her rich silk, as if fearful it might come in contact with Madeline's plain delaine; then, as it was not very interesting for her to stand and see the doctor "make so much fuss over a young girl," as she mentally expressed it, she returned to the house, bidding Jessie do the same. But Jessie chose to stay by Maddy, whom they placed upon the lounge and, laying her curly head caressingly against Madeline's arm, said to her:

"Poor girl, you're sick, and I'm so sorry. What makes you sick?"

There was genuine sympathy in that little voice, and it opened up the pent-up flood beating so furiously, and roused Maddy's heart. With a cry as of sudden pain she clasped the child in her arms and wept out a wild, stormy fit of weeping which did her so much good, and feeling it a relief to tell her grief to someone, she said, in reply to Jessie's oft-repeated inquiries as to what was the matter: "I did not get a certificate, and I wanted it so much, for we are poor, and our house is mortgaged, and I was going to help grandpa pay it."

"It's dreadful to be poor!" sighed little Jessie, stroking the soft, nutbrown hair resting in her lap.

Maddy did not know who this beautiful child was, but her sympathy was very sweet, and they talked together as children will, until Mrs. Agnes' voice was heard calling to her little girl that it was time to go.

"I love you, Maddy, and I mean to tell brother about it," Jessie said, as she wound her arms around Madeline's neck and kissed her at parting.

It never occurred to Maddy to ask her name, so stupefied she felt, and with a responsive kiss she sent her away.

Rather slowly the doctor returned to the office, and after a time summoned courage to ask Madeline how she felt, and if any of the fainting symptoms had returned.

"No, sir," was all the reply she gave him, never lifting up her head, or even thinking which of the two young men it was speaking to her.

There was a call just then for Dr. Holbrook, and leaving his office in charge of Tom, his chore boy, he went away, feeling uncomfortable about the girl to whom he felt that justice had not been done.

"I half wish I had examined her myself," he said. "Of course she was excited, and could not answer; besides it was all humbug tormenting her with Greek and Latin. Yes; I'll question her when I get back, and if she'll possibly pass give her the certificate. Poor child, what a queer look there was in those great eyes, when she said, 'I shall not take it,' and determining to make his call as brief as possible, he knocked

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impatiently at the door. He found his patient very sick, while both her children needed a prescription, and so long a time was he detained that his heart misgave him on his homeward way, lest Maddy should be gone, and with her the chance to remedy the wrong he had done her.

Maddy was gone. Grandpa Markham had returned, and Madeline, who recognized old Sorrel's step, had gone sadly out to meet him. One look at her face was sufficient.

"You failed, Maddy?" the old man said, fixing about her feet the warm buffalo robe, for the night wind was blowing cold.

"Yes, grandpa, I failed."

They were out of the village and more than a mile on their way home before Madeline found voice to say so much, and they were nearer home by half a mile ere the old man answered back:

"And, Maddy, I failed too."

CHAPTER IV.

GRANDPA MARKHAM AT AIKENSIDE.

Mrs. Noah, the housekeeper at Aikenside, was getting her own supper, when the head of Sorrel came around the corner of the building, followed by the square-boxed wagon containing Grandpa Markham, who uncertain as to where he ought to stop had driven over the smooth-graveled road around to the front kitchen door, Mrs. Noah's spacious domain.

"In the name of wonder, what codger is that?" was Mrs. Noah's exclamation, as she hurried to the door, called out: "I say, you, sir, what made you drive up here, when I've said over and over again that I wouldn't have wheels tear up my turf and gravel?"

"I beg your pardon. I lost my way. I guess, there are so many turnings. I'm sorry, but a little rain will fetch it right," grandpa said, glancing ruefully at the ruts in the gravel and the marks on the turf.

Mrs. Noah was not at heart an unkind woman, and something in the apologetic tone of grandpa's voice, mollified her somewhat, and she stood waiting for his next remark. It was a most unfortunate one, for though as free from weakness as most of her sex, Mrs. Noah was certainly sensitive as to her age. Glancing at her dress, which was much smarter than usual, grandpa concluded she could not be a servant; and as she seemed to have a right to say where he should drive, the meek old man concluded she was a near relative of Guy—mother, perhaps; but no, Guy's mother was dead, as grandpa well knew, for all Devonshire had heard of the young bride Agnes, who had married Guy's father for money and rank. To have been mistaken for Guy's mother would not have offended Mrs. Noah particularly; but how was she when she heard

"I came on business with Squire Guy. Are you his gran'marm?"

"His gran'marm!" and Mrs. Noah bit off the last syllable spitefully, "Bless you, man, Squire Guy, as you call him, is twenty-five years old."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I was sure you were some kin—maybe an 'ant."

No, she was not even that; but willing enough to let the old man believe her a lady of the Remington order, she did not explain that she was the housekeeper; she simply said:

"If it's Mr. Guy you want, I can tell you he is not at home, which will save your getting out."

"Not at home, and I've come so far to see him!" grandpa exclaimed, and in his voice there was so much genuine disappointment that Mrs. Noah rejoined, quite kindly:

"He's gone over to Devonshire with the young lady, his stepmother. Perhaps you might tell me your business; I know all Mr. Guy's affairs."

"If I might come in ma'am," he answered meekly. "It's mighty chilly for such as me."

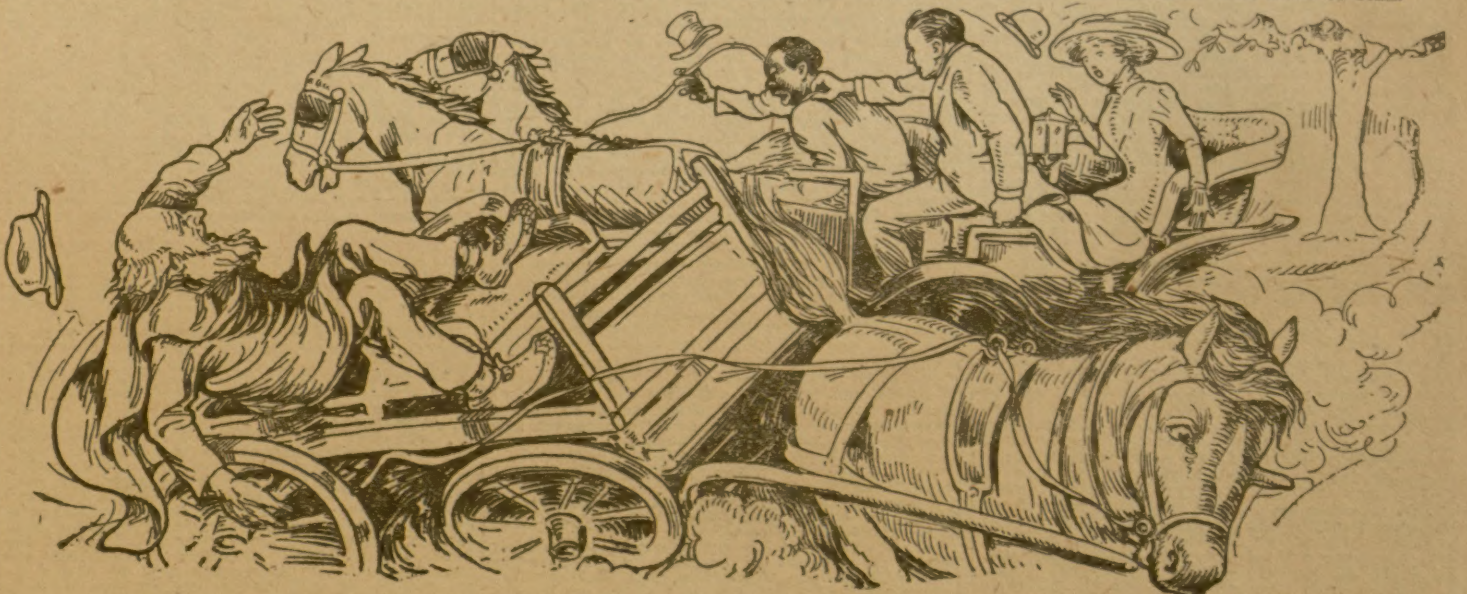
He did look cold and blue, Mrs. Noah thought, and she bade him come in, feeling a very little contempt for the old-fashioned faded clothes, betokening poverty.

"As you know all Squire Guy's affairs," grand-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

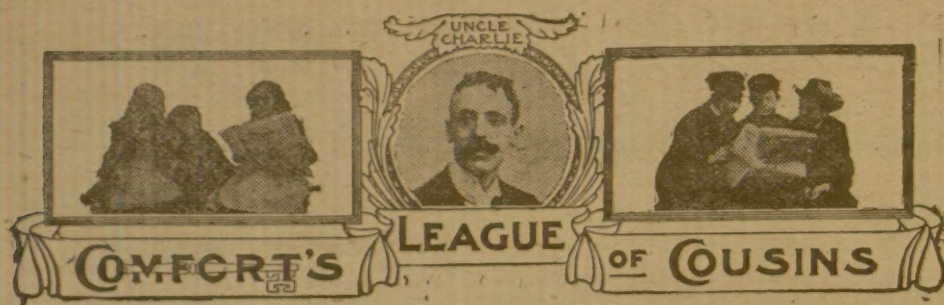


TURNING QUICKLY HE CONFRONTED MADELINE CLYDE, HER EYES GLEAMING LIKE COALS OF FIRE.



THE FRONT WHEEL OF GRANDPA MARKHAM'S WAGON WAS WRENCHED, THE OLD MAN THROWN TO THE GROUND.

"SERVED YOU RIGHT, OLD COVE; MIGHT HAVE TURNED OUT FOR GENTLEMEN."



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.

To be kind to dumb animals.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.

Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

WHAT ho! my brave and bonny bunch of handsome boys and girls. I hope you are all feeling fine and dandy. I have just crawled out of the wood stove in which I spend the winters in these Arctic regions and am now ready for my usual bunch of monthly chin music. This is Thanksgiving month, and though most of us have a peck of troubles I hope you'll forget them all just for a little while at least and offer up one prayer of thanks for all the good things that have come to you in the year now nearly past. God sent a bountiful harvest, and if you didn't get your share of it, don't blame Him. God sets a bountiful table yearly for all His children, and like a merciful loving Father He intends that all should get a share, at least all those who deserve a share. The trouble is nowadays, those who deserve the least, get the most. But that's your fault, not God's. God has given you a glorious country and supplied you liberally with brains, and He expects you to use them. When you do use them, use them properly, and we'll have a Thanksgiving, the like of which the human mind as at present constituted can scarcely conceive. So whatever else you may do on Thanksgiving day, don't forget to thank the Creator for all His blessings, even if you don't get your proper share of them.

Now remember, my dears, one and all, that we are only a few weeks from Christmas. Before we can turn round once, and sit down twice Christmas will be here. It is not much use talking about Christmas in our December issue, ex-

HAVE YOU SEEN THE COMFORT CALENDAR? It is a beauty to decorate the home. We give one free with each subscription or renewal while they last.

cept from a sentimental point of view, as by the time you get your magazine, and write to us, your letter may be too late to receive attention, and by the time we can get replies back to you, the great day of days may have come and gone. This especially refers to those who live on the Pacific coast, so do your Christmas planning, and get your clubs started in November, and escape disappointment.

A whole lot of your subscriptions run out about this time and you should look after them and renew promptly. If in doubt as to the exact time of expiration, renew your subscription now, and be on the safe side. It never does any harm to be beforehand by renewing your subscription in advance, but if you let it run out it will be cut off as Coxworth cannot carry subscriptions on credit. They must be paid in advance. Remember this, and subscribe promptly, as at this time of the year, the literary feast that we set before you is greater in quantity and better in quality than at any other time of the year. This is the season, too, that you have plenty of time to read, and if you miss a copy of the magazine, back numbers cannot be supplied as only sufficient copies are printed to supply the needs of our subscribers.

Now let me tell you about a requirement of the government. To satisfy the post-office authorities we keep on file every subscription which arrives in this office, and the officials may refer to it at any moment they may feel disposed. Now it stands to reason if you mix up the business part of your letter with the personal matters that you write me about the whole business will have to be put on file, with the result that it will be impossible for me to see your letters. Now write all matters about your subscription and change of address, and everything of a business nature, on a separate sheet of paper, so that it can be filed separately by the office staff and what you write me write on separate sheets and it will reach me promptly. You see for physical reasons I am confined to my chicken coop all the year round, and your letters to me are put in a big box, and when the box gets full it is put on the cars and hauled around by the expressman to my chicken coop. There is a great deal to do when that box arrives. If you could see that avalanche of letters roll out, you'd open your eyes in wonderment, and you would also say thank God I don't have to go through that bunch. But they are all gone through, and every word read and carefully digested. Billy the Goat says he digests most of the letters, but he is only a bewildered butt in, so don't take any notice of him. Put a dime aside to send the shut-ins for Thanksgiving or Christmas. The only sunshine they will get on that day will come from you. No one else will remember them.

Those who want wheel chairs. Study the matter referring to this subject which will be found on another page. Wheel chairs are expensive things and don't grow on bushes. Most of the applications for wheel chairs are written thus: "Dear Sir:—I understand you give wheel chairs to invalids. I have an aunt who is an invalid send her one at once. Don't keep her waiting. Yours, etc. Tom Jones." That's how most of the letters are worded which reach us, and I have to get after Tom Jones with an axe and make him see a few things. It takes two hundred and fifty subscriptions to earn a chair, and the people who need the chairs must do their best to obtain them, and not expect others to do all the work. Another thing, get in your subscriptions early, and avoid the rush.

You're all figuring upon giving Christmas presents to your friends, relatives and sweethearts. The two swiftest, dandiest, cheapest, best and most easily secured presents, real classy gifts, are Uncle Charlie's Poems, and Uncle Charlie's Song Book. The poem book is an exquisite gift. It is fit for a prince. If you spent ten dollars you could not get anything better or more acceptable—one hundred and sixty-eight pages of real live, hit, the heart and make you yell verse, no proxy dope but the real goods. For young or old it is an ideal gift. Every volume is autographed and contains a picture of Uncle Charlie, dictating to Maria—a fine half-tone on stiff cardboard. This elegant book, a perfect gift for young and old, can be obtained for only four subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents a year. League subscriptions don't count toward premiums. If I were wealthy I would put this book in every comfort home. Everyone who has it loves it, you'll love it too, once you know the good things it contains. Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight dandy songs, weighs half a pound, size fifteen by eleven inches, an ideal gift for your friends, whether musical or not. There is no prosy dope in this book. Every song sings from the first note, and the melodies will haunt you for weeks, and they are easy to play. There are love songs, con songs, comic songs, novelty songs, story ballads and sacred

songs. Every taste is catered to. Music complete for voice and piano. The songs are printed on the finest of paper. I am cursed with an artistic soul, and can't stand for anything cheap or tawdry. The cover is a dream designed by the prince of cartoonists, Buster Brown Outcault. On it are four pictures of your Uncle Charlie in the days of his prime, as a matinee favorite, stage villain, soldier and choir singer. Just two subscriptions at twenty-five cents each and this book is yours. This is probably the most expensive premium ever offered by our good publisher for such a small club. Every single member of the COMFORT family can possess this book by interesting a friend and sending the friend's and his own subscription together, to the COMFORT office. I advise you all to begin your club raising early and get the two books as both all entirely different fields and one does not take the place of the other. Six subscriptions at twenty-five cents secure you both these magnificent books. You can have them sent anywhere you wish. Don't wait until the middle of December before sending your clubs. Last year hundreds of letters came around the first of January asking us to hurry up articles for Christmas presents. The mails are always three or four days late in the Christmas season, and the COMFORT staff though working day and night are always a week behind with their work. Get up your clubs now, avoid the rush, make sure of your gifts, and give our boys at this end a chance to get a little Christmas cheer. Start now.

Now for the letters:

NICHOLS, Fla.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am fifteen years old, five feet and five inches tall, have long golden hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. I live in the country on a farm with my father, mother, two brothers and little sister. My mother is not able to do much work, so I can do most any kind of housework. My school will begin before long and I will be glad, for I think everyone should strive for as good an education as possible. Uncle Charlie you just ought to bring your "chicken coop" down here on the next train and stay a while with us. I am sure you would like this part of the country. Everything is so green and pretty. Beautiful flowers bloom here almost the whole year round. Oh! cousins, aren't you all real sorry to know that Uncle Charlie is a shut-in? I read the story of his life in the Jubilee number of COMFORT, and thought it was very funny, but when I read the true story of his life by Mr. Gannett I felt so sorry for him. Uncle Charlie is a shut-in and yet he is so full of fun, and doing such a grand work for those who are not able to help themselves.

Florida has been for the most part formed by the uplifting of the sea bottom. Portions of it have been largely built up by coral polyps and the deposit of sand and sediment by the waves. Around the edge of Florida and especially around the Southern part the polyps are still building coral reefs which will eventually become connected with the shore and will extend the surface of the land farther into the sea. Florida is mostly drained by the St. Johns, St. Marys, Ocala, Suwannee and the Suwannee rivers. The lands of the state vary much in character and are classified with reference to their prevailing qualities. Swamp lands are low and wet, often covered with cypress and water oak trees. There is very much pine timber in the state. The forests produce much valuable lumber such as yellow pine, cedar, live oak, satin wood and magnolia. Deer and game birds are plentiful. The streams and lakes abound with fish such as shad, bass, sea trout and mullet. Much phosphate rock is found and mined in Florida. There is lots of farming in Florida. In the northern part corn, cotton and tobacco are the principal productions. Sugar cane is grown all over the state. Among the fruit, oranges, lemons and pineapples are the most important.

The most important cities are Tallahassee, Jacksonville, Tampa, Key West, Pensacola, Lake City, Miami, Orlando, Deland and several others. St. Augustine is the oldest city in the United States. I wish all of the cousins would send me a post card. I will not promise to answer all but will answer all I can. Your loving niece and cousin, HATTIE McDaniel. (No. 23,956.)

Hattie, your letter is exceedingly interesting and well written. I am deeply interested in what you tell me about the construction of Florida. You say the greater portion has been formed by the uplifting of the sea bottom, and I am wondering what a sea bottom is. Toby says he thinks it's a part of the ocean's bed, and I'm wondering whether it is the springs or the mattress, the bolsters or the pillow. If the ocean rests on its bed it must be a pretty bum bed by the way it tosses about. But the most exciting part in your letter is where you tell us about the polyps building coral reefs. I am wondering what nationality these polyps belong to. Toby thinks they are half cousins to the Pollocks. I wish I could make arrangements with you to ship a carload of polyps live here, as I am very anxious to get a new chicken coop built. The one I've been living in for the last

LET YOUR CHILDREN TRY, if you haven't time to enter COMFORT'S Grand Prize Competition. Special extra prizes for children only, besides they have an equal chance for all the other prizes.

Three years has been condemned by the Board of Health, and half of my family is living in a crackler barrel while I have been forced to take up my quarters in a soap box, and soap and I never did agree. Kindly let me know how much the polyps charge a day for their labor. I insist on paying union rates. We are great believers in union labor here. Even the fleas which Toby takes to board in the summer have union labels on their backs. If the polyps are scab laborers I want nothing to do with them. I wonder Uncle Sam didn't hire polyps to build the Panama Canal. It's wonderful what things are going on in this world and we know nothing about them. If it hadn't been for Hattie we should never have known about the polyps. I should like to see a polyp with a ten ton steel girder on its back laying the foundation of another Florida township. I'll bet that would be a sight worth seeing. If we could only get the polyps to harvest the crops, do housework, etc.—the hired man and hired girl question would be solved and we could send the Japs home and the Chinks too. Hattie, ship me a couple of polyps on trial. Wages three cents a month and they can sleep with Billy the Goat.

Box 31, MARTIN CITY, Mo.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I hope that Billy the goat will lose his appetite for letters before mine arrives for I would like to see my letter in print.

The C. L. O. C. is the greatest and grandest League in existence. I am sure no other League covers a greater area of the globe, than Uncle Charlie's happy family. And Uncle, I know all the cousins will agree with me, that you are just O. K. I am seventeen years old, am four feet and fifteen inches tall, weigh one hundred and sixteen pounds, have black

hair and dark eyes. Uncle, if you were to see me you could not help but say that I look sweet. I live with my parents and two brothers on a farm of one hundred and thirty acres. Our farm is situated near the two little prosperous towns of Martin City and Grandview.

Kansas City is only five miles from here. It is a beautiful big city and has a population of two hundred and fifty thousand. Uncle, has your chicken coop got that many inhabitants?

Come and visit me Uncle Charlie and bring all the cousins with you. You will enjoy the visit I assure you for I am a bonny little hostess and I shall be delighted to have you as my guest. Now Uncle am I any the worse for it, that I cannot say that I am a high school graduate?

I have no accomplishments to brag about for I am only studying domestic science. The height of my ambition is to be a good cook and a tidy housekeeper and to be capable of using every dollar or cent advantageously. I think every girl should learn how to keep house and learn to do it economically whether the present circumstances demand such frugality or not.

Say! Uncle, won't you please get a temporary divorce from Maria and leave your chicken coop long enough to come to Old Missouri and visit me? I know that you are badly in need of a vacation so I take the liberty of extending to you, a cordial invitation to come and spend your vacation at my happy abode here on the farm. And uncle when you need some exercise or recreation you can help me hoe the garden. I raise all of the vegetables that we can eat during summer and it keeps me busy sometimes to get the vegetables growing and not the weeds. Mama and I put up about two hundred quarts of fruit every summer. Now uncle I do not mean that we put up the fruit, into a higher latitude. I got the subject reversed for we put the fruit down into the cellar as soon as it is in the jars and sealed it. Hoping Billy the Goat will spare this letter, I remain your loving niece, ELIZABETH J. NEIBROOK. (No. 21,549.)

Elizabeth I am delighted with your letter, it has the true ring and the sentiments you express are greatly to your credit. I have no

THAT BUFF ENVELOPE SUBSCRIPTION BLANK means business to those who received it wrapped in COMFORT last month, and if they have not renewed their subscriptions they should do so at once, before they are dropped off the list.

doubt that you look sweet, Toby fell in a barrel of sugar the other day and when he came out he looked awful sweet. I am delighted to know that you are studying Domestic Science, every woman who expects to make a success of married life should study it. If you could see four of us here making a meal off of one stewed collar button you would know that we had domestic science down to a fine point. One of the great feats of domestic science from a woman's point of view, when she has a tightwad for a husband, is to hook a V from the old man's roll without him getting wise to the fact that he's been separated from it. Another great wrinkle in domestic science is for the wife to be able to get her husband to eat biscuits like mother never made and still keep out of jail for murder. Another great point is to be able to attach buttons to the old man's pants with a hammer and nail and make him think they have been put on with needle and thread. Another strong point in domestic science is to make a husband's measly five dollars a week feed and clothe sixteen children without half of them dying of starvation and the other half being locked up for appearing in public in a state of Nature. There is another thing you must learn about domestic science: Practice ducking your head quick so that when hubby fires the frying pan at your cocoonut it will miss you and hit mother-in-law. There are a good many other pointers I could give you but I guess that these will hold you for a while. Graduate from a cooking school rather than from a high school, it will be more use to you. Education is a fine thing, but it is of precious little account if it doesn't include cooking. We are what we eat, and the man who is leaden biscuits one end and soggy corn beef the other isn't much of a man—he is a martyr. If you cannot use every dollar and cent advantageously pass it on to me and I'll spend it for you.

FARLEVILLE, Kans.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: Here comes a girl from the big Sunflower State. I was thirteen the 14th of August. We have an incubator and I am helping mama raise chickens. We live on a farm of one hundred and twenty acres, which belongs to mama. Half our farm is in cultivation and the rest in timber. Remember me on my birthday with postal and letters, will answer all containing stamp. We live two and a half miles from Farleville with two dozen inhabitants. The streets are paved with mud which makes it very slippery in rainy weather. I shall be glad to hear from all the cousins. I think COMFORT a fine paper, will close with best wishes, Miss Lela McCay.

I am glad you are helping mama, Lela, with the incubator. I have had more than one thrilling experience with an incubator. Once the oil gave out, and I had to crawl in and sit on the eggs to keep them warm. The first time I tried it, I fell through the eggs, and smashed them all. I sat down a little too hard. Wish you could have seen my ovules when I crawled out. The next time I had better luck, and I hatched out one chicken, and as soon as it got its head through the shell it looked at me and said: "Papa." Now no matter where I go that old chicken follows me and keeps cackling: "Papa" at me. I fail to appreciate the honor. It's a tough world for a chicken. An oil stove for a mother, ain't that the limit? And when it comes to papa it's a wise chick that knows its own father. I guess I am the only man in the world that ever was papa to a chicken. Lela, you say you live on a farm which belongs to mama. Will you tell me who are the lucky "hairs"? I have one hair, but it never owned a farm, though it is worth a farm to see it any time. Will you kindly explain this matter? How many hairs are there that have an interest in this farm, and what colored hairs are they? Are they hairs that grow on heads or alfalfa hairs that wag on chins. Great idea for a bunch of whiskers to own a farm isn't it? Toby says he thinks you mean hairs, but I don't like a four-legged canine to correct a lady. Maybe Lela you'll explain this matter when you next write. You say you live two and a half miles from Farleville with two dozen inhabitants. I'm surprised to think you let all the inhabitants of the town live with you. You must be exceedingly charitable. Why don't you make these twenty-four people get out and hustle and pay board for themselves. Mud is a fine thing to pave streets with. It must have a great many merits, as I notice nearly every street in the country is paved with it. Please ask mama to send me one of these incubator chickens for lunch. I won't raise it, but you bet your life I'll lower it. Your writing is good Lela. Now improve your spelling and punctuation, and you'll make a fine correspondent.

GLENDALE, ARIZ.

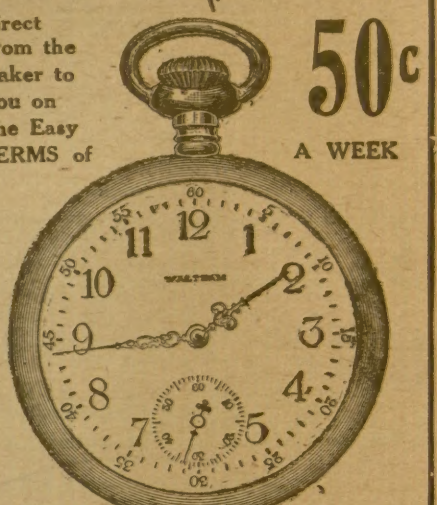
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Will you admit an Arizona boy in your circle? I have a fair complexion, blue eyes, dark hair, my height is five feet six inches, my age, twenty-eight years.

I have been a shut-in sixteen years. I am a cripple and I suffer night and day. My right thigh has seven holes in it to the bone, and small pieces of bone come out of the holes. My right hip is stiff. My left hip has drawn out of the socket, and back close to my back has formed a socket, and my left leg is shorter than the right one. Both of my elbows are stiff. The right arm is stiff straight while the left is stiff in a way that I can feed myself with a long fork at times when they are not gathering. There is a large gathering on my right arm now. My mother had to feed me all last summer. I cannot feed myself at all most of the time. My mother is sixty-three years old and she has rheumatism very bad. There are only my mother and I left of the family that is living. My father died six years ago and since then my mother has tried to support us by washing for other people, but she has failed in that. Mother and I have been sick in bed for one week and there is no one to help us in our trials of (CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Horrid Double Chin

DOES your chin look like a padding? Then why not get to work and banish that ugly fold of flesh? It is certainly not necessary to your happiness, and it certainly does ruin any woman's looks even though otherwise she be beautiful as Venus. How could one look anything but atrociously plain and, yes, a wee bit gross, with a great lump of flesh hanging down over one's collar?

It is not only fat women who have bristled but thin women as well, but of course the former have fat comfortable extra chins, while the latter have merely a piece of loose skin. If I had to choose between the two, I think I would prefer the fleshy chin, as it at least suggests ease and good living.

We dislike the double chin because it is disfiguring, but that is not the only reason. The second reason is that it denotes advancing age, and no sensible woman wants to own up to being over thirty. Years ago when double chins were considered a mark of elegance, women encouraged their coming. The woman of forty who was minus a double chin considered herself badly treated. But that was all long ago. Things are different now, which is why I am telling you how to avoid the baggy pouch of the really truly double chin.

All sorts of things cause double chins, but eating between meals is the chief cause. A double chin will surely come to the woman who eats "little snacks" as she works around the house. This habit has brought thousands of double chins into existence. Another thing the plump woman wants to remember is that eating in the evening is disastrous. Just try eating all you want some evening about nine-thirty and then go to bed. You will sleep soundly without a doubt but alas!—you will wake up in the morning with an extra layer of flesh right under your chin. Food eaten at night seems to settle there, and that is why fat women or those who have a tendency toward overplumpness must stop eating just before cuddling down to sleep.

There are a few things that a fat woman must not eat under any circumstances, and these are fat meats, rich desserts, pies, cakes and candies. These foods are chin plumpers and have given many a trusting woman a triple chin and a heavy thick throat.

Practicing giving up the particular foods your stomach likes. Nothing fattens you like eating what you want. You may not eat so much, but you eat what your stomach craves and your palate likes. What is the result? First, a gentle swelling which looks as if you merely had a plump round chin; but the plumpness increases and increases until you are the unhappy possessor of a double chin or may be a chin with three or four folds. And all because you ate the things you particularly liked. Be warned in time, girls.

Double chins come in a night, so to speak. You eat sweet things, drink a sweetened tea and coffee, sleep long and often, and the days slip by until your very dearest friend (?) says, "Oh, what a dear fat chin you have, Jennie!" and you look in your glass to find your face all but ruined. A few months ago you had a clear-cut profile. Now it is all double and fat and fleshy. I'm simply telling you this so you will realize that it only takes a few days or a few weeks to spoil your good looks.

Let me caution COMFORT girls against wearing high collars. They are pretty, and fashionable too, but unfortunately double chins come in their wake. The reason for this is that high collars, banded in a dozen places, hold the muscles as in a vise, and you cannot exercise them. They then become weakened, relaxed and sag down; and there you have a double chin.

The same end is reached by the girls who read all day and turn their books in their laps! The woman who folds a great deal is bound to have the dreaded folds of flesh, as also the woman who looks down when she walks. Holding the head on one side invariably gives one a double chin.

The moral of it all is that you must exercise the throat muscles—and this is the way to do it.

Begin with the Swedish stroking system. With your right hand hit the superfluous chin six quick strokes. Then, according to the Swedish method, you must stop abusing yourself, stand stock-still, put your hands on the hips and take six deep breaths, filling your lungs to their uppermost. Then deal your chin six sharp blows with the left hand. Don't coddle yourself, but slap the flesh hard enough to make the tears come to the eyes. Repeat this exercise for fifteen minutes, morning and noon.

Every night you must go through with another exercise, which reduces double chins easily and effectively.

Reducing Chin Exercise

Throw the head as far back as possible, thrusting out the under jaw at the same time, so that the chin will feel stretched out and flat.

Holding chin in this position, move the head first to the left, then to the right. Keep this up for fifteen minutes.

The fleshy chin should be given a special bath every night for a week and then every other day for three weeks. By that time you will boast of a single chin.

Begin by steaming the chin with towels wet in hot water. When your plump little chin is as red as a rose, rinse it off with tepid water to which you have added a handful of rolled oats. This last softens not only the water but the stiff hard outlines of the chin.

Now comes the most important part of this treatment. Before the chin has time to cool, dip a folded piece of cotton cloth in cold water to which a piece of alum the size of a small bean has been added. Pin this cloth on as illustrated in the picture. The bandage braces up the sagging flesh under the chin thus doing away with the superfluous chin or chins. While the alum water prevents the flesh from setting flabby after its steaming, keep this bandage on all night.

A rubber band for reducing rotund chins can be made out of thin rubber sheeting and bound on in the same manner as the cotton bandage. Rubber induces perspiration when worn against

the skin, and this perspiration literally wears away the flesh. Should you try the rubber bandaging, postpone the alum-water part of this treatment until next morning, when the chin should be doused with the astringent water for a moment or two.

Something every double-chinned woman can do is to massage her chin down to smaller proportions. She can dissolve the fatty tissues by picking up and rolling the flesh between thumb and forefinger. Do not do this so vigorously as to break or injure the skin. Such a massage must always be followed up by an alum-water chin bath.

I am positive if you steam, slap, prop up and massage your fleshy chin, not to speak of adopting a slim diet and alum-water baths, you will soon have a nice firm chin. And when this has happened don't let it double up again.

Questions Answered

A. S. S., Wis., and the March Hare: Mildred, Minnie, and others.—I certainly sympathize with you as pimples are very unsightly. You may have constipation in which case take one pill every night of this blood purifier:

Extract of dandelion, one dram; powdered rhubarb q. s. Divide into three and one half grain pills.

As you have only a few pimples probably this remedy would quickly banish them. Fill a copper bowl or kettle with boiling water and stretch across a strip of tin on which place a hot saucer filled with sulphur. Steam your face for ten minutes or until you perspire very freely. Of course do not eat candy, cake, pie, pudding, fried food, pickles or hot breads, take a daily bath, drink two or three quarts of water and sleep with your windows open.

Pimples are caused by one of these things—eating sweets, insufficient bathing, lack of exercise or constipation. Massage will obliterate pimple scars.

Brown-eyed Tot, Okla.—You are a member of the Girls' Club because you are a subscriber of COMFORT. See reply to A. S. S., Wis. Try bleaching those horrid freckles with sour milk.

Mrs. C. M. J., Oklahoma and Ola, Papa's Baby Girl.—See reply to A. S. S., Wis. Massage your scalp every night for fifteen minutes with this tonic and the hair will grow out nice and long.

Hair Tonic

Witchhazel, two ounces; alcohol, two ounces; distilled water, one ounce; resorcin, forty grains. Massage is half the battle. Leave your mole alone as if disturbed it may cause a cancerous growth.

Ruby.—Wear big hats and protect your face.

Almond Meal Pack

Buy a fifty-cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough water to form a thin spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheesecloth big enough to cover the face and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose, so you won't smother. Now dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the pack, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Now lay on two medium-sized hot damp Turkish towels and as soon as they cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash face in warm water, then cool, then very cold. Take two of these applications a week for three weeks then one a week for six weeks. It will bleach your skin beautifully and make it soft and satin-like.

Mentumaker, Minnie.—Purify your blood by taking one teaspoonful of sulphur and cream of tartar before breakfast for ten days. Then stop for a week then begin and take for another ten days. Stop entirely then. See reply to A. S. S., Wis. Use Beauty Bags and drink three quarts of water, either hot or cold. I think your pimples will disappear. See Mrs. C. M. J., Oklahoma, Almond Meal Pack.

Hart Co. Girlie, Okla.—You should be able to get Almond Meal at a drug store.

T. F. of G. Iowa and Jack Horner, Okla., Minnie and F. J., and others.—Blackheads are a great trial but daily treatment will finally banish them. Never forget to wash your face at night before retiring with hot soapy water and a rough cloth. After this rub in a handful of boracic powder and if this smartens the skin, massage in a tiny bit of cold cream.

Every other night scrub blackheads with a soft soapy nail brush, after bathing the face and before the boracic powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly else the skin will be irritated.

Once a week, after the face has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse in hot water and spread over face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage for several minutes. On this night omit the boracic powder.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castle soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted. Always wash face in hot water and finish by dashing on cold water. See reply to Mrs. C. M. J., Oklahoma regarding bleach for red skin.

Eve and others.—You gave no nom de plume so I had to use your name. Harden skin by dashing quantities of cold water over it several times a day. Talcum powder is supposed to be the mildest on the market. To soften skin use Beauty Bags. The electric needle will remove superfluous hair surely.

Patient Patience, Minnie, Trouble.—A girl of sixteen wears skirts to ankles. Have your friend do her hair in an all-around pompadour. Do not wear tight bands, belts, collars, gloves, shoes or corsets and your face will not break. Drink three quarts of water daily. Do not eat pickles, candy, pie, cake, puddings and hot breads.

Y. A. M.—Massage your feet gently across, using plenty of cold cream. Massage forehead wrinkles across also. Do not pencil eyebrows a mass with yellow vasoline at night. This makes a good growth of hair. Massage enlarged pores and dash cold water on face frequently. Massage face with cream, then wipe dry, then powder. This makes the powder stick.

Darkey.—Write Editor of COMFORT about Beauty Bags. Practice walking half an hour every day balancing a medium-sized book on your head. This will give you a graceful walk.

A Subscriber, Ruth; O. R.—Lard will cause hair to grow, benzoin and borax will not. For enlarged pores use this wash: Place in half pint bottle one ounce of cucumber juice, half fill bottle with elderflower water and add two tablespoonfuls of eau de cologne. Shake and add one half ounce simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture up and then. Fill bottle with elderflower water. This liquid also whitens face.

D. T.—Yes, I see no reason why you should not gain on a Milk Diet. Until you have plenty to use, try the Vancaire Bust remedy and hot water. Your bust will increase in measurement, slowly, about one half inch a month. There is no danger of your getting too large a bust.

M. B. A.—The Milk Diet would make no difference as regards what you fear. It will make you stronger not weaker. The more milk you drink the more blood you will have and this is evidently what you need.

A Troubled Wife.—If you keep on with the milk I know it will cure your cough, unless it is an asthmatic cough. Take four or five quarts a day if possible and eat one good meal. If you are not very strong, take a raw egg at noon, noon and evening. Swallow it whole, then take a glass of water. It doesn't taste at all. Drink your milk one glassful every half hour and sip it slowly. Do not eat fruit or pickles while on this diet.

Lizale, Trouble and others.—Massage eyebrows every night with yellow vasoline to make hair grow and slightly darken it. Wrap a sheet of thin India rubber around you and exercise for thirty minutes. This will reduce flesh. To remove sunburn wash face in bathtime.

Sadell, Mo.—Your measurements are all right for a princess dress. Massaging the fingers with cream will limber them. There are rubber bust reducers.

A Subscriber: Trouble and others.—You can reduce by wrapping yourself up tightly in a rubber

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sheet and wearing it at night. I do not know of the medicine you mention.

Maud; Trouble and others.—Rub breasts with this pomade every night:

Astringent

Aristol, two grams; white vaseline, thirty grams; essence of peppermint, ten drops.

Then cover with compresses wet with this lotion: Alum, two grams; acetate, thirty grams; distilled water, four hundred grams.

Cover the compresses with oiled silk and keep them so for twelve hours. I do not recommend this treatment as I really do not approve of meddling with the bust. It is too dangerous.

Miss L. M., Pa.—No, the reducing exercise for the waist would not reduce bust. See reply to Maud. It would probably take several months to get any great improvement from this exercise. As regards the garment I really believe it will do what they claim for it. It seems logical.

Violet A.—I am glad you are getting along so nicely with your reducing. Twenty-one pounds is quite a reduction. I suppose you do get tired of the diet I gave you but isn't it worth while? You might, if very hungry, eat one poached egg on toast once a day, but of course you will not lose flesh quite so rapidly as if you lived on only the two or one and one half quarts of milk and drinking crackers.

You can get rosy cheeks by sipping hot water but don't do this until you have finished reducing. See reply to A. S. S., Wis. and T. F. of G., Iowa. Take the milk and crackers just as you have been doing. Get enough rubber sheeting to cover you. I do not know its cost. Yes, you are altogether too stout. You should not weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds.

Miss Joe.—Wash your arms and hands in buttermilk every day. This will whiten the skin.

Fern.—I do not think oatmeal will spoil if kept in light dry place. See reply to Mrs. C. M. J., Oklahoma. No, a bleach like this does not injure the skin if used as directed.

Peterson.—Let me suggest that in place of the cornmeal you use rolled oats or breakfast oatmeal.

Emily.—Use any kind of cold cream or skin food for the almond meal pack. We cannot communicate with writers of letters as you suggest. She had pretty hair and skin by following my advice in my various articles. You can do the same.

Anxious Wife.—Of course you can become plump with a full bust and pretty skin. Just drink four or five quarts of milk every day (sip it slowly), and eat one plain meal. Do not eat fruit or pickles while on this diet. You should gain on five quarts of milk about four pounds a week. Milk is a wonderful bust developer and brings color back to pale cheeks. Try to take a glassful of the milk every half hour until the five quarts are consumed. Of course the trouble you speak of should be seen to by a doctor, although the milk diet will help it. Do not take the hot water if you take the milk. See reply to Mrs. C. M. J., Oklahoma, regarding Almond Meal Bleach. If you will massage scalp for fifteen minutes every night using yellow vasoline you will soon notice a new growth coming. This treatment will also help the dandruff. Wash your hair every ten days using this soap shampoo.

Pare one third of cake of white soap into three cups of water. Add one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until the soap is completely dissolved. Rub vigorously into hair, again and again. Then rinse thoroughly in nine rinsing water and dry in sun. This will stop oiliness.

Mrs. C. N. Z.—Bathe your bust in very hot water then massage with warm cocoa butter for fifteen minutes. Use gentle circular upward movements. Wipe off superfluous oil and dash on vigorously cold water. This stimulates the bust. Do this twice a day.

Bust Tonic

Liquid extract of galega (goat's rue), ten grams; lacto-phosphate of lime, ten grams; tincture of fennel, ten grams; simple syrup, four hundred grams.

The dose is two spoonfuls in water before every meal. You should soon have a full bust.

Light Brown eyes.—Massage thin shoulders with warm olive oil for fifteen minutes twice a day. Also try arm exercises which bring into play the neck muscles. I have heard it said that to eat a lime every week will keep the teeth white.

Anxious Wife.—You can use both the Vasoline tonic and the massage with cocoa butter. A cake of the latter would last a long time and cost about twenty cents. The Vasoline tonic is eighty cents a bottle.

I certainly think married women ought to pink more than girls.

Hattie.—See reply to Annie Laurie and Anxious Wife.

Lucinda.—You are only fifteen years old and will keep on growing for two or three more years. Wear hats with high trimmings and high heels to shoes.

Ugly Wife.—Your hair must be wonderful. I congratulate you. See reply to Anxious Wife, also read Almond Meal Pack recipe to Mrs. C. M. J., Oklahoma, also Mrs. C. N. Z. about bust. Massage wrinkles every day with cow's cream. Rub across the wrinkles and massage cheeks upwards from point of chin. Use palm of hands for this last. Wear your hair in a low moderately wide pompadour. Fluff it out behind also and wear it in soft fluffy rolls just below the crown of the head.

Brown-eyed Spitfire.—Yes, arsenic is dangerous to take. Canker-mouth sores mean your stomach is out of order. Drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. If you don't want to injure your eyesight, keep away from belladonna. Perhaps if your friend had not used so many dangerous beautifiers she would be alive now. No, I know nothing that will make a voice husky except a cold or throat trouble. You can wear blue, green, black, gray, white, purple and lavender. Wear your hair parted this winter. This is the new fashion in hair dressing.

Annie Laurie.—To plumpen your hands hold them in hot water for five minutes, then dry hands and quickly put them in a bowl of warm creamy milk. Hold them in this for fifteen minutes. Repeat this every day.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

sickness or to earn us bread. Can not some of the COMFORT readers and cousins help aid us in some way? Hoping we may get some relief soon.

Your affectionate nephew, ALFRED J. THOMPSON.

That is a terribly sad letter. It isn't often the West sends out an appeal for help. The Western states have been nobly generous in helping our shut-ins, most of whom are east of Omaha. Let us reciprocate, and help this devoted mother take care of her terribly afflicted son. It is a beautiful and touching sight to see dear old mother sticking to her boy to the last. There are thousands of boys who will read this, who are letting their poor old mothers shift for themselves. It is pretty tough for a woman of sixty-three to have to go out and do washing. It shows how beautifully civilized we are—NOT. Those who have fallen in the battle of life either from disease or accident or are incapacitated from old age should be taken care of by the state and given a pension, and not pushed into a cattle pen, called a poorhouse. I know a poor crippled young man who was in a New York State poorhouse, and the rats used to come and eat the poultices off his diseased hip, and he had to fairly fight with the rodents at night to keep them from drinking a pitcher of milk which was placed by his bedside. Oh, they are lovely places, typically American. They do credit to our Christianity, and it is marvelous with our vast riches we can afford to support them. The best institution in the world is a miserable place for human beings. I have had hundreds of letters from those who have been in such institutions, and not one spoke a good word for them. Any American worthy of the name carries with him to the grave a measure of pride and the stigma of pauper has more terrors for him than death itself. In England they have old age pensions and no one is degraded by accepting this gift of the nation to honest men and women past their economic usefulness. The nation owes a debt of gratitude to the old folks who have fought the good fight, and old folks no longer. That debt should be paid here as it is paid in England, not as a dole but as a due, and it will be paid within a very few years. Do your best for Mrs. Thompson and her afflicted son, and God bless you in the doing.

SIDON, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a little girl, ten years old, and live in the Sunny South. In the dear old state of Mississippi. I have often wanted to write to you, but thought you liked to hear from the big girls best, but mother says you have a great and loving heart, and she is sure a large corner of it is reserved for the little ones. (You bet it is, Mother!) I tell you something of our little town? Sidon has about three hundred white inhabitants and any number of negroes. We have about fourteen stores, two sawmills, two cotton gins, two churches, a bank, a nice large schoolhouse, and a electric plant. Sidon is situated on the X. & M. V. R. R. and Yazoo river. Cotton and corn are the chief products of this state. The negroes live in the country in small houses scattered about over the large plantations and work in the fields, planting, working and gathering the crops. They have loud, strong voices and sing while they are working. You can hear them a long ways off. Next month they will begin to pick cotton. They have sacks about three or four yards long made of heavy drilling, and with straps across the shoulders. The cotton is put in this sack and when it is full it is weighed and put in the cotton house until enough is piled up to make a bale and then it is brought to the gin where the cotton is freed from the seed and pressed into a bale, and then shipped to Northern parts. Sometimes there are hundreds of bales on the big platform near the depot. Uncle Charlie did you ever go to a colored church?

Mother has a yard full of chickens and they were all hatched with an incubator. Mother does not like to kill them because they are such pets. Uncle Charlie, if you only lived near me something more than feathers would be coming your way. Our school term closed June 15th. I stood a good examination, ninety-two was the least I made in every study and that was in writing. I studied arithmetic, 5th reader, geography, speller, history, grammar and physiology. I am a member of the Methodist Sunday school and of the Children's Missionary Society. We are called "Little Sunbeams". I have a little baby sister three and a half years old and she is the prettiest baby in the whole world. She has long, black curly hair and black eyes that are always full of fun. She looks like a big doll and has such dear little ways. Uncle Charlie, I have about three hundred post cards and I would like to exchange cards with all the cousins and I promise to return every one. I don't think many will write to me because I am not a young lady. (Yes, you are—Uncle Charlie.) Mother has "turned over a new leaf" for me. She said that instead of me spending so many nickels, I must save them up and do some sunshiny work. I wonder how many nickels have "Uncle Charlie's" pennies? I have had mine for a year and love it, it is always new to me.

ANNA KIMBALL PICKETT.

Anna, you are a charming little girl, and your letter is delightful. Though only ten years of age your writing and spelling are infinitely superior to that of the majority of boys and girls five years your senior. Your description of our Southern life is fine, and most interesting. Once in my life, for a few short weeks when I was broke, I got a job selling spool cotton, but I simply had to give it up. Whenever I entered a store the person in charge, usually the storekeeper's daughter, would open the door that led into the back of the house and yell: "Mother, here's the cotton man." Now I've been called a crazy man and felt proud of the compliment. I've been called an apology for a man and shed tears of joy and appreciation, but I'll be binged if any son of a gun can run a cotton man and live. Of course when the girl called me that I had to stand it, but the first man who called me a cotton man, I gave him a good stiff punch in the jaw, got arrested, and lost my job. I don't mind being referred to as a gentleman who sells cotton, but it is a low down insult to call a mortal being a cotton man. Anna, you ask me if I have ever been in a colored church. I should smile. That reminds me of an incident that happened while I was visiting a church of the colored variety. The pastor was a colored church member and was painted green. As I went in the old colored preacher was telling the story of Daniel and his experiences in the den with the lions. He vividly pictured the

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awful predicament of Daniel, and the terrible ferocity of the fierce brutes that surrounded him. While he was in the middle of his description of the king of beasts and its ferocity, he was interrupted by a colored gentleman in one of the back seats of the church, who addressed him thus: "Pastor I begs to disagree with you, 'bout your description of dem yer lions. Dem yer lions dat war in Dan'l's den wasn't no froshtion lions at all. Dem yer lions wouldn't do no harm to nobody. Dey was jes' circus lions, jes' tamed rovin' with some ole circus, dat was all." "Brother Johnson," shouted the colored preacher scornfully, "Doan' yo' have no bettah respect for de Lawd's house, den to get up in meetin' and contradictify de statements of Holy Writ. Now Brother Johnson, I'll prove to yo' out of yo' own mouth dat yo' statements am a brack lie, an' a falsification of Gospel truff. De Good Book says dat Dan'l was in de lion's den in de year 600 B. C. Now posib'le Brother Johnson you am such an ignorant brack niggah, dat yo' doan' know what R. C. means, so I done told you: B. C. means before circus." Brother Johnson was crushed, and the old colored pastor triumphantly resumed his sermon. Now, Anna, I guess you'll admit that I have attended a church for colored people. I am sorry dear, I do not live near enough to have a chicken dinner. I might be able to get one nowadays if I could climb a fence on a dark night when my neighbors were asleep, but my climbing days are over. I regret to say, and I can only climb spiritually

not physically. I am tickled to death to know that Uncle Charlie's Poems has given you so much enjoyment. Praise has been lavished on that little book which has made me very happy. The beauty of a book of funny verse is that it never loses its novelty or freshness, whereas a story book once read is laid aside. Anna, once more I thank you for your dandy letter, you deserve a medal.

LATTEMORE, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

We have been receiving COMFORT for several years, and are delighted with it as a magazine. I live in Cleveland county, North Carolina, in the Piedmont region.

Eight miles from where I live are spurs of the South mountains, the most celebrated of which is Cherry Mountain. This has an elevation two thousand feet above sea level, and is noted for picturesque scenery, pure cold water, fine peaches, and large, luscious, black-honey cherries.

For over fifty years this was the home of a celebrated leader in the Klu Klux Klan, and an incorrigible maker of contraband whiskey. He, also, invented "Cherry Bounce," an intoxicant made of cherry wine and corn whiskey.

During May and June of each year, this was a place where the thirsty did most congregate. Pandemonium reigned and the revels were like those of Donnybrook. Three times was this individual sent to Albany Penitentiary, but always did business again at the old stand. He died three years since, aged eighty-six; but Cherry Mountain is still the resort of those who go to seek mixed wine.

We farm and raise corn, cotton, garden vegetables, melons, pears and potatoes. We have four months' term of free school, which generally begins in November. My father is a teacher, and by farming, working at carpenter's trade, repairing guns, selling spectacles and doctoring horses, manages to make a living.

Dogs are held in greater veneration here than schools, arts, or sciences, but we try to keep dogs.

Weather prophets also flourish and all or nearly all, have times "in the moon" to plant, gather, kill hogs and go fishing. My father doesn't believe in the influence of moon on sowing and reaping, and hence is not in good order in church or society. He also seeds at the claims of his neighbor of having killed a "hoop snake." This snake was accused of making a hoop of itself and assaulting a man and nine dogs, and trying to harpoon them with a horny lance in its tail. By great valor on part of defendants the snake was killed, and his hide has been stuffed.

Do naturalists believe in existence of hoop snakes? I am a boy of fifteen years of age, and don't claim to be educated. Pa has a fairly full library, but I find no mention of such a snake.

I am five feet two inches high, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, and have black hair and eyes.

Your nephew, ROBT. C. WHITE.

Robert, yours is a very interesting letter, and capitally written and gives an entertaining and instructive peep into conditions in the rural sections of North Carolina. I trust that contraband whiskey and cherry bounce have been bounced from your section. Human beings have enough to contend with without adding to their troubles by loading up with poison. Whiskey, gin,

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brandy and all spirits, are poison, and their manufacture, except for medicinal purposes, should be prohibited, and I would put druggist and doctor under such heavy bonds that it would mean practical ruin to both if whiskey found its way through them to anyone not absolutely in need of it. One of the weak spots of prohibition under our present laws, as far as I see is this: It absolutely drives out beer, which contains some nourishment and such a trifling amount of alcohol that it is almost a physical impossibility for a man to get intoxicated on it, and which thousands of people drink with their meals, with a great amount of enjoyment and usually without any harm, and replaces it with fiery whiskey, which is fifty per cent. alcohol. The consequence is, a man can carry a jag in his hip pocket, while he couldn't carry a case of beer with both arms scarcely, and the beer to be drinkable must be kept cool. Whiskey is a poison, and a deadly one and can be easily hidden. A case of beer cannot be hidden. As long as our interstate law is what it is, and whiskey can be sent from wet states into dry states, men who have been addicted to its use and who have the price will get it somehow. Those who have been in the habit of drinking beer only if they want to drink at all, unless they have it expressed from a wet state, have no alternative but to drink whiskey. Fortunately indeed is the man who can do without either, but we must admit that there are millions to whom the use of a light table beer from force of habit has become almost a necessity. Men who toll in the terrible blast furnaces where the heat almost blisters the body, care little for whiskey, but find their ice cold glass of beer an absolute necessity. After their exhausting and terribly arduous labor no one who knew what those labors were would deny them a drink so refreshing. Beer that contains not more than three per cent. of alcohol is practically a temperance beverage. There is certainly a vast difference between a three per cent. beer, and a fifty or sixty per cent. alcoholic whiskey. Scarcely anyone gets drunk in Italy, France or Germany where they drink light wines and light beers. Drunkenness is practically never seen in these countries. They are strictly temperate. There is probably something in the American character that would preclude us as a nation from ever becoming strictly temperate, and if that's the case absolute prohibition would be the only remedy. Now, for Heaven's sake don't get it into your heads that I've been bought by the brewers or am advocating a beer diet. I positively am not. I know a lady who would drop dead if she saw a bottle of beer enter the house, and yet she daily takes a certain brand of patent medicine that contains forty per cent. of alcohol. She says she likes this dope because it takes hold. You bet it does. No brewer ever

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approached me with a bribe, and people who fight for temperance must show some temperance in their views, when other views are placed before them for consideration. What we want is a change in the interstate law, prohibiting beer and whiskey from being sent into prohibition states. If we have that, we don't need to worry about the man who has been deprived of his beer, he'll have to drink water, but if we take beer away, and permit an absolute poison to filter through state barriers, we are in a sense putting a premium on poison. I believe ere long that whiskey will be absolutely wiped out of existence as it should be, and I have an idea that once we dispose of the rum evil, that the beer question will solve itself. The saloon has proved itself a menace to morals, health and the home, and it must go, and is going fast. Man however is a social animal, and likes to meet his fellowmen for a social time. Places should be provided where men can take their families in the evening and hear music and chat over a light refreshment, just as the wealthy man does in his club. The home is all right, but when men and women are packed ten and twelve in one room, as they are in some of the cities, it is a delight for them to occasionally get away from such miserable hovels to more cheerful surroundings. All these questions will be solved in time, and they will be solved by men and women who love their fellow beings, men and women whose hearts are big, minds broad, and sympathies keen, and solved along lines of love, justice and tolerance, and not along the lines of hatred, bigotry or intolerance. Robert, your letter shows us to what depths of degradation

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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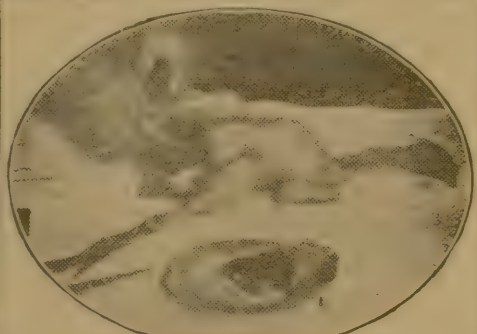
BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Preparing Poultry for Market

EVEN for home consumption it is desirable to fatten, kill and dress poultry with knowledge. It makes such a difference in nutriment and flavor. We have coops six feet long by two and a half wide, with yards six by ten, into which from five to ten birds are placed three weeks before killing. Fowls of a year old, when properly prepared, make good roasters; taken from the general yard, they are tough and fit only for soup. Cockerels of ten or twelve weeks old will, by special fattening and inactivity, become plump very quickly. The roost in a coop is only a foot from the floor; yard and floor of coop are of firmly trampled earth, with no loose gravel, sand, or scratching material of any description, the object being to keep the birds as placid as possible.

Morning, noon and night, mash is fed, as it is more easily digested and assimilated than whole corn. The first ten days, mash consists of one quart of ground feed, one third of a teaspoonful of salt, one pint of boiled and mashed carrots, potatoes or beets, mixed and moistened with skimmed milk; last ten days, one quart



CONTINUE TO CUT IN A CIRCLE.

of corn meal, one desertspoonful of powdered charcoal, one pound of potatoes, and two onions, boiled and mashed. Mix all together and make quite soft with skim milk in which beef suet has been boiled. Suet is only about six cent a pound. Half a pound chopped fine is sufficient for two quarts of milk. Simmer for fifteen minutes. Feed in V-shaped troughs as much as the birds will eat in fifteen minutes. It must not be allowed to stand before them continually, or they will become satiated. It was an old Frenchman who gave me the hint about suet, which is excellent, making the flesh deliciously tender and juicy.

After the fattening has been successfully accomplished, correct killing and dressing must follow, to insure excellence. Twenty-four hours before killing, birds are removed to individual coops a foot and a half square, with wire netting sides, floor of slats half an inch apart, and legs two feet high. The open flooring and elevated position allow the droppings to fall through, and out of the birds' reach. For twelve hours they have milk before them all the time, but no food, last twelve hours, nothing but water, to insure the crop being empty.

Killing and Dressing

The most humane and best way of slaughtering the poor things is to have a string with a noose at one end, suspended from a beam in some outhouse. Slip the bird's feet through the noose. Instruct the operator to stand with his back to the bird, take the body under his arm, breast upmost, the head in his left hand, open the beak by pressing at the sides between thumb and finger, and with a French killing-knife, stab up into the extreme back of the roof of the mouth. Give a quick turn to the left, and withdraw the knife. Leave the bird suspended for a few minutes before taking the feet from the noose.

Plucking must be done at once. Commence with the long wing and tail feathers; then from the shanks down the inside of the thigh, and over the breast to the neck. Take only a few feathers at a time; grasp as closely to the skin as possible, and pull quickly toward the head. At first it may be difficult to remove the feathers without tearing the skin, but a little assurance and some practice will render it quite easy. After the feathers, all the pin-feathers or quills have to be extracted. Then hang the bird up to become quite cold before drawing; but don't delay more than two hours.

Cut off the head with a sharp knife, leaving about three inches of the neck; slit the skin at the back lengthwise, push back, and cut out the neck bone close to the body. With the point of the knife, sever the membrane which holds the windpipe to the breast, cut off the shanks, make a straight cut from the end of the breastbone, being careful to sever the skinny flesh only. Continue to cut in a circle around the vent, and the bird can be drawn without any unseemly exposure or soiling of the flesh.

Birds Should be Drawn at Once

Place a peeled onion or piece of charcoal in the body, and hang up in a cold cellar for twenty-four hours. Following the above method of drawing leaves the bird unmarred; and the neck skin, being folded under the back after the stuffing has been put in, holds it firmly in place for roasting and carving. The few stitches necessary, from the breast-bone down, do not show when the bird is trussed. The gizzard and liver must be carefully severed from the remaining parts, to avoid breaking the gall-bag, which is a small sac lying between the two parts of the liver. Hold the gizzard with the narrow, smooth line that runs on one side, uppermost. Lay the edge of the knife on the line and make a small, shallow cut, which will reveal a gray-colored inner bag, that is to be removed intact; hence the necessity for the cut being shallow.

It has not yet become the general market custom in this country to draw and truss birds at once; but private customers will quickly appreciate the improvement in flavor that immediate attention to cleanliness makes, and before long, I firmly believe, the present custom of keeping and shipping undrawn birds will be condemned by the health authorities. When birds are going to customers, instead of being sent in a sprawling condition they are trussed as for roasting, leaving a piece of charcoal inside to insure perfect sweetness.

Ducks are treated in the same way except that we give them quantities of water-cress and green celery during the fattening process. The former we have a quantity of, both wild and

under cultivation; and the latter is sown broadcast, just to cut green for this purpose.

Correspondence

A. E. S.—We have one hundred and seven chickens left out of one hundred and fifty-eight hatched in an incubator. They were hatched May 30. I made a brooder myself to keep them in with a run eight by twenty for sunbathing days for them to run in. I also have a poultry-house ten by thirty with concrete foundation about six inches wide all around the bottom for building to set on. The building also has a three V crimp galvanized roof on it, and I failed to get it all on with the right lap to keep it from leaking during hard-beating rains, therefore the ground on the inside of the building seldom gets dry. We feed ground corn and scraps from the table and give plenty of water. Now for the particulars. Our chickens seem to be healthy and hearty and in a short time wings go drooping, their eyes go shut, and they can't open them without help. They also get so they just stand around and won't even try to eat. We have had twenty-three hatched since the first of June under two hens and haven't lost one. My wife has used Porter's Pain King on the heads of the sickly, sleepy incubator chickens, and they seem to liven up and do pretty well, and she has also used common soda in their drinking water and has given them some Epsom salts. We know that twenty-two of them smothered to death by getting a little chilly and then huddling up too many in a place because we didn't happen to get them in their box soon enough for them to get warm. Now understand that the henhouse roof doesn't leak as though there were no roof on at all. It only leaks in a place or two or three just enough to keep the ground damp on the inside of the building. Tuesday, the 6th inst. I put up a partition to keep the chicks from under the older chickens' roosting poles, because every time we would turn them out of their box to feed they would run under the roosting poles and pick at the offal, and I thought that was causing some of their sickness. They are mostly White Leghorn with some Buff Plymouth Rocks and a few Barred Rocks, and it seems that the White Leghorns are the weakest ones among them, as there are more of them dying than of the others. I see in your corner for Poultry Farming that you wish to know the particulars concerning such questions, and that is what I have tried to give you, save that on the 7th inst. I put dry loose straw in their quarters for them to exercise in.

A.—You cannot expect to have any success with poultry unless the house is perfectly warm and weatherproof. The birds will be better off out roosting in trees than in a house where the floor is always damp. Moreover, it is no use trying to raise little brooder chicks in a house occupied by grown stock. Read this department regularly, and I think you will see how necessary it is to improve your system.

Subscriber (No. 2).—Stop the mash. Feed cracked corn, hulled oats and wheat, cabbage or some other green food.

L. J. H.—Kindly tell me just what and how much to feed forty young pullets in order that they will lay soon. Will alfalfa hay take the place of clover hay when the latter cannot be had?

A.—About three quarts of mash for breakfast; at noon, three days a week, half a pint of green bone, and one pint of wheat, scattered in the litter, so that the birds will have to scratch for it. Between days a week, cabbage or other green stuff, and a quart of green corn or oats. At night, all the whole corn they will eat up clean. To prepare a breakfast mash, take one quart of alfalfa or clover hay, cut into inch lengths, pour about a quart of boiling water over it, cover closely, and allow it to steam all night. In the morning, just before feeding, add half pint of flaxseed meal and a quart each of cornmeal and ground oats.

M. A. B.—Please tell me what is the trouble with my chicks. They can't hold their heads up or keep their eyes open, and their bodies are swollen. Droppings are white and watery. I feed cornmeal sometimes, whole corn sometimes, and sometimes I put a medical solution in the feed; at others, turpentine. I have seven that can't stand at all; what shall I do? **A.**—Feed as recommended in answer to L. J. H. If you can get neither clover nor alfalfa hay, use one quart of wheat bran instead. Stop using medical solutions or turpentine; birds are better without such stimulants. I am afraid the birds that are now suffering are not likely to recover, but change of diet may save the rest of the flock.

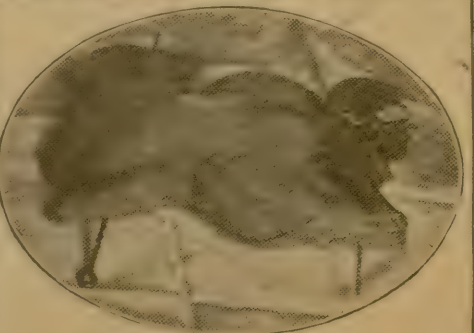
R. B. W.—My goslings grow nicely until the fifth week, then their legs seem to give out, they get dizzy spells, and eventually die. Are they in need of bone-meal, or are they sunstruck? Some I kept entirely in the shade, and they have been affected in the same way, so I don't think it is the sun. I feed two parts bran and one part corn meal, and green clover. They have plenty of water, and dry houses.

A.—You don't say whether they have free range on grass land. Geese are really grazing creatures, like sheep and cows, and do much better when allowed to follow their natural bent. If, however, you have to keep them in a restricted space, you had better add one part meat or bone meal to the mash, and increase the quantity of green stuff.

E. T.—We have a rooster which seems to have something in his throat. Every time he breathes there is a queer rasping sound. He does not seem ill otherwise. I feed corn and oats chiefly.

A.—I think the bird has bronchitis, and as it has only just developed, you will have little trouble in checking it. Put him into a small coop alone, and give tincture of aconite in one-drop doses every two hours. The easiest way to administer it is to make cornmeal mush; sprinkle a small piece and drop the aconite on to it, and roll up like a pill.

L. L. H.—Was greatly interested in reading the recent items on turkeys, as I've lost both chickens and turkeys from enlarged gall, as I called it. Do not know cause of it. I also had two chicks go suddenly blind this spring. They seemed perfectly well, and ate heartily, but I would have to put a quantity of food in front of them. I finally killed them and held a post-mortem examination, but was no wiser for so doing. I have lost some turkeys and chickens lately. The inside of their mouths are sometimes white and sometimes pink, and the root of tongue seems swelled, and they lose their voice. There are generally little bubbles in throat, or mucus froth. One, once, choked to death from swelling. I've cured several by giving them salicylate and a few drops of peroxide. One still has no voice, but eats heartily. I lost two turkeys, lately, nearly four months old. They drooped for a week or more, then died. On examining them, I found that a small part of the main intestine had enlarged; the walls had greatly thickened and had closed. In one place was a



TRUSSED AS FOR ROASTING.

white substance such as comes in a chicken's eye when it has a foxtail or other tickler in it. For about two weeks I gave chicks and turkeys the refuse food from a boarding-house, and several times it was a little soured, so I quit giving it. I thought maybe something had lodged in the intestine and caused trouble, but I could find nothing. One turkey had badly diseased liver also. I feed whole wheat and green stuff, and keep shells and charcoal before them; give green bone occasionally and give plenty of fresh water. Can you help me in this? I am curious to know what caused trouble, so as to avoid it in future.

A.—I should treat any future cases that may develop for worms, for I am sure they are the cause of many apparently mysterious ailments. Read last month's COMFORT.

E. H.—I am trying to raise poultry, and would thank you very much for a few pointers. I have a very good incubator and a few chickens. I set my machine on July 16, 1909; got a very good batch, all good, healthy chicks. All went well for a week, not losing a bird; then two or three got sick, I thinking it might be a disease of some kind, hung a bottle of pure carbolic acid with cork pulled, in top of brooder; kept the heat at ninety during the night; then they commenced dying fast, losing toward twelve every day. I have now fifteen or twenty left, but still

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dying fast. I give the best of care; plenty of fresh water, shade, and best of chick feed, with grit. Thinking carbolic acid and heat might be cause of death, took acid out and run hover at eighty instead of ninety, but they still die. I lost about ten today. What can be the cause of this death? They show no signs of sickness, but in a half hour will stand with eyes closed, then fall over dying. Today I noticed their passages were watery, but not before today, it being normal. They have no lice. I forgot to tell you I took the acid out and started the hover at eighty three days ago, and they are dying today. Could the acid and heat have anything to do with their death? Please let me know the cause.

A.—The chicks were hatched at a trying time of the year. Even with hens, June and July are bad months to hatch out chickens. When the weather is hot, as it was when your chicks were hatched, the brooder should not have been kept so hot. Ninety degrees is all right for the first twenty-four hours, in cold weather, but even then the temperature should be gradually lowered, so that the thermometer only registers seventy by the ninth day. In hot weather, if you had started the brooder at eighty, and gradually lowered it to sixty-five, you would have had better results. I did not receive your letter until now, so could not help you sooner. I fear it is now too late. The carbolic acid would have done no good under any circumstances, but I can't think it was really to blame for the chickens dying.

Note.—I have to thank H. W. B. for the following recipes, which she was good enough to send in for the benefit of our readers.

"I noticed in the July number a request for a cure for blindness and swelled head. Here is a cure that never failed. Take a teaspoonful of carbolic acid in a gallon of sweet milk and give it to the birds to drink, enough for fifty chicks. There is also a cure for cholera. Take dry Venetian Red, same as used in paint, two tablespoonfuls. Pour a pint of boiling water. Stir it in a pall full of cold water, and give to them to drink; enough for one hundred chicks."

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Maddy's Temptation
Or, A Heroic Sacrifice
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

pa said, when he was seated before the fire, maybe you could tell whether he would be likely to lend a stranger three hundred dollars, and that stranger me?"

Mrs. Noah stared at him aghast. Was he crazy, or did he mean to insult her master? Evidently neither. He seemed as sane as herself, while no one could associate an insult with him. Mrs. Noah made him understand how impossible it was for him to think her master would lend to a stranger like him.

"You say he's gone to Devonshire," grandpa said, softly, with a quiver on his lip when she had finished. "I wish I'd known it. I left my grandmaster there to be examined. Maddy I'll meet him going back, and can ask him."

"I tell you it won't be no use. Mr. Gay has no three hundred dollars to throw away," was Mrs. Noah's rather sharp rejoinder.

"Wall, wall, we won't quarrel about it," the old man replied, as he turned his head away to hide the starting tear.

Grandfather Markham's heart was very sore, and Mrs. Noah's harshness troubled him. He could not bear to think that she really was cross with him, besides that he wanted something to carry Maddy home, and she was so kind, so by the way of testing Mrs. Noah's amiability, and pleasing Maddy too, he said as he arose: "I'm an old man, lady, old enough to be your father." Here Mrs. Noah's face grew brighter, and she listened attentively while he continued, "You won't take what I say amiss, I'm sure. I've a little girl at home, a grandchild, who has heard big stories of the fine things at Aikenside. It would please her mightily to have me tell her what I saw up here, so maybe you wouldn't mind lettin' me go into that big room where the silk hangings are. I'll take off my shoes, if you say so."

"Your shoes won't hurt an atom; come right along," Mrs. Noah replied, now in the best of moods, for she enjoyed nothing more than showing her handsome house.

Conducting him through the wide marbled hall, she ushered him into the drawing-room, where for a time he stood perfectly bewildered. It was his first introduction to rosewood, velvet and brocade, and it seemed to him as if he had suddenly been transported to fairy land.

"Maddy would like this," he said, "her nature," he whispered, advancing a step or two, and sitting down his feet as softly as if stepping on eggs.

Happening to lift his eyes before one of the long mirrors he spied himself, wondering much what that "queer-looking chap" was doing, and why Mrs. Noah did not turn him out. Then mentally asking forgiveness for this flash of pride, and determined to make amends, he bowed low to the figure in the glass, which bowed as low in return, but did not reply to the very good-natured remark: "How d'ye do—pretty well, to-day?"

There was a familiar look about the canvas clock, and Grandfather Markham's face turned crimson as the truth burst upon him.

"How ashamed of me Maddy would be," he thought, glancing sidewise at Mrs. Noah, who was looking from the window to hide her laughter.

Grandpa believed she did not see him, and comforted with that assurance, he began to remark upon the mirror, saying "it made it appear as if there was two of you." He saw which Mrs. Noah fully appreciated. He saw the silk chairs, stilly touched with the same to see if it did feel like the best of peach-blossom dress worn by his wife forty-two years ago that very spring. Then he tried one of them, and came near howling again to the portrait of the first Mrs. Remington, so natural and life-like it looked standing out from the canvas.

"This will last Maddy a week. I thank you, ma'am. You have added some considerable to the happiness of a young girl, who wouldn't disgrace even such a room as this," he said, as he passed into the hall.

Mrs. Noah received his thanks graciously, and led him to the yard, where Sorel stood waiting for him.

"Odd, but clever as the day is long," was Mrs. Noah's comment, as after seeing him safe out of the yard, she went back to her vegetable oysters boiling on the stove.

Driving at a brisk trot through the grounds, Sorel was soon upon the highway; and with spirits exhilarated by thoughts of going home, he kept up the trot until, turning a sudden corner, his master saw the carriage from Aikenside approaching at a rapid rate. The driver, Paul, saw him, too, but according to give half the road to Sorel and the square-boxed wagon, he kept steadily on, while Grandfather Markham, determined to speak with Guy, reined his horse a little nearer, raising his hand in token that the negro should stop.

As a natural consequence, the wheels of the two vehicles became interlocked, and as the powerful grays were more than a match for Sorel, the front wheel of Grandfather Markham's wagon was wrenched off, and the old man thrown to the ground; which fortunately for him, was in that locality covered with sand banks, so that he was only stunned for an instant, and thus failed to hear the insolent negro's remark: "Served you right old cove; might have turned out for gentlemen." Neither did he see the sudden flashing of Guy Remington's eye, as, leaping from his carriage, he seized the astonished African by the collar and, hailing him from the box, demanded what he meant by serving an old man so shameful a trick and then insulting him?

TO BE CONTINUED.

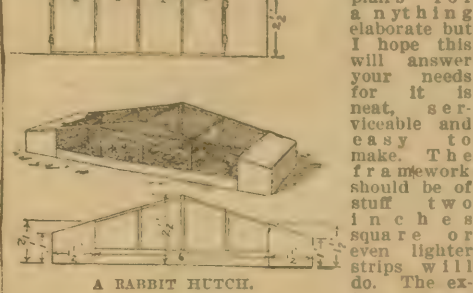
A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

HELLO dear nephews, how do you like this month of sparkling air and gorgeous dining? I suppose you are already thinking of Thanksgiving day and the feast of turkey and plum pudding that awaits you. I hope every one of you feel really and truly grateful to the great Master for the many blessings he has showered upon you.

A Rabbit Hutch

Boys, to the number of several hundred, have asked me to furnish them with a plan for a rabbit hutch. In the small space allowed me I cannot give plans for anything elaborate but I hope this will answer your needs for it is neat, serviceable and easy to make. The framework should be of stuff two inches square or even lighter strips will do. The extreme

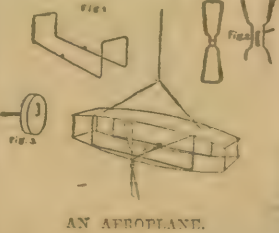


A RABBIT HUTCH.

height of the coop shown is two and one half feet and the length nine feet. A piece of one-inch board four inches wide is used as a base to nail the lower end of the netting to. A small shed with a sloping roof is placed at each end. The roof of each shed is hinged on and lifts up like a cellar door. The inclosure is two and one half feet wide. Partitions of netting may be placed on the inside to suit yourself. The hutch may be moved from place to place and with ordinary care will last for ten years.

An Aeroplane

We have heard a great deal about aeroplanes in the past year and like all great inventions they are really simple when understood. Here is a model that depends on the aeroplane principle for its buoyancy. Bend a piece of light, stiff wire into the shape shown in Fig. 1. Next fasten a piece of cardboard to the top and bottom, stitching it on with thread. Thread is also used to bend the four corners down and bring them closer together. We now take a straight piece of wire and put it through the eyes in the wire frame. To one end of the straight wire a cork is fastened as in Fig. 3, to the other end fasten a two-bladed propeller made of tin. To the center of the shaft at "X" fasten a rubber band the other end of which is tied to the wire frame. The whole device is now suspended from the ceiling and the wheel wound up by turning it in either direction. When released it will buzz around and cause the model to describe a circle. It is an interesting toy and will repay you for the making.



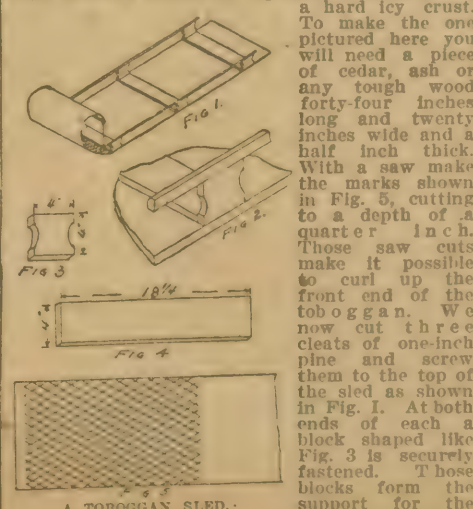
AN AEROPLANE.

A Queer Handcuff

In America when a police officer arrests a desperate criminal he quickly places upon his wrists steel handcuffs which even a giant could not break, but in Japan the custom is different. The Jap officer merely ties a bit of common string around his charge's forearm and then leads him to jail by the free end. The punishment for breaking this cord is so severe that the Japanese crook would never think of attempting it. It is a sort of government seal and his respect for the government as well as his fear of punishment makes him refrain from giving the jerk that would easily snap the piece of hemp that makes him a prisoner. Therefore it is not so strange after all.

A Toboggan Sled

The toboggan is the favorite kind of sled in regions where snow abounds and especially in those sections where the top layer of snow forms a hard icy crust.



A TOBOGGAN SLED.

To make the one pictured here you will need a piece of cedar, ash or any tough wood forty-four inches long and twenty inches wide and a half inch thick. With a saw make the marks shown in Fig. 5, cutting to a depth of a quarter inch. Those saw cuts make it possible to curl up the front end of the toboggan. We now cut three cleats of one-inch pine and screw them to the top of the sled as shown in Fig. 1. At both ends of each a block shaped like Fig. 3 is securely fastened. Those blocks form the support for the rail. The rail is tacked down with long finishing nails. Study Fig. 2. The end of the sled is now curled up and fastened with wire to the projecting ends of the rail. Bore the marked part in a common wash-bowl for an hour and do the bending as soon after taking it out as possible. It may when finished be padded with carpet or cushions. For a hilly country this toboggan has no equal.

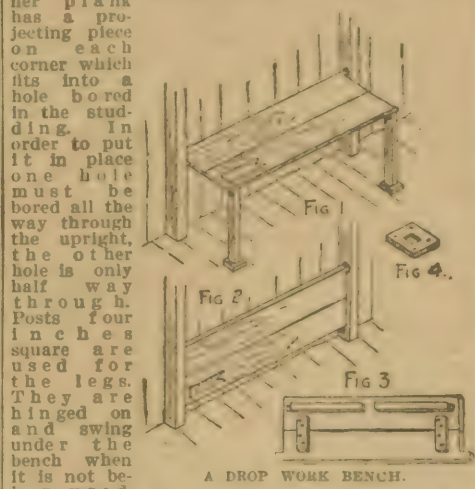
Wild Horses

That the horse was at one time one of the wildest animals on the face of the earth is not hard to believe if we watch the attempts of a trainer to break a colt. The Arabs are credited with being the first people to domesticate the horse and even today we look to that wild country for the finest specimens of horse flesh. An Arab loves his horse as we Americans love a baby. The last great round up of wild horses in this country took place in 1906 in the state of Washington. Over three thousand animals were corralled but one wild band which was the chief inspiration of the hunt made good their escape. The herders tried every trick but the horses kept so closely together and went at such a terrific rate of speed that it was im-

possible to head them off or stop them. In some of the states of the northwest there are still wild droves which have no owner.

A Drop Work Bench

This work bench has the advantage of dropping down in such a way that it will occupy a very small space when not in use. It is made of two heavy planks cleated together. The inner plank has a projecting piece on each corner which fits into a hole bored in the stud-



A DROP WORK BENCH.

In order to make the bench firm and immovable sockets made of blocks of wood with square holes cut in the center are nailed to the floor to receive the bottom of the leg. A careful scrutiny of the accompanying sketches will make the plan so plain that you can go ahead and build the drop bench in an hour.

Wolves

Among the many interesting letters I received last year was one from a Wyoming lad who surprised me with some facts about the wolf pest of his native state. According to his story the wolves are as numerous and ferocious now as they ever were. Many different varieties of these animals roam the Western states today. There are Coyotes, prairie wolves, gray and black timber wolves, the black wolf of the Northwest, the red wolf of Texas, the white species of Alaska, the brindled wolf of Mexico and a dozen other varieties. From an authoritative source I learn that over a half million horses, cows and sheep were killed within the borders of our country last year by those voracious pests. In Montana and Nebraska five dollars' reward is given for every pet brought in to the office of the Standard Cattle Co. I wish some lad of the Northwest would write me more fully about wolves.

A Simple Card Game

Young folks can derive much pleasure from this card game. Shuffle the deck thoroughly and place it face down, on the table. The players and there may be any number, gather around the table and each one in turn draws a card. The rules permit the drawing of a new card whether it is on the top, bottom or middle but under no circumstances must a player look at the face of the card either before or after it is drawn. When all the cards are drawn each one turns his pile up and counts in the following way, aces count ten, all picture cards five each, and the spade cards are valued according to the number of spots on them. If four persons are playing one hundred points win, if only two two hundred must be scored to cop the prize. There are always some in a gathering who cannot play the usual card games, but anyone can participate in this sport for it is a pure game of chance and requires no skill or knowledge of values.

November
In the above picture you see a mouse which is imprisoned in the mystical maze. How is the mouse going to get out? Trace a line with your pencil from the center to the opening. The shortest route will be shown in next month's COMFORT.

Answer to last Month's Pumpkin Puzzle
Take away the three in a diagonal row, opposite corners and center.

About the Figure Nine

The figure nine has some properties peculiar to itself. If you want to quickly find out whether or not a number can be evenly divided by nine add up its digit and if their sum is divisible by nine so is the large number. Here is a table that illustrates this fact and shows some other strange properties of the queer numeral.

9 X 1	9	18—1 plus 8 equals 9
9 X 2	18	27—2 " 9
9 X 3	27	36—3 " 9
9 X 4	36	45—4 " 9
9 X 5	45	54—5 " 9
9 X 6	54	63—6 " 9
9 X 7	63	72—7 " 9
9 X 8	72	81—8 " 9
9 X 9	81	90—9 " 9
9 X 10	90	99—9 " 9
9 X 11	99	108—10 " 9
9 X 12	108	117—11 " 9

Problems

It is strange how a simple question of arithmetic will puzzle some boys who are really good scholars. If you have a thorough knowledge of fractions you should be able to solve any of the problems appearing in this department. The answers always appear the month following the date of publication and if you do not agree with us that the given answer is correct we will, upon request, send a complete analysis of the one that puzzles you.

1. A boy can do a piece of work in twelve days, his father can do it in eight days. How long will it take them both working together to do it?

2. A and B found a certain number of dollars each. If B gives one to A both will have the same number but if A gives one to B he will have only half as many as B. How many did each one find?

3. Write twenty-four by using three equal numbers none of them being eight. The answers to last month's questions are: 1. First farm \$10,326, second farm \$10,165. 2. A \$27.50, B \$55.00, C \$8.50. 3. 11-3-7.

There now that is all I have space for this time and I hope you will find the plans and puzzles interesting. Remember if you have any suggestions in making the questions things described here, I will take the trouble to explain in detail just how to proceed, provided, you will, the inclosing stamped envelope. The Boys' Corner



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

you know would keep them out of your town. Wouldn't you just glory in a chance to help elect such men against another faction that would license the saloons and gambling houses? Would it be unwomanly or bold to go and cast a vote to protect your own and your neighbors' boys and girls and to help toward making a good, decent community? As far as general politics are concerned, I do not personally pay much attention to them, although I respect the ambition of any woman who studies them, but every election day my vote goes on the prohibition ticket, and I think any woman would feel as though she were neglecting a great duty when she does not improve every opportunity that is given her to fight the monstrous evil of intemperance that has such a grasp upon our land. And for myself I do not feel any more out of place casting a vote on election day than I do in going to church and shaking hands with the preacher. Only for taking up so much room in dear old COMFORT I would like to tell you about our election days and some of the funny things that happen, and how it is managed and blunders we make and there are also so many, many things I would like to say to the sisters. God bless them, one and all, in their various homes and vocations. Keep sweet and be happy is my motto. IRENE BAYLOR, Longmont, Colo.

Mrs. W. T. Harris, in answer to your inquiry about incubator chicks will say, the reason they die in the shell is that you don't have the heat up high enough before and during the hatching time. Have had experience in incubators and if there is any information you wish, send me a stamped envelope and I will answer as best I can. How I do enjoy the fancy work page, recipes, our corner and Uncle Charlie's page.

I lived in Canada last year, from May till January, and oh, how I did miss COMFORT! I have taken it since I could read and have received much benefit from the sisters' letters, and thought perhaps I could give a little in return. Mrs. RIEL GRETH, Erie, Ill.

DEAR SISTERS: I find all of the letters most interesting. Since my first letter to this corner I have received several letters asking about California, so I will answer through these columns as perhaps others may be interested.

Anyone of average common sense knows that it takes means to live in a comfortable way in any place. And people who are used to comfortable homes will not be contented with packing-box furniture and other makeshifts. We traveled the whole length of the state; in several of the cities such as Frisco, and Los Angeles, we found rents higher than in Eastern cities. Freight rates are high, the drinking water poor and spring water expensive. Furniture costs double and beef is tough. Clothing is also higher than in the East and the seas I found the fiercest storms. In the dry season the dust is the dustiest dust you ever saw and in July and August when the thermometer registered from 110 to 120 for several days I thought of my shaded piazza and the cool east winds.

To sum it all up, printer's ink is cheap in most of the western states and it is used freely to boom certain localities. More than one family has learned, after a long trip, that "things are not what they seem." So I say, before deciding to move permanently, take a trip to the state you are interested in for the railroad fare there and back will not be a heavy item compared to sacrificing all you may have for an uncertain and uncongenial surroundings.

In the West one is struck with the spirit of restlessness. People do not stay put as on old ancestral places in the East. They are always on the lookout for some tenderfoot who will buy them out at a good profit, so beware.

Those looking for a warm climate I would advise to consider Georgia and Florida, though we hear less of the Southern Atlantic coast. Here the climate is good, land is cheap in many places and so is living. From traveling through this district and also the far West I found it the most desirable for people of moderate means. But personally, I think it is very foolish to move to any new place without thoroughly investigating first.

Mrs. AIMEE BARLOW, Salisbury, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT since last November and this is my first letter. I enjoy reading the dear paper, especially the letters from the shut-ins, and a great sufferer myself so can truly sympathize with others. Am almost alone in the world; my parents and all near relatives are dead, except one half sister and it isn't so that we can be together. I am living on the same lot where I was born in 1859, in the city of Portsmouth in dear old Virginia, the state for which I was named. I like city life better than in the country. I suppose that is natural as I know very little about the latter. Have some very pretty pot plants that I enjoy very much, also a night blooming cereus that has several buds to bloom. I wish all who have never seen one blossom could see this and I know you would think it pretty. Would be glad to hear from some of the sisters who can make it convenient to write and would also be glad of some silk and velvet pieces for patchwork; some day I may be able to return the favor. Will not write any more as Uncle Charlie says space in COMFORT is worth five dollars a line.

MISS VIRGINIA HODGES, 719 Chestnut Street, Portsmouth, Va.

DEAR SISTERS:

It has been a good while since I chatted with you. Some of you, maybe all, have forgotten me, but I am the same girl or woman at heart, in name, as I am still living the single life. I have been a constant reader and subscriber of dear old COMFORT for six years, and I dearly love it. Whiteville is a thriving town of fifteen hundred inhabitants. It is situated forty-six miles west of Wilmington, N. C., is the county seat of Columbus Co. It and Vineland are twin towns, but some call Vineland, Whiteville's dutiful son. They are situated about one mile apart. The depot is at Vineland and the court house at Whiteville. The two towns are joined together but have separate post-offices. Whiteville contains two hotels, one bank, one post-office, court house, county home, three churches, one high school building, three liveable stables, jail, two barber shops and seven store houses, while Vineland contains the depot, one post-office, two banks, one Holiness tabernacle, one large saw mill, three liveable stables, one gin and twelve stores, an ice factory is planned, also trolley cars and electric lights for both places. We are about twelve miles from Waccamaw, seven miles long and five wide. People go there, even from adjoining counties, every fourth of July and spend the day. It is said that Oseola, the Indian chieftain buried in Ft. Moulton, near Charleston, S. C., was born and raised on the shores of Lake Waccamaw, from whence he was moved to Florida, where he led the Seminole war.

My mother is one of the best home doctors. She can cure any kind of common disease. Of course she doesn't practice anywhere but at home, but we have never called a doctor to our home but once.

CHRISTMAS COMFORT will be the best December number we have ever put out, but we regret to say that quite a lot of old subscribers will miss it if they don't renew their subscriptions immediately. Two years for a quarter if done quick.

since she and papa were married thirty years ago. She uses salts, teas, poultices, home-made liniment, etc. I will give you one of her recipes for making a poultice; make a tea of life everlasting (or some call it rabbit tobacco) or of peach tree leaves, then add enough corn meal to make it stiff (not too stiff), take a cloth, double it, put this mush on one half the cloth, fold the other half over it, then put tallow and spirits of turpentine on the outside of the cloth (just one side) put on the affected part just as hot as you can bear it and let it remain until it gets thoroughly cold, take it off, warm it up and repeat and if you don't feel better I'll be disappointed. This poultice is recommended to cure pain in the side, chest, head or anywhere and is also good for toothache and sore throat. A poultice of molasses and soda, mixed, is also good for sore throat. Cherry tree and red dogwood bark made into a tea, is good for female diseases and to whiten the skin. Such as this is the way mother has raised her children and they are everyone large, strong and healthy. She has six girls and two boys, all living, her youngest child is eighteen years old and he weighs two hundred and three pounds. If any of the sisters know of a remedy taken internally for hemorrhoids, please let me know through COMFORT. I have hemorrhoids a little, sometimes I get red but not permanently.

If the sisters desire it I will come again and give you some more of mother's ideas and tested recipes. MISS QUEENIE BLACK, Whiteville, R. D. 1, N. C.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have long been a reader of COMFORT and take pleasure in reading the Sisters' Corner. I want to tell

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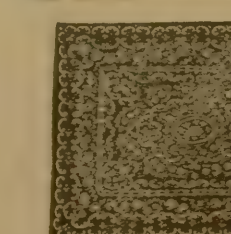
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young housekeepers how to make nice jelly from canned fruit. Blackberries or plums I think are nicest. When you open a can for table use, pour off part of the juice, add equal parts of sugar and boil until it jells. I make two glasses of every can I open, and the fruit is just as nice for table use. We live in a small town of about three hundred inhabitants and I would like all the sisters whose name is Smith to send a block of bleached muslin ten inches square, with name and address written or marked with Turkey red cotton. Mrs. FRANK C. SMITH, Fairview, Okla.

DEAR READERS:

This being my first letter to COMFORT does not mean that I am a new subscriber, as we have taken the good old paper for years and find it a grand good friend in every way. I always enjoy the Sisters' Corner. We are a family of six—my husband, four children, two girls, two boys and myself. We live in a small town of about three hundred inhabitants which was recently incorporated and is a thriving little burg, situated about sixteen miles from Kansas City.

We also lived on a homestead in Missouri a while which was just as nice as I enjoy the woods and timber so much. But all country places have their drawbacks as well as their good features.

I would like to say in conclusion that I have a sick sister who has been bedridden for fifteen years; unable to pick up a glass of water or move herself in bed. Would some of the sisters be so kind as to write her a bright, encouraging letter on or near her thirty-seventh birthday, Sept. 28th? She has not the strength to reply, but would appreciate the letters. She is a very earnest Christian. Her address is Miss Cora Spring, 1412 N. Market St., Emporia, Kans. I would also be glad to hear from any who care to write me. If this appears it may fall under the eyes of some one who knew me as a small child, as father was a presiding elder and traveled a great deal. My maiden name was Spring.

Mrs. M. O. PAXTON, Lenexa, Kans.

DEAR SISTERS:

As my name has appeared in this wonderful little paper once I venture to write again. I am twenty-nine years old, have dark brown hair and eyes, am four feet ten inches tall and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. I have been married nine years, but have no children to bless our home, which seems lonely at times. We live on a dairy farm, milk forty cows, my husband delivering the milk in town. My father and mother are living, but are getting old. I have one sister and three brothers, all younger, although I am the smallest one in the family. I weigh too much for my height, if any of the sisters know of a safe and sure cure for obesity please write me and I will return the favor any way possible.

Miss Anna Smith. In the formula you kindly sent me I have not been able to obtain the Lexicon. Could you send me some? I wrote you a personal letter but have received no answer.

I would be glad to receive letters from any of the sisters and will try to answer all.

Mrs. FANNIE MAY, Box 9, Brownwood, R. D. 1, Texas.

How I wish there were not thirty days between COMFORT'S visits, writes Mrs. L. E. Patterson, Box 12, Pleasant Plain, R. D. 1, Ohio. If I feel downhearted I can always find cheer in its pages, there is always something to take one's mind off themselves. Please remember my birthday, sisters, Dec. 8, 1909.

COMFORT FRIENDS:

Will you permit a brother to enter your circle? I have enjoyed your page, also Uncle Charlie's for such a long time I can no longer withhold my words of praise for dear old COMFORT. I live about one mile from Shoals, the county seat of Martin Co. We have beautiful scenery near my home. The Jug Rock is considered among the greatest curiosities of the U. S. It is a column of solid rock fifty-two feet high in the shape of a jug. We have many other examples of odd scenery here, among which the Pinnacle, House Rock and McBride's Bluff are considered first. God bless COMFORT, especially poor shut-ins. The officials of COMFORT are surely doing a noble work, and I believe that they will receive their just reward in the Heavenly Father's kingdom. I would like to help all the shut-ins, but as I am in poor health myself, and haven't the means, I must be content by sending words of cheer.

J. E. Beard. I read your letter with interest. Would be pleased to hear from you again, either through COMFORT or a letter to me. I would greatly appreciate letters and cards, also reading matter, and will try to return favor in some way. Will answer all cards and letters. With a parting word for the shut-ins, I will wish COMFORT success, and make room for some qualified sister.

Dear shut-ins, never give up faith in Jesus, our Heavenly Father, and he will see you through all troubles. I can pity you all as my life has been one of poor health.

HERMAN BRISCOE, Shoals, Ind.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Get Circular Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.



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Olive My Regards to Broadway
The Holy City
Every Little Bit Helps
Good-bye, Little Girl, Good-bye
Any Rag? Navajo
In the Good Old Summer Time
Would You Care?
In the Valley of Kentucky
On a Moonlight Winter's Night
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In order to advertise our business, we will send you all the above songs besides twelve pieces of music for piano or organ, also the music of the world's famous, bewitching Merry Widow Waltz and a set of our valuable coupons to anyone sending the for ten of our beautiful high-grade souvenir postcards. This is the most liberal offer you ever heard of. Sent 10 cents today. We guarantee satisfaction. Address NOVELTY SUPPLY HOUSE, Dept. A52, CHICAGO, ILL.

Home Dressmaking Hints

All The Newest Winter Styles

By Geneva Gladding

Ideas for Christmas Work

THE need of separate coats is greater than ever owing to the increased use of one-piece dresses. The prevailing styles for autumn and winter wear are straight and semi-fitting. The close-fitting, plain sleeve is a marked feature of the season's coats, and by cutting over, using either of the three sleeve patterns under No. 2692, an old coat may do service another season.

A model for general wear, simple to make, whether it be for dressy or ordinary use depending on material and trimmings is found in No. 2900. It is semi-princess, closing in front, with an attached seven-gored skirt and a removable chemise. As illustrated, the deep side plaits in waist and sides of front breadth are trimmed with buttons, having a loop of narrow soutache braid in the position of a buttonhole. One who is gifted in doing neat needlework will get a smart effect by making these loops of same material as dress, in same or contrasting color. They may be made flat or over a cord. Braiding which is effectively used this season would make an effective trimming. A chemise of net embroidered in large polka dots and the same idea carried out in cuffs sewed on as bands would be charming.

A neat, stylish walking skirt, in five gores closing at the left side of front, clearing three inches at the bottom is illustrated in No. 2920 and designed to be worn with any of the season's coats. Plain skirt-waists predominate for everyday wear. A few tucks, a bit of hand embroidery or braiding being the most effective modes of trimming. In No. 2532, to use a blind fastening, and on the collar, front plait and cuffs, trace some easily embroidered design and you have a waist that is suitable for dressy occasions. On waist No. 2777, a more elaborate design may be used either side of the front. The present styles in trimming afford opportunity for much originality in design. If you persevere you will find it a simple matter to trace dots, bow-knots, Grecian bands, scalloped edges or some of the conventional designs to be either braided or embroidered on your separate waists and dresses.

The three semi-princess and one shirt-waist dress for misses, illustrated here are of the most popular types. These are all very simple to make and adaptable to most materials. No. 3005 developed in brown serge, using cream all-overlace for yoke and cuffs would be suitable for street or church wear, and for the same purposes No. 2693 developed in blue panama cloth or the heavier materials, using tucked silk to match or a pretty plaid for guimpe would be serviceable and stylish. This model may also be worn with shirt-waists buttoning at the back. In No. 2947, is a model better adapted to cashmere, challis or albatross, suitable for more dressy occasions. The attached five-gored skirt may be made with empire or regulation waistline at back, the heading and band on gathered flounce, belt, yoke and cuffs may be of same trimming, in insertion, bands of same with one or two pipings in contrasting colors, or braided bands. Tucked lawn, net or silk may be used for yoke. For all around wear No. 2937 will make an ideal dress, using most any desired material. The becoming "Gibson" plaited waist with one-piece sleeve and flat collar may be worn with the popular silk or ribbon square bow at throat or the long four-in-hand.

The bloomer is now in general use, especially for children. It adds warmth and neatness to a child's home or school clothing. Illustrations Nos. 2210 and 2973 have the two patterns, dress and bloomers for 10 cents.

No. 2660 illustrates the slipper case and sewing bag promised in this COMFORT. For the plain sections in bag, cut cardboard pieces according to pattern, cover one side with piece large enough to turn over the edge and baste securely. The other side is pasted on flat with turned-in edge sewed over and over. Sew brass rings on each of the corners and one at center edge of each side of bag portion through which a tape is run. Make leaves of flannel to hold needles. A pretty finish to the outside is a letter or monogram.

Aprons are now in such general use that one is at loss without one for afternoon wear as well as morning. They are of such small cost, especially the small dressy ones that we shall include them in our Christmas gifts. No. 1581 gives two distinct styles. Use lawn, plain or dotted muslin, prints or percales. Black silk or muslin is most appropriate for older ladies. Handkerchiefs may be used for the sweeping cap as well as the pointed apron.

Embroidered pieces, artistic and simple in design are illustrated under Nos. 8059, 8055 and 8038. No. 8059 is an 18 by 18 inch design for a twenty-two inch pillow. This may be developed in white or colors—in Wallachian and eyelet stitch. A pretty "Gibson" collar (8055) is a gift which would surely be appreciated by any friend, while the shirt-waist design No. 8038 can be embroidered very rapidly, the stitches being Wallachian, eyelet and shadow.

Another gift that nimble fingers will easily make is a pretty set of buttons to wear on a dress or separate waist. Get the button moulds in wood (sold at any dry goods store). Make the first covering of some smooth, firm material such as mercerized cotton. Cover with colored or black silk and decorate with fancy stitches or a large dot in contrasting color of embroidery silk.

And to our Christmas list must be added one or more subscriptions to COMFORT. Magazines make one of the most acceptable gifts, and for twenty-five cents what more could one procure in the way of matter both entertaining and instructive. COMFORT's good stories alone are worth more than the price of the magazine, while the letters published by COMFORT Sisters are of great interest and teach many things about the lives of others which we could learn in no other way. Be sure that your subscription goes in the last of November or the first of December with name and address, to whom you wish it sent, plainly written.

Questions Answered

TO SHORTEN SLEEVES.—As you do not wish to disturb your cuffs MILDRED H. shorten sleeves by taking quarter-inch tucks about an inch apart just at the bend of the elbow on the inside seam, letting them run about two inches each side of seam. This will rather improve your sleeves, giving a becoming fullness over the elbow.

REGARDING PATTERNS.—For short, stout figures it is best to order waist pattern by bust measure and skirt pattern by hip measure, P. L. ONEY. In cutting get your exact waist measure from back of neck to waist line, then lay your pattern flat and lay old about three inches below the armhole in both front and back until it corresponds with measurements taken. For sleeve take measurement of inside arm, lay fold half way between elbow and top and another half way between elbow and cuff of pattern. For your skirt, get required length from waist to bottom of skirt, both front and back. Then shorten pattern at about the knee across each breadth until it corresponds with measurements. This method of shortening pattern you will readily see preserves the shape of garment, but takes from length. Coat and

skirt patterns come separately. For your suit select any coat and skirt combination you fancy. Yes, you can order patterns from back numbers of COMFORT.

TO ALTER COAT SLEEVES.—Under No. 2692 in this COMFORT you will find three new coat sleeve patterns ANNIE HILL. Unless there is too much fullness at the top of your sleeve you can use the center pattern. First rip seams nearly to top of sleeve, press and lay on pattern. If found necessary to take out sleeve, before doing any ripping, thoroughly baste coat around armhole back about one inch from seam which will prevent linings from slipping out of place. You will probably be better satisfied to remove sleeves to just meet. Under side the loops are sewed on, sew to edge a strip of material about two inches wide which will lap under opposite side when fastened. These buttons when not too large make a pretty finish carried to top of collar, also to close sleeve opening with.

HOW TO FASTEN WAIST OPENING.—A pretty and inexpensive way to close your silk and wool waists Miss F. E. DUNN is to cover buttons of same, placing a row each side of front about one half inch from edge. Now make a loop of narrow soutache braid, fastening the two ends under buttons on one side, and just long enough to slip over the opposite button allowing edges to just meet. Under side the loops are sewed on, sew to edge a strip of material about two inches wide which will lap under opposite side when fastened. These buttons when not too large make a pretty finish carried to top of collar, also to close sleeve opening with.

HOW TO REPAIR WAISTS.—Your question New SUBSCRIBER as to how a waist may be repaired when worn about neck is one that interests all. Carefully rip off collar or neck band; also rip shoulder seams nearly to sleeve top taking care not to stretch seams. Press so you may do smooth work and baste some new material over the worn part, letting it form a shallow yoke which may be left round or pointed. When you have carefully cut the new yoke according to the old lines, cut away the worn part, sew up shoulder seams, put on new band or collar and you will be pleased with the result of your work. In repairing a silk or wool waist, another color may be used, finishing edge of yoke and top and bottom edge of collar with narrow side plaited frill or several rows of braid. Use same color for cuffs and finish same as collar.

TO MAKE CHEMISETTE.—In order that the chemise fits smoothly Mrs. HARRISON, it is necessary to make it on a skeleton waist, letting it come well under the armholes to prevent "riding" up. This may be made of any lining material and cut from a plain shirt-waist pattern or well-fitting lining pattern. Only the part showing need be made from the net. A pretty finish for the bottom of the collar is an inch-wide band of black velvet ribbon. This band may be finished with a flat bow in front with loops about two inches long.

BOY'S COAT.—A double-breasted coat pattern such as you describe MRS. ABERN, is illustrated in this COMFORT, No. 2585. No doubt you can utilize the overcoat and should you be unable to cut the front whole, make seam down center, press open and stitch each side. Belt of same or of leather is suitable. A good length is half way between knee and boot tops.

Lack of space prevents many questions receiving timely answers, and to avoid this, any sister requesting immediate answers to questions addressed to this department will receive a personal reply if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address all questions to GENEVA GLADDING, HOME DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Former Secretary of U. S. Treasury at the Head of a Big Bank

As Congress has not seen fit to favor this country with the Postal Savings Bank which COMFORT has advocated for years past, we are glad to see that a number of reliable and enterprising banks and trust companies are doing what they can to supply the deficiency by offering to the people who live at a distance most excellent facilities to do their banking by mail, giving special prominence and importance to the savings department. In this connection we would call our readers' attention to the First Mortgage Guarantee & Trust Co., of which Gov. Leslie M. Shaw, formerly Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, is President as a safe, conservative managed Bank which makes a specialty of its banking-by-mail savings department for small and large depositors in any part of the United States. You should read this bank's advertisement which appears on another page of this paper.

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For 10c we will send you 25 beautiful Flower Post Cards, all different, with the flowers printed in all the gorgeous colors of nature on a background of solid gold, silver or green. These cards would cost you 50 cents in stores, and we will send only one set to a person as part special low price, just to introduce our new illustrated catalog. ELLIS ART CO., Dept. 420, 231 Lavender Ave., CHICAGO.

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Exhilarating Sport of Sky Sailing

WHILE man by his physical construction is designed and adapted to live and move only on the land, the Creator has implanted in him the unquenchable ambition to conquer the other two elements and subject them to his use as effectively as do the birds and fishes, and has endowed him, with his recent exploits would seem to indicate, with the genius to overcome the forbidding obstacles to navigation of the air lanes of the sky.

I confess to entertaining this ambition myself, and it always seemed to me to be justified by God's blessing of the human race in the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth verses of the first chapter of Genesis giving man dominion over the earth and commanding him to subdue it; not only the land, but the earth in the larger sense of including the sea and the air and all that is contained therein, as is the clearly expressed meaning of the scripture.

Man's conquest of the sea, from its crude beginning before the dawn of civilization, has progressed through the ages to almost perfect mastery in the development of the mammoth steamship that bears its thousand or fifteen hundred passengers and twenty to thirty trainloads of freight across the Atlantic in five days regardless of storms, and the submarine boat which, like a fish, is equally at home on the surface or in exploring the watery depths.

Human efforts to make a highway of the air began in France with Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier's thirty-foot linen balloon, the first ever made, which they filled with hot air and sent up to a height of a mile and a half on June 5, 1783, in the presence of a crowd of amazed spectators. This balloon carried no passenger because it was too small to lift a man's weight, but the world was electrified by the complete success of the experiment which proved that any man who wished to float above the clouds could do so by simply constructing a larger balloon.

Excitement over the discovery was intense and ballooning at once became the rage. A number of balloons, both gas and hot air, large enough to carry two passengers each, were built in Paris that same summer, and before the close of that year there had been a number of successful ascensions. One of the hot air type carried two men to a height of five hundred feet and a distance of over five miles in twenty-five minutes, while the gas balloon of M. Charles lifted him and his companion two thousand feet and carried them a distance of twenty-seven miles in two hours, and the next day M. Charles ascended alone to the height of two miles above the ground.

Never was a scientific discovery developed so

Our Publisher Describes His Recent Balloon Trip and Explains Other Forms of Aerial Navigation

den's assurance that he thought everything would come out all right in the end, to let the big bag free, to go up and take what chance there might be in coming down. For my own part I felt that if we wanted to get anywhere I could not see much use in going off at a much less speed than twenty miles an hour as long as the general weather indications seemed to be favorable.

A few years ago I saw a dozen balloons go up at one time in a forty-mile race in London, several of them carrying ladies and twenty miles was about the velocity of the wind at that time, and they all made good landings; as fortunately we did.

Only having been up in a captive balloon a thousand feet, I of course had no idea just how it would feel to reach a very high altitude, so the pilot and passengers all promised to be guided by my feelings as to how high we should go. The balloon "Massachusetts," in which we sailed, is large enough to easily carry four people and a good supply, fourteen bags, seven hundred pounds of sand. To give a comparative idea of the balloon's size, the entire outfit is about seventy-five or eighty feet high and at its greatest diameter about fifty feet through. Its proportions are so impressive that one feels just as safe and secure as when on the ground with no disagreeable sensation whatever.

Our title page illustration is reproduced from a photograph of this balloon taken just as it was leaving the ground on this trip.

I think I must be a pretty good subject to test the bad effects of ballooning, if there are any. I am always seasick on shipboard when the water is the least bit rough; cannot ride backward in any conveyance without being ill or car sick. I have never been able to swing, cannot walk or even look through field glasses without being dizzy, and am not able to stand on a high building without getting giddy, or weak in the knees, and yet I find I am able to sail as high as five thousand feet in the sky, looking up or down or away in the distance with only the most natural and agreeable sensations. When up about five thousand feet I felt as though I was high enough with about the same general effect on my senses as I would have standing on a building or bluff one hundred feet high, but imagine I could go up to eleven or twelve thousand feet without any great inconvenience.

Only would not care to remain there very long. It is said water is sure to find its level and about a mile high in the air seems to be my limit. Other enthusiasts fly higher with equal enjoyment.

Our getting off the ground was very easy and delightful. The Aero Club of Pittsfield had organized a very capable corps of helpers who are in charge of the gas company, so the inflation goes on like clockwork and the balloon is so well balanced when ready for flight that they place it around in just the right position to clear all the trees in the vicinity and you finally rise so gradually that you do not feel any unnatural sensation whatever. Of course when the balloon is fully inflated it

the wind blows hard there is a great deal of swaying back and forth of the gas bag when the basket is being held on the ground, and you can liken it to a spirited horse rearing and prancing to get away at a two-minute clip; but there is no motion of the basket while held to the ground; and when once you are off the ascent is nothing at all like going up in an elevator, but just a quiet, restful sort of floating as the great panoramic view below gradually unfolds itself to your vision, from an apparently receding earth. But when you come to land in a gale, as Mr. Glidden says, it is like being dragged by a run-away horse.

I do not think there could be found a more beautiful or favorable spot for an ascension than Pittsfield. It lies in the heart, the most picturesque part of Berkshire Hills, and the view for a hundred miles in either direction, dotted with cities, villages, river, lakes, streams, farms and mountain tops, is the best in the country. Its altitude is over one thousand feet above, and it is over a hundred miles from the sea.

Satisfactory air currents were found at an agreeable height of from twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred feet, carrying us in the exact direction of Springfield about fifty miles to the southeast and which place we hoped to reach within our time. It of two and one half hours. We had a very steady wind and the gas bag being much lighter than the air we kept just ahead of the breeze so did not feel even a draft on our faces. We thus kept up a regular speed of twenty miles an hour at a height varying from one to four thousand feet all the way until within eight or ten miles of our landing.

We would naturally descend as we passed over the lower ground and rise over the high places as the temperature in the air varies so much, although sometimes quite a bit of sand would be thrown out to keep us at an agreeable level. We went within three miles north of Dalton, passing over Hinsdale, and ate our supper between there and Littleville which village is twenty-six miles from Pittsfield, and was reached about 6.10. In passing over Littleville we were low enough to converse with the inhabitants, and enjoyed ourselves in this locality by dropping the bones from our chicken lunch to see how long it took them to reach the ground, or how near we could come to hitting some horse or cow grazing in the fields. We dropped so low along here that a flock of hens became quite frightened at our shadow and there was quite a running and cackling among them. We also tried to perfect our aim for bomb throwing by dropping an empty water bottle into a tree as we passed along.

Dr. Stowell, who was acquainted with every inch of the ground and knew most of the people in many of the villages we passed over, carried on considerable conversation with friends, and entertained us by explaining their habits and peculiarities.

As we passed over quite a high range of beautiful laurel-covered hills near the end of our trip, we suddenly saw before us the beautiful Connecticut valley and wide flowing river, of the same name, and at the same time came into a good view of the large cities of Holyoke and

Springfield, while Westfield, East Hampton and North Hampton were at our feet; South Hampton being five miles to the south. Mount Tom five miles to the north and far below looked very insignificant, for without any apparent cause we had ascended fifty-five hundred feet, the highest point reached on the flight. This is a trifle more than a mile which is fifty-two hundred and eighty feet. We also came to a complete standstill here and remained in this position for fully twenty minutes. Everything was so hushed, still and quiet, and being in such a new and strange world, to me the time seemed much longer. It suggested a thought then that some power from above had safely guided us to this, the most beautiful spot of the entire voyage, gently gave us a boost, stilled the breeze and stilled us there so we might take time to drink in the beauties of the magnificent scene presented by this higher range of vision. Anyway it seemed quite remarkable that we should be so favored as to be stopped right at this point, for there certainly was an extended view given us of the vast wooded and cultivated territory that seemed fit only for the gods. The whole effect was glorified by the brilliant hues radiating from the great, red-setting sun, seeming to look, like the All Seeing Eye over all the earth. The entire picture was appropriately framed in by the great mountain ranges in the far distant background; the Catskill in New York, the Greylock in Massachusetts and the Monadnock in New Hampshire, encircling nearly all the scene. Having satisfied ourselves with this grand spectacle, realizing it was getting near time for landing, and feeling quite sure of finding our former air currents in the lower altitude, pilot Van Sleet tugged at the valve cord a few times and we gently dropped a couple thousand feet without realizing it, and we were soon drifting along at our old speed directly towards the city of Springfield. Taking advantage of the privilege of ready assistance and good transportation facilities near a large city, our pilot guided us as close to the town as he dared and allowed the three big three hundred foot trail ropes to drag over some trees in order to lessen our speed. The only exciting part of the trip was now to come, for as long as you can keep moving all is well, but it is in the landing of the balloon that the only real danger is presented. We now got at the pulling and jerking to the basket as the three ropes seemed to catch in the trees in passing. We afterwards found that the lower end of one trail rope had got knotted. Ordinarily only one rope is carried, but we had three so as to make sure of a slower and safe landing. We all called out to the many people watching us that we were going to land and for them to come and hold on to the ropes. Soon we had a small army of men, women and children following us and holding us back. Our anchor was thrown and was soon fast in the ground. We got a few bumps in an apple tree as the rope pulled us back rather too much. It was sort of nice, however, bounding and rebounding once or twice safely tucked in the big basket, for although nearly all of the gas had now been let out of the big bag without the use of a rip cord, there was enough remaining to give it buoyancy, so one could not hit the ground at all hard. Then the people all took hold of the basket and guided us down out of the range of the trees, into what happened to be a newly planted corn field, so the balloon could be spread out, net taken off and be folded up and packed for shipment, the weight of the entire outfit being nearly half a ton.

This requires about one hour and as it was just 7.30 when we landed we were dark when we were taken into Springfield at 8.30 by Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Benedict in their large automobile, they having followed us along and offered assistance and transportation.

I hope I may make many balloon ascensions, but hardly expect to have a better or more delightful flight or safer landing than this one, and it is not at all probable that I or any one else will ever land any nearer the spot selected at the start, nor arrive at the place of destination on the minute according to schedule time. The only regrets are that Mr. Glidden and Mr. Camm of the original party did not enjoy the trip with us.

This old-fashioned style of ballooning, which has recently become more popular than ever, is really only the kindergarten or primary school to teach us the a, b, c's of aerial navigation and prepare us for the rapid air flights that we are supposed to be able soon to make in the more modern form of airships or flying machines that are now being evolved by modern science.

I certainly thought I would feel rather light headed and giddy when I stepped out upon terra firma after being in the air so long, but did not experience any difference in the feeling of "Old Mother Earth."

Until within a few years this comfortable and comparatively safe old-fashioned ballooning has been the only mode of aerial navigation. But, as I have explained, it involves submitting yourself entirely to the wind with no power to regulate your speed or direct your course, except upward or downward, which is accomplished by throwing out sand ballast if you want to rise, or by letting out gas if you wish to come down. So nicely is a balloon balanced in air that the throwing out of a spoonful of sand will cause it to rise perceptibly.

Long distance races with the old-fashioned balloons have been a favorite sport for more than a hundred years. They necessarily partake largely of the element of endurance races, because naturally the balloon that can keep aloft the longest will drift the farthest. The difficulty is that no absolutely gas-tight material suitable for making a balloon of has ever been discovered, so that there is a continual leakage of gas from the start with a corresponding loss of buoyancy which would result in the balloon coming down to the ground in a very short time if this were not overcome by throwing out some ballast from time to time as the balloon shows a tendency to settle from loss of gas.

Nevertheless the skill of the aerologist is quite a factor in a race with the old-styled balloons, a conspicuous instance of which occurred year before last when the America under the masterly management of Lieut. Lahm, a young American

army officer, won the great international long distance race from Paris to England.

A large number of balloons representing most of the civilized nations started at the same time from Paris with the wind blowing toward the English Channel.

Could they keep up long enough to cross the Channel? And if they could, would they reach England or be swept to one side and past the island out over the broad Atlantic to meet certain death when they did come down? The wind was blowing, not straight but slantwise



WELL UP IN THE AIR.

across the Channel; so these were some of the serious and even dangerous problems that confronted the racers, all of whose balloons were absolutely at the mercy of the winds.

It often happens, as illustrated by my experience that the direction and speed of the wind varies greatly at different altitudes at the same moment.

This bright young American, having studied the air currents of England and France, by rising to a higher altitude than his competitors got into a wind that was more favorable both as to direction and speed than that which drove the others, and by this skillful management won the race by a very large margin.

All the others were blown so much to one side that they had to come down very soon after coming over England to avoid being blown across the narrow island out to sea again, while the American arriving over the center of the south coast kept in a current of air that carried right up the middle nearly lengthwise of the island.

An American by the name of Mix has just won this year's international long distance balloon race in the America II, starting from Paris and landing in the heart of Russia.

Complete control of aerial locomotion has been accomplished only within the last year by means of two distinct types of airships; one is the dirigible balloon and the other is the aeroplane or flying machine. Numerous experiments have made many minor variations in both types.

The so-called dirigibles are balloons of various shapes filled with gas to furnish the necessary lifting power, and are equipped with steering gear and with gasoline engines which deliver the necessary horizontal motive power by means of great screw propellers working against the air in the same manner that a steamship's propellers operate in the water. They are true airships which, by means of the buoyancy of their gas bags, float in the air at all times, whether in motion or at rest, as a ship does on the water, and, like a steamship can be driven in any direction even against the wind. The gas bag has to be large enough so that the entire outfit including the engine, fuel and load of passengers and freight, shall be lighter than the same bulk of air, the same as a ship must be lighter than water.

The German, Count Zeppelin, is by far the most successful inventor of dirigibles. His Zeppelin II, completed last May, is cigar shaped, four hundred and forty-six feet in horizontal length and forty-four feet in diameter. She has a rigid aluminum frame covered with tough rubber cloth, and inside this the space is filled with seventeen drum-shaped balloons; below it is the platform on which are the crew, the load and the two engines of two hundred combined horsepower which drive it at a speed considerably more than that of ordinary high winds. She is capable of carrying a crew of nine men and two rapid-fire machine guns with ammunition enough for three quarters of an hour continuous firing of both, and fuel enough to take the entire outfit a distance of six hundred miles without stopping.

The German government has purchased this airship and ordered a number of others like it only much larger, with the intention of equipping them for war purposes.



NEARLY READY TO LET HER GO.

Under encouragement of a big government subsidy a German syndicate is building a large fleet of similar airships to engage in the business of regularly carrying passengers under an arrangement that their airships shall be at the disposal

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)



HOW THE BAG LOOKS TEN MINUTES AFTER GAS IS TURNED ON.

suddenly and successfully into a new and enduring sport, for within less than three months after the Montgolfier brothers sent up their first little trial balloon M. Charles, at Paris, had brought the balloon substantially to its present state of perfection by making one out of varnished silk, the lightest and strongest material, and inflating it with pure hydrogen gas, the lightest substance in the universe and consequently having the greatest lifting power; this gas being thirteen times lighter than air, and considerably lighter than the common illuminating gas generally used by modern balloonists because cheaper and more readily obtainable.

These first balloons, like the primitive ships, simply sailed before the wind, with this difference however, that the resistance of the water greatly lessened the speed of the ship but also gave it a limited range of steering, while the balloon, floating in mild air, is completely at the mercy of the wind, travels with the exact speed of the wind and its direction is entirely controlled by that of the wind, so that no matter how hard it blows the balloonist flying on the wings of the gale feels not a breath of air stirring.

It was in such a balloon that I made my voyage from Pittsfield, Mass., on the fourteenth day of last June under the auspices of Mr. Charles J. Glidden of Boston, the well-known patron of automobilism and ballooning, and it was intended that he should have accompanied us as pilot.

There is no danger in going up, practically none while floating high in air, but the difficulty is in coming down and making a safe landing, especially in a strong wind.

The delights of sky sailing on a fair day in a great big old-fashioned balloon in command of a good pilot are beyond description and comprehension to anyone who has not experienced this novel pleasure.

Mr. Glidden is a very careful and unusually cautious man, so a speed of fifteen miles an hour just suits him, either on land or in the air. Tuesday morning when the wind showed a velocity of twenty miles an hour it was decided to defer the ascension until late in the afternoon in the hope of being favored with a more moderate air. At 3 P. M. everything was made ready and finally at 3.45, after consulting several times by telephone with the weather bureau at Albany, N. Y., it was decided to turn on the gas. I wired home that we would ascend at 5 and land at 7.30 P. M., so when the wind freshened up a bit and Mr. Glidden decided he would not risk a landing with his two hundred and twenty-five pounds of avoirdupois in that breeze, which would perhaps give him a bump that would prevent his delivering his lecture which was to be given for charitable purposes in Nashua, N. H., the following evening, it rather looked as though it was left for me either to take the regular Club pilot, Mr. Van Sleet, and go on, or else remain on the ground. I naturally wished to incur no unreasonable hazard and still wanted to keep my word just sent by wire.

Dr. S. S. Stowell and Mr. Oscar R. Hutteninson, both of whom had made several ascensions, were anxious to make the trip, and so, with William Van Sleet as pilot, we decided, on Mr. Glid-

AN UNWILLING BRIDE

OR

THE HEART'S REBELLION

By Mrs. E. D. E. Southworth

CHAPTER I.

THE CHOICE SHE MADE.

A FEW miles inland from the coast of Sussex, in a thickly wooded vale, stands the fine old manor-house of Elmslea, which had been long in the possession of the Morley family.

The last master of Elmslea was Captain Henry Rock, who inherited the estate from his mother, who married a gentleman of Cornwall. Captain Henry Rock had the constitution and characteristics of his rugged Cornish father's family,—a stern, hardy, vigorous race, full of fire, energy and enterprise.

If all tales told of him were true, Henry Rock had had a wild career. At twelve years of age he lost his father. At sixteen he began to weary of his tutor, and insisted upon going to Eton. At eighteen he was expelled from that school for "violent insubordination" and returned home to "tannize over his indulgent mother and his orphan cousin." At twenty he bullied his guardians into purchasing him a commission in the army, where he served successively in the Canadas and in the East and the West Indies. He had many adventures, and led a wild, reckless life, until the breaking out of the Peninsular war, when he suddenly turned the bright side of his character up to the sun. He performed miracles of valor, and finally, at the end of the war, returned to his paternal estate, with a bullet lodged under his shoulder blade, a deep scar from a sword-cut traversing his face from the right temple, across the top of his nose, to his left cheek, and—the rank of captain.

And thus he returned to Elmslea, to find his mother dead, and the house in charge of his cousin, now an elderly woman.

He was now at fifty years of age, a man of gigantic size, and a threatening presence. His large, grizzled head and beard, his enormous chest, rounded shoulders, huge limbs, heavy tread, and his habit, when vexed, of thrusting forward his head and bellowing forth a prolonged "Oh-h-h," suggested the likeness of a bull dog.

As he strode up and down the hall, swearing at the terrified servants, and kicking the howling dogs, the old timbers of the floor shook under his step. All this did not prevent his receiving the hand of his cousin Martha Morley, who had waited for him many a weary year.

She was a handsome woman, nearly forty, had good health, calm nerves, and an even temper. It was this which gave her such influence over her irate husband.

No children blessed this late marriage, and people began to wonder to which one among his many impoverished relations Captain Henry Rock would bequeath the manor of Elmslea.

While the neighbors were still speculating upon this subject, Captain Henry Rock suddenly took two very important steps.

First, he introduced in the neighborhood a mysterious personage, whose advent caused the greatest wonder. This was a tall, thin, dark young man of very grave manners, whom he presented to his friends as Professor Dolor, and established at the head of the grammar-school.

Next, his choice of heir fell upon his orphan grandniece, the beautiful Amy Lane, whom he took from the ladies' school where, since the death of her parents, she had fulfilled the duties and received the advantages of a "governess-pupil," with the ultimate view to the profession of teaching. In the lovely girl, lay as yet undeveloped, a latent power of heroism, soon to be aroused into action.

Such was Amy Lane at the age of seventeen, when she became the adopted daughter and heiress of her uncle.

Immediately upon the arrival of his niece and heiress, Captain Rock threw open his house for the entertainment of the neighboring gentry. Among the guests Miss Lane was of course universally admired.

Dreamy and retiring, Amy better loved the solitude of the grand old downs or the loneliness of her own shaded rooms at Elmslea, than any society the humdrum neighborhood could offer her.

Among the most frequent guests at Elmslea, was Wallace Brook, a young lieutenant of Hussars, who soon found much favor in the eyes of the youthful heiress, and consequently a proportionate disfavor in those of Captain Rock, as may be inferred from a conversation that took place between the captain and his wife.

"I cannot tell for the life of me, why Amy, should prefer the love of a stranger, whom she hasn't known half a year, to that of her old uncle, whom she has known all her life," growled the captain.

"You must remember your own youth—you preferred the love of a stranger to that of the mother you had known all your life," said good Mrs. Rock.

"Humph, humph!" grunted the captain. "Yes, and you wished to marry, too, when you were young."

"No! I didn't neither, Martha; I ran away from you and was gone nearly twenty years. If I married, it was all your doings, indeed! But you waited for me so long, and were so fond of me, however, I won't throw it in your teeth, Old Honey. But now about Amy! If she must fall in love, I want to know why in the mischief she doesn't fall in love with Dolor? He is what I call a man for any woman's eyes, that is if I know anything about women!"

"Which you don't!"

"Isn't he a very handsome man, now?"

"In his own opinion."

"And very religious?"

"Self-righteous!"

"Oh-h-h!" roared the captain, striking his stick upon the floor, "I vow to Heaven, you'd be devil an angel!"

"Yes, an angel of darkness!"

"I uphold that Dolor is a perfect man!"

"Oh, yes! Professor Dolor is perfectly intolerable!"

"Intolerable upon what account, I should like to be informed! He is a man of good looks, good parts and good prospects!"

"Yes; but women don't necessarily fall in love with a man's beauty, intellect, or social advantage."

"With what, then, I want very much to know! With his ugliness, or stupidity, or forlornity, I suppose?"

"Just as likely as not!"

"Oh-h-h!" bellowed old Harry. You never know one particular instance of what you say, I defy you to tell me one, just one, now one!"

"Well, I married you."

"Humph, humph, humph!" said old Harry.

There was a long pause after this.

"Well, at last," said the captain, "what I have resolved upon is this—that Dolor shall be the master of Elmslea, let who will be the mistress."

"Then give it to him, but don't, for Heaven's sake, tempt any of your poor nieces, through their necessities, or clog the gift with the burden of an unwilling and unacceptable wife. As for Amy, her heart's integrity is incorruptible—and Dr. Dolor himself occupies his thoughts as little with her as she does with him."

"Now that's what I call confounded perversity and ingratitude, when they know how it would please me, and are aware of my good intentions towards them. What the mischief should



HE STRODE UP AND DOWN, SWEARING AT THE TERRIFIED SERVANTS AND KICKING THE HOWLING DOGS.

all Dolor and Amy not to fall in love with each other, when I desire it?"

"Because honest hearts are not to be bought or sold, or persuaded."

"Oh-h-h!" bellowed old Harry. "I'm tired of all the abominable nonsense! but I know what I'll do."

Here the conversation ended.

From the foregoing dialogue, you will see how affairs stood at Elmslea. It was late in the spring, Lieutenant Brook had received orders to join his regiment in Canada, and upon their reception, with Amy's permission, had requested her hand of her uncle, Captain Rock. This threw the veteran into a towering passion, and nearly drove him from his proprieties as host.

The young man was unacceptable to him upon every account. First and foremost he wasn't Dolor. Then he was a beggarly lieutenant, and dared to aspire to the hand of Amy. It was in vain that his wife, tried to mollify him, the storm raged till it had expended all its strength, and subsided from exhaustion. Then he came, as he always ultimately did, under the influence of his wife's calm temperament and better judgment. Amy and Brook were created for each other, and would make a "matchless pair." If he did not contradict her, he assented silently, or with a grunt—a bearish, sullen sort of assent—and he took his resolution. Soon after this he summoned Amy to his presence.

"Come here, huzzay! So you're determined, are you to marry this young man?"

Amy cast her eyes on the ground, but did not speak.

"Well, I am to take your silence for assent, I suppose? Now, here is my ultimatum. I am no tyrant; do you hear? I oppose nobody's freedom of will—not I! I let every fool do as he likes; only I claim the privilege of doing as I like also. The Almighty gave man so much free agency, that he may redeem and sanctify himself, if he pleases, or destroy himself to all eternity, if he likes that better! Heaven save me from the sin of depriving one of His creatures of his free will! Therefore, Miss Amy, you are free to marry, if you like, and whom you like. You are of age! But hear, in that case, what I shall do. I have hitherto made no secret of my intentions towards you. They were, to have made you the heiress of my possessions. Now, all I have to say to you is this—that if you will have the good sense to marry Dr. Dolor, these intentions shall be more than fulfilled, they shall be anticipated. Upon your marriage with Dolor I shall give you a conveyance of Elmslea—only reserving to myself and wife a house and a life-servant in the place; but if you will persist in your foolish preference for that young scamp, I will give you—nothing. That is all Amy. Now go and do as you please. Only be quick about it. I can't bear suspense!"

During the speech Amy remained standing with her eyes fixed upon the floor. Now she spoke with tearful eyes and in a tremulous voice:

"That is all—is it not, uncle? You will not deprive me of any portion of your love, will you, uncle?"

"I do not know, Amy! I cannot tell; when you have deliberately chosen one of your own fancy, in preference to one of mine—the man I care most for in the world, why, you've spared me through a very tender part; however as I said before, what you do, do quickly; I cannot bear to be kept upon the tenter hooks!"

"I will talk with Wallace, uncle," said Amy.

She went out and found him pacing the lawn at the back of the house.

He turned towards her with a glad smile. "Amy, where have you been so long?"

"With my uncle, Wallace. I have my uncle's ultimatum," as he calls it."

"What is it, Amy?"

"How shall I tell you without offense? But Wallace, you will not mind—you will forgive an old man's childish prejudices."

"Well, well, Amy?"

"Wallace, he says—he says that I may give you my hand—"

"Bless that fair hand, and bless him who bestows it!" Wallace exclaimed, clasping her fingers and pressing them to his lips.

"Yes, Wallace, but—"

"But what! there is no but, he permits you to give me your hand; there is, then, no but."

"Yet listen! You know I was to have been his heiress!"

"No, indeed I did not know it! never heard it! never suspected it! never even thought of it! How did I know but that he had nieces or even nephews away at school?"

"Well, I was to have been his heiress. Now he disinherits me, unless I consent to be married to his friend and favorite, Dr. Dolor."

"You put the case gently and delicately, but the hard truth is this—is it not—that he will disinherit you if you consent to be mine? You need not answer me, if you do not wish to; but listen—I have nothing but my sword, and beyond my boundless love, nothing to offer you but

the wayward fate of a soldier's wife. Take time to think of all you may encounter in joining your fate to mine. God knows what it has cost me to say it, Amy, and he pressed and dropped her hand.

"I do not need to do so. My answer today, tomorrow and forever, must be the same," she replied in a very low voice, as she laid her hand in his. "Now take me into uncle, and tell him, for he asked me not to keep him in suspense."

Wallace led her into the hall, where the captain strode up and down, and modestly announced their engagement.

"Humph! So the precious business is concluded, is it?"

"Yes, sir," said Wallace, with a bow.

"Well, I hope you may be as happy as you deserve. When is the marriage to come off?"

"When shall I say, Amy?" asked Wallace.

"When uncle pleases," murmured the girl.

"Uncle pleases nothing, and will have nothing to do with it, except to advise as early a day as possible," he blurted out.

"What says the bride?"

"Let it be at the New Year," said Amy, falteringly.

"Whew!—six months ahead! Entirely too far off," exclaimed the captain. "Let it be next week, what's the use of putting it off. Tuesdays and Thursdays are the marrying days, I believe, let it then be Tuesday or Thursday."

"Tuesday," pleaded Wallace.

"Thursday," murmured Amy.

"The deuce!—if you can't decide, I must decide for you," growled old Harry, storming down towards the extremity of the hall and roaring:

"Wife! these fools are to be spliced on Tuesday! Now bring me my pipe," and the captain withdrew to his garmet.

Mrs. Rock came in, took the hand of the young lieutenant, and pressed it warmly saying that he would have a good wife, and wishing them both much happiness in their union. She drew Amy to her bosom and kissed her fondly, but in silence.

As this was Saturday evening, little preparations could be made for the approaching wedding. Yet Mrs. Rock exerted herself to do all possible honor to the occasion. That very evening she sent out a few invitations to the breakfast.

The little interval between this and Tuesday morning was passed by Amy and Brook in making arrangements for their future course.

Tuesday came.

A young lady of the neighborhood officiated as bridesmaid, and Augustus Summers as groom.

The ceremony was to be performed at St. Peter's church. The bridal party set out in two carriages. They were attended by the captain and Mrs. Rock. They reached the church at an early hour, and the marriage was solemnized before the morning service. When the usual congratulations had passed, the party returned to the carriages. Before entering his own, Captain Rock approached that in which the bride and bridegroom were already seated.

"Stay, you two; you need not go just yet," said the old man. "I want to speak with you, Amy."

Amy put her head forward eagerly.

"Have nothing against you; but after what has occurred, I don't want to see you at Elmslea again. Good by."

Then turning to Brook, he said:

"I will have your own and your wife's trunks forwarded to the hotel here," and nodding gruffly, he strode away.

Everyone was thunderstruck by this harsh announcement, for they had fully expected to return to Elmslea, where a sumptuous breakfast had been ordered by Mrs. Rock.

Augustus stormed. Amy begged that the carriage might be delayed yet a little while. Vain Mrs. Rock's expostulations, old Harry was not to be mollified. He said "those who pleased to entertain the newly-married couple, might do so—he should go home. They did as they liked, and he should do as he liked," and he entered his carriage and was driven towards home.

The party then adjourned to the hotel, where Mrs. Rock ordered a good breakfast, for she always did as she pleased, notwithstanding the opposition of her stormy husband. The young bridesmaid and Augustus also expressed their determination to stand by their friends to the last.

In a few hours a packet was to sail from Southampton to Quebec, and the young couple departed, with the good wishes of their few devoted friends. Their destination was Toronto in Canada, where the young lieutenant's regiment was quartered.

CHAPTER II.

IT LOOKED LIKE THE VENGEANCE OF HEAVEN.

Several miles from the manor of Elmslea, upon a hill not far from the seacoast stood Beach Cottage. The house was small and square, of dingy white, shaded by a single large elm, and surrounded by a somewhat dilapidated fence.

Around it on all sides lay exhausted old fields in a state of almost absolute sterility. Beyond them, landward, stretched the rolling downs, and seaward, the beach and the waters of the channel.

A garden of half-blighted vegetables, and a field of stunted corn, that lay withering under the burning heat of the sun, added to the unpromising appearance of the whole. In short, nothing could be more desolate and hopeless than the aspect of Beach Cottage at the time of which we write.

The house contained but two rooms, one on the ground floor, which served as kitchen, parlor, and sitting-room, and one just above, which, being nothing more than a loft, was, nevertheless, the sleeping apartment of the whole family.

The property was an appendage to the Manor of Elmslea, and was at this time occupied by a poor relation of Captain Rock—his niece, Widow Lambert and her little girl, Elva, now about eight or nine years of age.

Captain Rock had given them the cottage with permission to make a living if they could out of the poor land attached to it. This was all the help he had afforded his poor niece, and all as she said, she could reasonably expect from one who had so many dependents. And now this year the long drought had parched up her garden and cornfield, and her cows had failed in their yield of milk for want of grass.

It was near the last of July, that Mrs. Lambert and her daughter sat down to their frugal breakfast of bread and butter,—spread upon a plain deal table without a table-cloth.

The furniture of the room was in keeping—a bare floor, a chest of drawers, with a small looking-glass, ornamented by a sprig of asparagus, a dresser of rough deal shelves on the right of the fireplace, and a cupboard on the left, a half dozen rush-bottomed chairs and a spinning-wheel completed the furnishings.

The heart of the widow was too sore for comfort or hope, for poor as this meal was, it was almost the last, and there was no hope. And now, not even the glad beauty of her charming though wilful child, nor the quaint talk of Mrs. Mott, who had come over that morning from Elmslea, could divert her from her sadness.

"Look you, missus! don't you set down there in idleness and accuse Providence because fortune don't come and walk into the door. You up and try something."

"Why, what can I try, Mott?"

"Anything—apply for a pension for what your father did in the war!"

The widow laughed now, but answered, gravely:

"I do not think I like such things—it's troublesome and expensive, and if we should get anything, which is doubtful, there are eight brothers and sisters of us, among whom the pittance would have to be divided, and it wouldn't be the least worth while."

"Truth is, master ought to do more for you than he does."

"How can he? He educates his two nephews, and helps a good many others besides."

"I don't care! He's got plenty! And he's your own flesh and blood. And if I were you, I'd take my child, and I'd go to Elmslea, and I'd sit right down on top of old Captain Rock for the rest of my days—that I would! Because he daren't deny you the shelter of his roof, no way, and you a lady, and his kin too."

"Why, do you think I could really do such a dishonorable thing as that? I would starve to death first."

"Well, ma'am, everybody to their tastes. I shouldn't starve myself. Well, anyhow, here's a letter the captain sent you."

"A letter! Why, you never said a word about having a letter for me!"

"Lor! ma'am to be sure! Why, what do you think I came all the way over here if it wasn't to bring a letter or—something?" said Mott, fumbling in her bosom, and producing the missive.

"And why didn't you give it to me before?"

"Oh! 'tain't no quinquessance! I know'd it were something about Miss Amy's going and marrying of the Hussar! Sure he don't do nothing but talk about it, and I thought how I'd jest leave you to finish your breakfast before I upset your mind with sich!" said Mott, with a shrug.

Mrs. Lambert devoured the contents of the letter, which ran thus:

"Sarah, my dear:

"I feel as if I had somewhat neglected you, but the truth is, my arm is not long enough to stretch from Elmslea to Beach Cottage. That being the case, and myself and my wife being rather lonesome since Amy's ungrateful desertion, we beg you to bring little Elva and come and live with us as long as you may like—and of what may come after that we will talk some other time, if you will be ready I will send the carriage for you on Saturday."

"YOUR UNCLE."

Mrs. Lambert read this letter with a changing check—when she finished it she folded and laid it aside in silence. As her old friend, Mott, knew nothing of its contents, she was not quite ready to tell her.

"It was about Miss Amy's going away, wasn't it ma'am?"

"Yes."

"I know'd it!"

Here the conversation dropped and Mott took her departure.

Then Mrs. Lambert called her child—her Elva—her Elva—as for her gay, thoughtless temper she was called.

Elva was small and slight for her years, and though really near nine, would have been taken for six or seven. She was fair-skinned, blue-eyed and golden-haired; and her countenance full of spirit, courage, and audacity. In fact, her whole form, features, expression and gestures seemed instinct with mischief—mischief lurked in the kinked tendrils of her bright hair; mischief looked out and laughed in the merry, malicious blue eyes, mischief crept slyly over the bows of her curved and ruby lips; and mischief played at hide and seek among the rosy dimples of her blooming cheeks.

Her eager, restless spirit gave a startling quickness, abruptness, and eccentricity to all her motions. She seldom walked, but ran or darted, her figure leaning forward, and her bright head dipping downward in the swiftness of her flight.

She would generally impress you with two distinct feelings.

When she happened to be still—with the idea of danger, as in the proximity of gun powder, an evil spirit, or, at the very least of a most artful and dangerous monkey whose devices it was impossible to foresee, or forestall.

And when she chanced to be active, she inspired you with the hunter's instinct to chase, catch, and delight in her capture, just as if she had been some wild bird, darting from bush to bush. Upon the present occasion, Mrs. Lambert found Elva swinging up and down upon the lowest limb branch of the old elm that overshadowed the house. She called her in, and told her the contents of her uncle's note, and the vague hopes of future inheritance they inspired—concluded with:

"Now, Elva, you must cure yourself of those hoydenish tricks of yours before you expose them

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

DEAR me, dear cousins, only one more month after this and there won't be any more 1909. Doesn't it seem such a very little time since 1909 was the new year? But let time fly. This is the month of Thanksgiving, and we should be too thankful for what we have to be mourning over what we don't have and never will have again. This is a dreary month, too, but what of that? It will only make the blue skies that much bluer when the gray skies are gone. Let us don't think about anything except being thankful—oh, but, I forgot one thing, that is work. Well we ought to be especially thankful that we have that, even if we feel just a bit lazy now and then. So let us get at it.

The first cousin is Blue Belle of Laurel Hill, Fla., and she doesn't know what to do about her best young man. Her friends say she shouldn't marry him, but he says she must and she loves him very, very much. Well, if I were Blue Belle and the young fellow was the right kind of a man to marry a girl, I would tell all my friends to go to grass, or anywhere else, except to my wedding with the young man they didn't like. So there.

Blue Eyes, Brecksville, O.—Five years is quite a nice difference in ages. Don't marry a man less than five years older than you are. (2) Sometimes people of different religions get along very nicely married, but it is better if you both have the same faith.

Waiting, Canby, Minn.—You seem to be so undecided about what to do, that I guess I'll let you remain so as far as I am concerned, and give the young man a chance to advise you. I'll be just a little sorry for him, though, if he gets you for his wife.

Merle, Blackwell, Okla.—Write him a friendly note of explanation and I think you will get the answer you want. Don't gush.

Dimply, Watb, Minn.—After your experience I should think you would prefer a different kind of a beau. Really, I don't know how to suggest a plan to make up with this one, and wouldn't if I did.

Okla. Maiden, Antioch, Okla.—You are altogether too undecided to marry now, or at Christmas, but you may be more settled later. Ask him to wait a year. It would be a pity to marry such a nice young man if you didn't love him—a pity for him, I mean.

Troubled Lass, Dixon, Ky.—Give him a chance and maybe he will tell you what you want to know. (2) Perhaps your unknown correspondent is an escaped convict. Do you know that he is not?

Sundowner, Cedarpoint, Kans.—If you do not care for him except as a friend you have known always, and the other girl understands it, you might give him a watch-guard made of your own hair. If you and the other girl are rivals, though, I wouldn't do it if I were you.

Lemon Seed, Crawford, S. Dak.—I think you didn't do any great harm in talking to the young man who had come to see your father and had to wait for him, even if you hadn't been introduced to him. Somebody had to entertain him while he waited, and why not you? (2) Don't bother about the bashful one. If he is too bashful to meet you he doesn't amount to much as to caring for you, pawaw, cousin.

Don't you suppose if he cared very much he would find a way to meet you? (3) Obedy your mother about young men's company, but try to show her that a girl of twenty should become acquainted with young men and that she should know them, too, and thus understand her daughters better. As for the other one, most parents are so careless about knowing the men their daughters meet.

Annie Laurie, York, Ala.—You certainly would jump out of the frying pan into the fire if you disobeyed your parents and went to any port where your sailor boy was to marry him. You wait till he gets out of the navy, or can come to you to be married. (2) You are ever so much better off not to be on speaking terms with the young man who "got mad" because you would not let him put his arm around you. Girls are too easy in matters of this sort and I am glad you are remembering what your mother teaches you. She is all right.

Blossom, Canton, Ill.—You may not realize it, but you are indifferent and don't care enough for the attention of young men to exert yourself to get it. Other girls do, and unless you do, you may expect to be left to yourself more than is always agreeable. You can be attractive without being "pushy." Try it and see.

Tad, Chicago, Ill.—You can cure him of his habit of exaggeration by making fun of the big stories he tells. Don't hesitate to make your doubts plain every time he tells one of his big stories and get out of his habit. Tell him in private that that is your only objection to him and you simply will not marry him unless he reforms. He'll be an everlasting annoyance to you if you marry him as he now is.

Blue Eyes, Aberdeen, Wash.—He seems to be a very nice boy, and I think you might write to him without any harm, and you might let him have your hair for a watch chain, but not just at present. Let him wait some time for that. And don't think of marrying him for three years at least, then you'll be too young. Answer his letter in the same friendly way he has written, and don't write any love letters, until you are engaged. They are not necessary.

X. Y. Z., Wells, Nev.—If the man is all right marry him and go to your own home where you will not be unfairly restricted as you now are. Don't worry about your younger sister. She is old enough to take care of the house and your father. Happily married you will be in much better position to give her advice than you now are. Marry as soon as you like, but if you don't like him, let him have your sister will have that much additional experience and be better fitted to take up the work you are turning over to her. Tell her you are going to marry, and tell your father, too, if you want him to know it.

East Penn. Girl, Ashland, Pa.—Boys of twenty and twenty-one are too young to marry, but if they think they must, it is ever so much better for them if they marry girls older than themselves. You see, their wives can be mothers to them and look after them properly. I think you and your chum had better choose men who are older than you are, or at least wait till these two are ten years older. Ask them if they will wait that long. (2) See answers to your other questions in *Wonders and Looks*. They are not for me to answer.

Elsie, Cheyenne, Wyo.—I think if he loved you very much he would tell you so. Most men do. In the mean time don't permit any kissing and caressing until after you are engaged.

Southern Girl, Rara Avis, Miss.—I don't think you should stop being sweethearts because you don't let him kiss you. If he insists on kissing you, won't he kiss you unless he proposes to you for keeps. (2) I guess there is no harm in riding to church with him in the daytime. When a sweetheart neglects a girl in company it is time she was getting a better one. Don't be too exacting. Maybe he can't be with you every Sunday at church, or at home. If he can, and will not, he isn't very sweet. He is careless, too, when he will not say definitely when he will come to see you. Don't be at home when he drops in at any time. That will make him more particular.

Twinkle, Canisota, S. Dak.—Of course, A. has no right to object to your liking B. You are under no obligation to him that I can see. Tell B. that you write to him, and show him A.'s letter if you want to. But tell A. that B. knows. Play fair with both of them and choose the one you love best.

Brown Eyes, Echo, Wash.—A girl of fifteen should not go to parties and dances except small ones now and then, unless she is out of school. As long as your mother does not object it is no matter to me. But the boys of eighteen make love to you, don't they? They're queer boys if they don't.

E. P. Kent, O. Chances you have him very much and don't care if he did think you might have

misappropriated the money he left with you, you should not marry him. He may be all right, but he takes a very peculiar way of showing it. However, do as you please.

Loving Cousin, New York, N. Y.—When a young man promises to see you at a certain time and does not come around in six months, or writes you any word of his whereabouts, it is almost proof that he doesn't care for you at all. You are silly to be thinking about him, and you only met him the one time at a dance. My, my, can't you understand how foolish you are?

Lella and Hazel, Leora, Mo.—If you two expect to succeed in the clerkships you hold, don't be asking so many silly questions about the men. Young women who are successful in business let the young men ask questions about them.

Blue Eyes, Fayette, Utah.—Suppose you remain a spinster for a few years. It is not fair to marry the man who loves you in order to forget the man you love. You won't forget him and that will make trouble. With your disposition, I think you'd be happier if you didn't marry at all. Marriage doesn't always make people happy.

Undecided, Gardiner's, Va.—I think, my dear, that you are one of those young women, and there are plenty of them, who find their happiness when they marry. They have many doubts before, but none after. It is indecision, and the man should simply demand that you marry him or give him up. You know it would break your heart to have him marry anyone else. I know of just such a case as yours and the girl left the man go. They went into brain fever and has never been the same since. Twenty-two is a very nice age for a girl to marry at.

Snow Ball, Krebs, Okla.—Worry along with him as he is, and don't let yourself think too much about him. He doesn't care a great deal for you, but he may in time. Be indifferent to him and let him see that you don't care any more than he does.

Mountain Girl, Billings, Mont.—It may break his heart, but it won't break yours. Probably it would be more merciful to break his heart at once, rather than to marry him and break it slowly. Unless you can change your way of thinking, you had better not marry him. An educated, refined girl could not live very happily with an ignorant ranchman, no matter how much he loved her, anywhere outside of a novel.

Twenty-seven, Arcola, Ill.—Marry him, of course, and make sure you are any better. Tell him you are older than he is. I don't think it will change his feelings any. If it does, you had better know it now that when it is too late.

Diana, Banks, Ala.—A woman of thirty is sometimes staidier than a man of sixty. If this one is a youthful man and cheerful, and you love each other, there is less risk in it than in many marriages where the ages are closer together. Don't marry him, though, if he is old for his age.

Betty, Princeton, Mo.—Now that you have let him go, you had better let him stay gone. I really think you will be glad by that you gave him the "G. B."

Brunet, Cleveland, O.—In response to his postal which said: "Won't you be the same to me, like you always used to be?" send him one with this on it: "I can't tell you; come and see." If that doesn't straighten out your tangle, nothing will.

Heart-broken Girl, Osborne, Kans.—It seems to me that you are old enough to judge for yourself, and, as for five years you and the young man have wanted to marry, you might as well do it and let your parents get over their mad spell as soon as they see you comfortably fixed in a home of your own. But don't marry until he has the home ready.

Trude, Beaver, Mo.—Send him for Christmas something he can use, like a scarf, or a tie, or an umbrella, or a case, or matches, or cigar holder (if he smokes), or pen, or anything that will be useful and at the same time pretty and nice and he would get for himself. He'll appreciate that more than something merely ornamental.

Violet, Omega, Ga.—He has simply snubbed you by not paying any attention to the cards you have sent to him. When you meet him, snub him. That will make you even. (2) If you like the young man who lives sixty miles away why shouldn't he spend the day with you occasionally. He likes you, you like him, of course it is all right.

There, dears, all your questions are answered except some that I had to send to other departments, and I feel sure that most of you will feel like giving thanks because they were all answered so nicely. Even if some were not, you ought to be thankful that I am so anxious to have you do right that I will be cross with you if you are not. Now, may the good Lord hold us all in His kindly hand till we meet again. By, **COUSIN MARION.**

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

A year has passed since my letter appeared in *COMFORT*. And I take this way of thanking all who wrote me a letter or sent me some flower seeds. I received a great many seeds but as it was a dry spring not all blossomed. How beautiful they were when they began to blossom. It was a *COMFORT* flower garden indeed. Some will think me slow in thanking them for their kindness, but I received so many letters I could not possibly answer all. I have not forgotten one of you yet.

Abel B., Fay, Okla. Where are you now? How do you like Washington? I would like to hear from you again.

Blanche S., Ill. Are you still angry at me? You wrote such bright, cheerful letters.

F. L. F., Ballston Lake, N. Y. I wonder where you are. I think of you often and wonder if you came West.

George A. F., Fort Stevens, Ore. You are leading a noble life. I would like to hear from you again. So many wanted to know about Oregon. I do not live in Oregon. We live in Washington, about two miles from the Oregon line. In Astoria, Ore., and as we live in the city we get our mail in Oregon.

There is no government land to be taken, but it is cheap. It is very mountainous and rough and about forty miles from a railroad. A great many families have moved away, it is lonesome for young folks and I miss their companionship. We now have telephone connections and this will soon have a new grist mill. I like the hills, valleys and pine trees and all the dumb animals.

Nellie Smith, N. Y. I agree with you. We need faith, but our prayers should always be, "Thy will, not mine be done."

Julius Folkers voiced my opinions. I have no sisters and my brother is my companion and I cannot see why his life and morals should not be as pure as any woman's.

I would like to hear from any who have taken up illustrating for profit or those who like to draw for their own amusement, as that is my chief entertainment. As soon as I have requested that each one give a description of herself I will send you a little about myself. I am eighteen years old. Have dark brown hair and eyes. Am five feet four and one half inches tall, weigh one hundred and ten pounds. If any wish to know about this country I will do my best to answer questions, but cannot promise to answer all letters unless they inclose stamps.

Miss LESA HEWITT, Grouse, Wallawa Co., Ore.

DEAR SISTERS:

For several years *COMFORT* has been my companion and a very welcome visitor in our home. I know we are not the only ones of this large family who live on claims, but I wonder how many live in dugouts! As I have never seen a description of one in these columns, I will tell you one.

When we first came from the East it seemed very odd but we soon became used to them, as they are so common here. Ours is sixteen by thirty-two feet, with a laid floor and the sides lined with brown paper. In each end we have half windows and on the east side a door. We find it very comfortable. We are in the northeast part of N. Mexico, four miles from a railroad. Nara Visa is our nearest town and is a thriving little place, although now it looks rather desolate as a fire on May 10, '09, wiped out most of the business part.

Crops here grow fine and so much faster than in the East. The water tested ninety-eight per cent. pure and is plentiful. Any person who is renting and

Please your wife! Stop growing old so fast! Make your mustache a rich brown or black. Use **ALL DRUGGISTS sell it. Stylish men use it.**

GRAND FREE OFFER.

Unsurpassed for value, beauty and usefulness. To introduce our famous **Handsome Gold Plated Ring** engraved or plain (send size), 8 yards beard **Caroline Necktie**, also 3 yards **White Ribbon**, handsome coupon. This great big lot of goods sent to any address for money 10 cents to pay mailing, etc. **ADDRESS: HOME CIRCLE CO., Post Office Box 1528, NEW YORK CITY.**

Just Six Minutes to Wash a Tubful!

This is the grandest Washer the world has ever known. So easy to run that it's almost fun to work it. Makes clothes spotlessly clean in double-quick time. Six minutes finishes a tubful.

Any Woman Can Have a 1900 Gravity Washer on 30 Days' Free Trial.

Don't send money. If you are responsible, you can try it first. Let us pay the freight. See the wonders it performs. Thousands being used. Every user delighted. They write us bushels of letters telling how it saves work and worry. Sold on little payments. Write for fascinating Free Book today. All correspondence should be addressed to **1900 Washer Co., 508 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y.** If you live in Canada, address Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

BRANCH HOUSES: We maintain branches at 1947 Broadway, New York City; and 1113 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn; and in all principal cities. We also make shipments from our warehouses in Kansas City, San Francisco and Seattle.

wants a home ought to come this way and take up a claim. I am another farm girl who loves country life. I am nineteen, five feet three inches tall, and weigh one hundred and thirty-four pounds, brown hair and eyes. Would like to hear from other young folks.

MISS CARIE M. LUTZ, Nara Visa, N. Mex.

From Mrs. F. H. Cole, 62 Foundry St., Stamford, Conn., comes a pathetic appeal for letters and a request for any *COMFORT* readers living near to call. Mrs. C. is a patient cripple whose life is narrowed to within four walls.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 107 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

SOLO ACCORDION FREE.

Sweet toned deep voiced instrument, with which you can play beautiful music for concerts and dances. Frame very large, 10 keys, full set of reeds, 3 stop, double bellows, abraded case, nickel plated valves and trimmings. Send for 24 pieces of candy to sell at 10c each, return \$2.40 when sold and we will send the accordion.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., DEPT. 333, EAST 80TH ST., NASH.

WE WILL GIVE These 4 Rings

to anyone that will sell 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10c each and send us the \$1.20. We trust you and take back all not sold. Address **WESSON JEWELRY CO., Providence, R. I.**

COMBINATION OFFER

10 Christmas 10c.
6 Superior Xmas 10c.
10 New Year 10c.
Sample package of each mailed for 25 cents. A Special Assortment of Christmas and New Year Post Cards for Dealers and Agents. 100 Mailed for 60 cents.

MADISON ART CO., MADISON, CONN.

"IMITATED BUT NEVER EQUALLED"

UNDERWOOD

STANDARD TYPEWRITER

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

Underwood Typewriter Co., Inc., 44 EXCHANGE ST. PORTLAND, ME.

Get **MAGIC TRICK CARDS** for 25c. Just to introduce our new cards we will send you a set of Trick Cards with full secret directions for only 25c. With these cards you can change eighteen tons of snow, red cards to black, roses to hearts or clubs, just by your desire, and none can detect it. **DRAKE TRICK CO., Dept. 18, 1941 Harrison St., Chicago.**

BEAUTIFUL SILK REMNANTS. Send 10 cents for suitable for making crazy quilts, cushion tops etc. Address—**United Sales Co., Dept. 11, Scranton, Pa.**

10c. WILL BUY 25 Beautiful Post Cards, Christmas, Holiday Greetings in rich floral designs, Vines, etc., with agent's outfit of Envelopes and Hidden Name Cards. Write to-day. **BAZ PRINTING CO., BOX D, NORTH HAVEN, CONN.**

\$10 WATCH AND AGENTS OUTFIT FREE. Carry one of these handsome watches and get 10c for every friend and increase your income. We guarantee \$10 to \$20 weekly to Agents who devote all their time to the sale of these watches. Write now for complete watch and terms. **ORDER JEWELRY COMPANY, Dept. 107, CHICAGO.**

THANKSGIVING and XMAS CARDS

25 No. 1 quality, 10c. 25 No. 2 quality, 15c. 25 No. 3 quality, 20c. 25 No. 4 quality, 25c. J. D. Wendell, 23 So. Clinton, Chicago.

10 BEAUTIFUL PICTURE POST CARDS ALL FOR (worth 25c) and Mammoth Ill'st'd Catalogue all for one **DIME. 10c.**

B. M. BEECHER CO., 668-6th Ave., New York.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat Plus roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Funny; sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. **LOADS OF FUN.** Wonderful ventriloquists. Shows and solo. Price only 10c each, or 25 cents or 12 for 50 cents. **DOUBLE THROAT CO., DEPT. 18, FRENCHTOWN, N.J.**

WANTED, A NAME FOR BABY GIRL and will pay \$25.00 first prize and 25 other prizes. Write at once for full list of prizes with picture of mother and child sent free. Address **FATHER, Box 45 B, Augusta, Maine.**

Bodi-Tone

The Bodi-Tone Company

wants you and every reader of Comfort to try a full-sized one dollar box of Bodi-Tone at its risk and expense, so that you will get acquainted with this new scientific medicinal combination, which is going to become the foremost medicine used by the American People. We want you to send us the Bodi-Tone Coupon printed in this announcement, giving us your full name and address, and the one dollar box of Bodi-Tone will be sent to you by next post without a penny for you to pay unless it TONES ALL YOUR BODY.

Bodi-Tone

is just what its name means—A TONE FOR ALL THE BODY and we want you to try it and see what it will do for YOUR body. Bodi-Tone is a little round tablet that is taken three times every day, either before or after meals, whichever the user prefers. Each one dollar box contains seventy-five Bodi-Tones, enough for twenty-five days continuous use, and we send you the full box without a penny in advance, so that you can try it and learn what it is, so you can learn how easy and simple it is to take, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it helps nature to tone every organ in the body.

Bodi-Tone

is a new remedy, but the ingredients which compose it are as old as the science of medicine itself. Its composition is not secret. Every one of the twelve valuable ingredients which go to make up Bodi-Tone are well known to all doctors of all schools; each has a well defined, well known and thoroughly established place in the realm of medicine, each has its own well known work to do in the body and each is prescribed by physicians every day in the year. Among the ingredients which compose Bodi-Tone are Iron, for the Blood, Phosphate, to help tone the Nerves, Lithia, for the Kidneys, Gentian for the Stomach, Chinese Rhubarb for the Liver, Cascara, which restores tone to the Bowels and Intestines, and Peruvian Bark for the General System. We claim no credit for these ingredients, each of which has its own well-deserved place in the Materia Medica of all the civilized world and are recommended by all modern medical writers and teachers—we simply claim credit for the manner in which they are combined, for the proportions used, for the remedy—Bodi-Tone, which they make and which we want to send you immediately, as soon as you write for it, so you can try it and learn how it acts.

Bodi-Tone

is no new-fangled, secret, mysterious, "discovered by accident," Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, Shaker or Quaker remedy. It depends upon no superstition or romantic story to make people believe in its efficacy. It is the scientific prescription of well known and competent doctors and chemists, and is compounded in one of the largest and best known pharmaceutical laboratories in the United States. It was conceived with the purpose, which we announce to all the world, to give the people a pure and safe household and home medicine, one that has medical authority behind it, one that doctors could sanction and approve, one whose composition could be boldly proclaimed and being all this, it is destined to become the foremost proprietary medicine of the century, a genuine pure drug medicine.

Bodi-Tone

though a scientific medicinal combination, is prepared from such remedies which the common people as well as the doctors KNOW TO BE GOOD, which they can place confidence in, which they know they can safely use, and most of all, is composed of things which make it a GOOD REMEDY. It is right all through, from the first to the twelfth ingredient, a remedy that knows its work in the body and does it in a way that satisfies the body-owner. It is a pure remedy, that all the family, young and old, can

use. It contains no poisonous drugs, it contains no harmful drugs, it contains nothing that we are ashamed to tell all the world, it contains no ingredient that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on drugging the body. It does not kill pain with opium or morphine. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body with the remedies which nature intended to tone the body, or that power would not have been given to them.

Bodi-Tone

offers its valuable services to you right now, right from this page, if you are sick, if you need medicinal help, if your body is not in right, natural and normal tone. That is what Bodi-Tone is for—TO HELP NATURE RESTORE TONE TO THE BODY, to help nature restore normal health, energy, vigor, strength and weight. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, which are endowed by nature with a special action in these parts, go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a well understood, definite action that produces general results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone, a splendid eliminant, helps to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby exerting a continual anti-rheumatic effect which makes it hard for rheumatism to obtain or retain a foothold in the system. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any of the various Female Ailments, for its toning properties are especially valuable in such ailments.

Bodi-Tone

is especially urged for all chronic sufferers, who have tried honest, reputable physicians at home and elsewhere without getting the relief and permanent benefit desired. If your local doctor is doing you no real good, if you have given him a real and honest chance to do what he can and the medical combinations he has used have failed, then give THIS SCIENTIFIC, MODERN COMBINATION of old-time remedies a chance to show what it can do for you.

A Trial of Bodi-Tone

is yours for the asking. You need not send any money—do not send any stamps. The Bodi-Tone Company wants to spend every penny of the trial's cost, wants to send the medicine to you, wants you to give it a trial for a full period of twenty-five days before you pay a penny. Simply fill out the Bodi-Tone Coupon and let Bodi-Tone do its work for you. But do it immediately, as the quicker you begin, the quicker its good results should be evident in your body.

Bodi-Tone Coupon

Bodi-Tone Company, Chicago, Ills.

I have just read the Bodi-Tone Announcement in Comfort offering a \$1.00 box of Bodi-Tone on twenty-five days' trial. Please send me a box by return mail, postage prepaid. I promise to give it a good trial and to pay \$1.00 if I find I am benefited at the end of twenty-five days. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Send the box of Bodi-Tone to the following address:

Name _____

Town _____

St. or R. F. D. _____ State _____

Bodi-Tone Company, - - - Chicago, Ills.

Advanced Case of Consumption Cured in Four Months

Lung-Germine Co., Jackson, Mich.

Sept. 12, 1907.

Dear Sirs: I feel it my duty to write you that I have been saved from the grave by Lung-Germine. Every one that saw me thought I would die in a short time, and my doctor told me he could not help me. Analysis of my sputum by the State Board of Health showed that thousands of tuberculosis germs were present. I was having hemorrhages very bad, and fever 103 every day.

I heard of Lung-Germine and began its use. At the end of two months my cough was all gone and I was gaining very fast. I sent another sample of my sputum to be analyzed, and the reply came back that there were no germs whatever. When I began Lung-Germine treatment I weighed 95 pounds. I used the treatment four months in all and today I am well and strong. I weigh 115 pounds, and can truthfully say that I am completely cured of consumption by Lung-Germine. Yours very truly,

MRS. LUCY BUNDY,
1403 E. 33d Ave., Denver, Colo.

Gains 20 Pounds in Weight, and is Completely Cured in Four Months

Lung-Germine Co., Jackson, Mich. Sept. 2, 1907.

Dear Sirs: Four months ago I was down sick, and Lung-Germine has cured me. When I first wrote you I was in bad condition. I had night sweats, coughed a great deal, spit up blood, had pains in my sides and under shoulder blades, and was very weak. After using two months' treatment of Lung-Germine I could walk quite a space, and had gained considerably in flesh. I commenced using Lung-Germine on the 28th day of April. I then weighed 105 pounds; I now weigh 125 pounds and that is as much as I ever weighed. I am cured, and only four bottles of Lung-Germine cured me.

I wish to thank you very kindly for what you have done for me and the kindness you have shown me at all times during my treatment. Very gratefully yours,

ARNOLD KUNSELMAN,
R. F. D. No. 6, Box 40, New Bethlehem, Pa.

Cured of Consumption Five Years Ago; Not a Single Symptom Has Appeared Since

Lung-Germine Co., Jackson, Mich. July 30, 1907.

Gentlemen: In response to your inquiry I can say that Lung-Germine cured me completely and permanently of what was pronounced by my attending physicians, GENUINE TUBERCULOSIS. I used only two bottles of your Lung-Germine, and this I took in March, 1902, so you see it is over five years since I was cured, and there is not the slightest indication of a relapse, and not a single symptom has returned.

Before using Lung-Germine I was losing flesh very rapidly, had night sweats, and I had two hemorrhages. I assure you that I appreciate beyond expression what your medicine has done for me, and I hereby give you permission to publish my letter if you wish. Yours sincerely,

WM. BERLEMAN,
1948 Herbert St., St. Louis, Mo.

Chronic Bronchitis and Lung Trouble Cured Three Years Ago, and Patient Remains in Perfect Health to this Day

Following are a few extracts from a letter which we received recently from Mrs. H. C. Boldt of Cuero, Tex.: "I was permanently cured of lung and throat trouble by your Lung-Germine three years ago, and I am glad to say that I am feeling fine as silk, and I have not even suffered with a cold to amount to anything since I was cured. Before using Lung-Germine I had tried almost every known remedy and several of our best doctors, without relief, and I had lost all hopes of ever getting well. I recommend Lung-Germine as the only medicine in the world that gives permanent relief."

Mother and Son Cured Five Years Ago, Perfectly Well Today

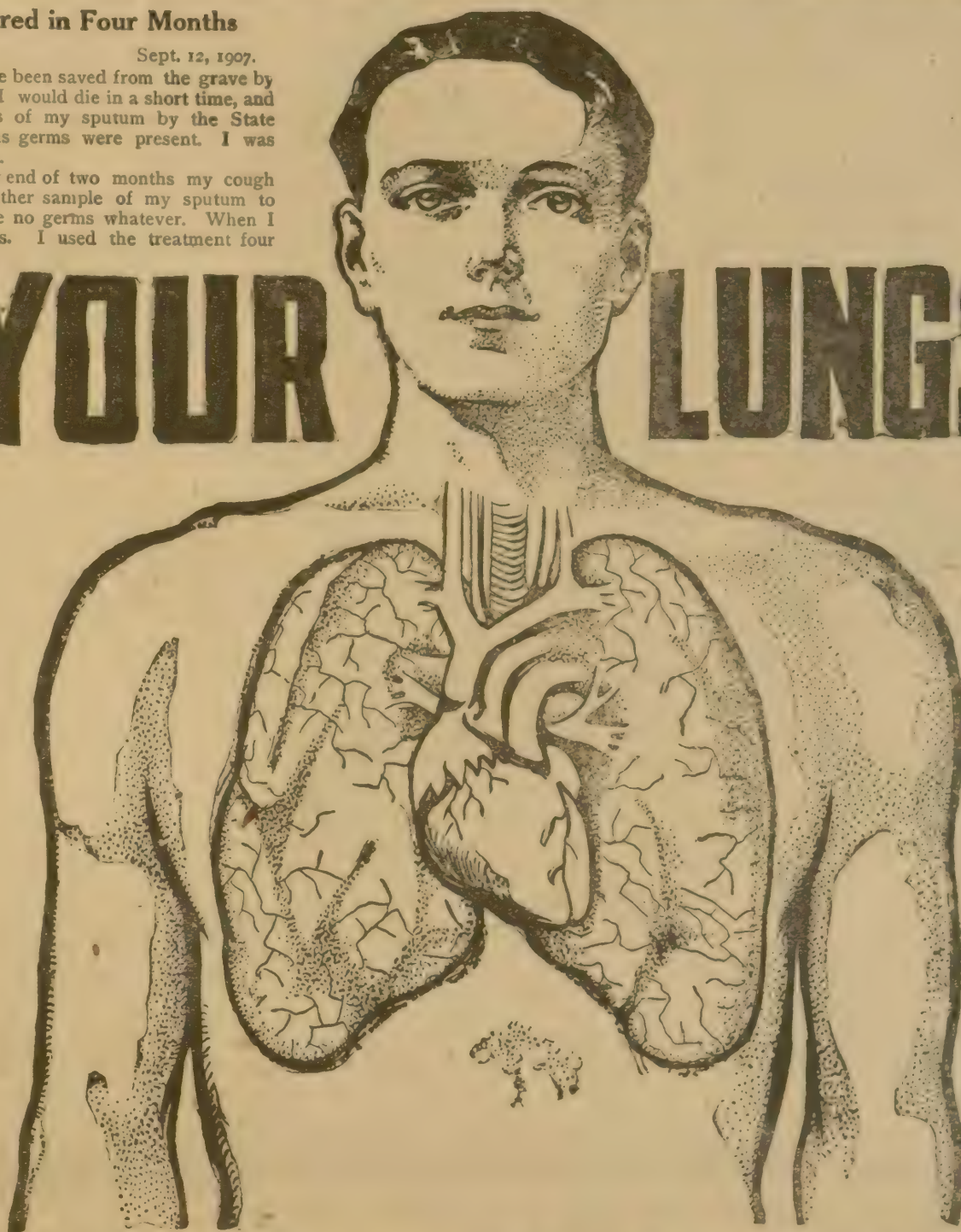
Lung-Germine Co., Jackson, Mich. July 1, 1907.

Dear Sirs: As to the condition of myself and mother, I can say that we are both in normal health. In the year 1902 we were cured of genuine consumption by your Lung-Germine. Before using Lung-Germine we were treating with the best physicians in Jackson, but seemed to get no relief, to say nothing of a cure. One physician told my father that nothing more could be done for my mother, she being in the last stage of Consumption. I was in the second stage. Soon after getting this information Lung-Germine was recommended to us, and we both began its use. The result was that we were both cured, completely and permanently. No trouble of this kind has been noticed since we were cured, which is now just about five years ago.

I shall ever be enthusiastic over Lung-Germine and recommend it to anyone who has lung trouble in any form. No matter how far the disease has advanced, I believe it is never too late to give this medicine a fair trial, for it certainly has been successful in our cases, one of which was a most advanced one.

Yours very truly,
ALONZO DECKER,
R. F. D., Jackson, Mich.

YOUR LUNGS



Are Your Lungs Weak or Painful

Do your lungs ever bleed?
Do you have night sweats?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually coughing and hawking?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

These Are Regarded Symptoms of Lung Trouble and

CONSUMPTION

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

We Stand Ready to Prove It to You

absolutely that Lung-Germine, the German treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of advanced Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other Lung Diseases.

Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians, have been permanently cured by Lung-Germine. It is not only a cure for consumption, but a preventive. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development; you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity. Lung-Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over four years ago, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

We Will Send You Proof Positive---Proof That Will Convince Any Judge or Jury on Earth

We will gladly send you a proof of many remarkable cures, also a FREE TRIAL of Lung-Germine, together with our new book on the treatment and care of Consumption and Lung Trouble.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME

LUNG-GERMINE CO., 307 Rae Block Jackson, Mich.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and it Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 439 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

ELEGANT Thin Model FACE WATCH

The popular Model for men and boys. An accurate timepiece, ruby jeweled lever movement, stem wind & pendant set, case back & band. Solid Nickel Silver case. Warranted 5 years.

\$3.75

THIN MODEL

STEM WIND

STEM SET

IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it by express for your examination, and you will think it the best bargain you ever saw, pay the express agent our special sample price \$2.75 and 12 cents. A handsome silk fob with gold plated charm sent free with every watch. Address M. C. PARKER, R. 21, 225 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Morphine

A painless home medicine for the Opium, Morphine, or Laudanum habit. Free trial sent on application.

ST. JAMES SOCIETY, Suite 413, 1181 Broadway, New York

FITNESS OR FALLING SICKNESS

Why despair, if doctors have failed, send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address. W. H. PEEKE, R.D., 4 Cedar St., New York

25 Solid Gold Christmas Cards 10c

A GREAT BARGAIN! A magnificent assortment of solid gold Christmas cards in assorted designs with Xmas greetings. These cards are worth to each. Our price for 25 cards 10 cents, postpaid, together with our big catalogue and bargain list. MAYER ART CO., Xmas Card Dept. 152 CHICAGO.

To introduce my large catalog I will send

TEN BOOKS FOR TEN CENTS Book 1 Art of Courtship, 2 Joke Book, 3 Art of Letter Writing, 4 Fifty Ways to Make Money, 5 Magic Tricks, 6 Dream Book and Fortune Telling, 7 Rules for all Games, 8 Story Book, 9 Economic Cook Book, 10 Story Book. All by mail 10c. J. H. PIKE, Box 11, So. Norwalk, Conn.

Cancer Absorbents

Cancers are the result of poisons in the system. Operation can only remove the symptoms. Cancer Absorbents are the only remedy which can be depended on to eradicate the poisons and make PERMANENT CURES. A Painless Home Treatment. Send for free Books. Toxo-Absorbent Co., 7 Church St., Rochester, N.Y.

15 FINEST EMBOSSED POST CARDS 10c

High Grade in colors and Gold. Choice selection. No two alike, including New North Pole cards, latest out. Worth 5 cents each. D. E. WHEELERS, Dept. 10, Creedmore, N. C.

ASTHMA

Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.

BROOKS' NEW CURE

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No seas. No lymph. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. SENT ON TRIAL. CATALOGUE FREE. C. E. BROOKS, 1031 Brooks' Bldg., MARSHALL, MICH.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED. My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. STOPS THE ITCHING and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY. DR. CANNADAY, 106 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

Fortune Post Cards

FREE SEND MONTH of your BIRTH and two-cent stamp to pay postage and we will send you free and prepaid one of 12 latest Fortune-telling Post Cards, giving your own astrological sign and complete character reading by the stars. It will explain what you should avoid TO GAIN SUCCESS in life; for what you are best suited; whom to marry; and many other things you should know. With your card we will also tell you how you can get FIFTY FREE the full set of books, or FIFTY other post cards FREE. These fortune cards are the latest style gloss finish; printed in many colors. Send two cents and name of your birth month for one or 25 sets for 12 sets different. Address Fortune Card Man, Dept. 846, TOPEKA, KAN.

Exhilarating Sport of Sky Sailing

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

of the German government in case of war. It is claimed that the practical result of these war airships will be to revolutionize the methods of warfare, rendering it immeasurably more destructive, so destructive that the hoped-for result of abolishing war altogether may follow as a consequence.

It is said that one of these airships could destroy a large city by hovering over it at a height sufficient to be safely out of range of the most powerful guns and dropping down high explosives.

This seems like the realization of those prophetic lines in "Locksley Hall" which for the half century since they were written, have been considered an impossible poetic dream.

"For I dip into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the 'world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens all at once, with countless armies of
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales;
Heard the heavens all at once, with shouting, and there
rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the
thunder-storm,
Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-
flags were fur'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
world."

The other type is called an aeroplane, or heavier-than-air flying machine, which in fact it is because, like a bird, it has nothing to keep it up in the air except its wings under the influence of its great speed, so that when it stops it falls to the ground like a bird with a broken wing.

It consists of a light but strong framework over which is tightly stretched one or two horizontal surfaces of canvas or silk; if two, one is placed a few feet above the other. These are the wings, but, unlike those of a bird, they are not movable. Below the wings is the platform or frame which carries the passengers and the gasoline engine which drives the screw propeller, and, of course, there is also a combination rudder for directing the course upward, downward or to either side. Underneath are wheels, corresponding to the legs of a bird, on which the machine travels along the ground when starting to fly and when lighting again.

The screw propeller acting against the air drives the aeroplane at great speed, forty to sixty miles an hour, so great that the air pressing under its outstretched, stationary wings holds it up just as a clam-shell or piece of pasteboard is held up when it is scalded through the air, or like a kite by the wind. As long as it is kept moving fast enough it may be made to soar like a bird.

Although different experimenters have adopted minor variations, all aeroplanes, or heavier-than-air flying machines, are designed to work on the same principles.

America claims preeminence in this field through the marvelous achievements of the Wright brothers, Orville and Wilbur, who have been honored with medals from the crowned heads of Europe and have recently satisfactorily performed the test established by the U. S. Government for war purposes.

At the recent Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York Wright brothers made a successful flight up the Hudson river ten miles against a strong wind and back, alighting as easily and gracefully as a bird at the starting point.

The Wright aeroplane is now a part of the U. S. regular army war equipment.

A number of other inventors, both American and European, have made very successful flights with their pet machines; among the most notable of which was that of M. Bleriot last July across the English Channel from France to England, a distance of twenty-one miles in thirty-seven minutes. This feat was accomplished with his one-winged aeroplane and won him seventy-five hundred dollars in prize money besides a number of gold medals. Another Frenchman, Hubert Latham, had made an unsuccessful attempt only a day or two before. M. Bleriot's flight across the English Channel was not nearly so long as a number of flights previously made by the Wright brothers, but it was spectacular because it was from the continent to England over a stretch of twenty-one miles of ocean.

As yet no aeroplane has been made large enough to carry more than two passengers, though there seems to be no reason for limiting the size.

Aviating, as flying by aeroplane is called, is the most dangerous form of aerial navigation and has cost a number of lives in the short time since it was first attempted.

Such rapid progress has been made, and such surprising results accomplished during the past year both with dirigibles and aeroplanes, that all manner of wild prophecies of future development and utility are being made. The art is in its infancy and no one can foresee what may come of it, but we may confidently look for wonderful achievements in the near future in this line of experiment. COMFORT will try to keep its readers informed as to the progress of this interesting art.

Just a word in closing to remind you that this is COMFORT's twenty-second birthday and that with this November number it begins a new year of its life.

I have striven hard to keep my promise of a year ago in regard to making COMFORT more interesting and instructive than ever before, and judging from its growing popularity and the many letters of hearty congratulation which keep pouring in from our subscribers I am encouraged to believe that my efforts are appreciated.

For the coming year I promise you my best endeavors to live up to COMFORT's motto, "Onward and Upward," and to make it felt in the increasing excellence of the next twelve numbers of our dear old family magazine.

I bespeak your help in one thing. This is the time of year when many subscriptions are expiring and it will be a great assistance to me if you will kindly renew your subscriptions promptly. I shall be very grateful if you will renew immediately on receipt of the buff folder subscription blank and not wait until we have taken your stencil card out of our mailing list and stopped sending you the paper in consequence of the expiration of your subscription. Such neglect and delay on your part makes us a lot of bother and is likely to result in your missing a month or more of COMFORT.

You must realize that the present special renewal rate of only twenty-five cents for twenty-four months is exceedingly low for this magazine. During the remainder of this year only will this rate be in force, and after that it will cost more for a renewal.

In order to give all our present subscribers equally fair treatment, we will also permit those subscribers whose subscriptions expire at any time in 1910 to extend their subscriptions two full years beyond date of expiration for twenty-five cents, provided they do so before the first day of January next. The best way is to do it now while you have it in mind, for time flies, and if you put it off it will be overlooked until too late—besides, if you do it now, you will receive one of COMFORT's beautiful 1910 calendars free.

Hoping that you all have much to be thankful for and wishing you a very merry Christmas,

Sincerely your friend,

W. H. GANNETT, PUBLISHER OF COMFORT.

We Trust You Privately

Send us \$1.50 and we ship this Marvel to you. The monthly balance while you are using this wonderful stove that we are selling for only \$11.65.

Stoves, Ranges, Sewing Machines, Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Pianos, Organs, Etc.—Anything you want for your home will be sold to you on the easiest terms ever offered.

WE SELL MORE HOUSEFURNISHINGS than any other five concerns combined. There are two things that make us do this. First: Our Easy-Way-Plan is the most dignified—the easiest Credit System in existence. On small monthly payments we furnish your entire home and no one will know you buy on credit—our plan is private and confidential. Second: Michigan is the world's greatest stove and furniture producing state—all dealers and mail order houses come here to buy. Now, we will sell to you just exactly as low as we sell to a dealer and if you will write a postal today for our big Easy-Way-to-Pay-Book you will see the Lowest Prices in the world on Guaranteed Homefurnishings.

One Room Or An Entire Home Outfit can be furnished on credit from our catalog which shows over 5000 of the greatest bargains you ever saw. All pictures are truthful—it's just like seeing the goods themselves. We ship on credit and give you more than a year to pay. We trust everybody.

We Ship On Approval. You have thirty days to decide whether or not you wish to keep the goods and we pay freight charges both ways on any unsatisfactory purchase, and return all money sent to us.

Our high grade Art-Style Furniture is the kind that you will be proud to have in your home. Rich looking and substantial—solid—built to last, and costs no more than the common grade. For Our Free Catalog and For Free Catalog and People's Outfitting Co., 575 Sixth St., Detroit, Mich.

WHOLESALE PRICES FOR HARDWARE

ATTENTION, HOME OWNERS, FARMERS, MECHANICS, EVERYBODY

FREE SPECIAL CATALOG HARDWARE AND FARM IMPLEMENTS WHOLESALE PRICES

You can buy MECHANICS' TOOLS, MILLWORK, BUILDERS' HARDWARE, VEHICLE HARDWARE, FARM MACHINERY, FARM NECESSITIES, GASOLINE ENGINES, CEMENT BLOCK MACHINES, PAINTS AND PLUMBERS' SUPPLIES, BLACKSMITH SUPPLIES, SALES, SCALES, DAIRY SUPPLIES, TELEPHONES, PUMPS, ROOFING, FENCING, POULTRY NETTING AND EVERYTHING found in hardware stores and farm implement houses of us at 1/4 to 1/2 less than what you would pay your home dealer for the same goods. If you pay him \$2.00 for an article you could buy it of us for \$1.50 or less and if you pay him \$10.00 for a bill of goods you could buy it of us for \$7.50 or less. This wonderful saving you can make by sending your orders for hardware and farm machinery to us. Don't take our word for it but find out. JUST WRITE US A POSTAL OR LETTER TO DAY SAYING "SEND ME YOUR FREE, HARDWARE AND FARM MACHINERY CATALOG" and when you receive it make out a list of the goods you need and go to your local hardware or farm implement store and find out their price for the goods. Then look in our catalog and see what our prices are. If you cannot save a lot of money by sending to us patronize your home dealer for we do not want to sell you goods unless we can save you money. SEE OUR WONDER PRICES. Bridging telephones \$9.55, Stanley's No. 45 combination plane \$5.85, 24 in. circular saw \$5.07, 28 piece tool set \$7.10, 15 in. farm bells \$1.05, platform scales \$6.77, 300 lb. safe \$15.97, 2-gal. 6-gal. front doors \$2.30, 26 in. farm fencing 15¢ a rod, 12 in. poultry netting 15¢ ft. 70¢ rubber roofing 10¢ sq. ft. \$1.15 bath tub \$5.45, force pumps \$2.50, farm forges \$4.95, buggy tops \$5.90, Sarven wheels \$7.35 set, corn shells \$5.25, feed cutters \$2.10, roller mills \$1.40, sweep foot mill \$14.25, wood saw frames \$11.40, farming mills \$11.40, tank heaters \$2.21, feed trucks \$2.75, cement separators \$28.75, cement block machines \$5.33 up and every other line of goods sold in hardware and farm implement stores at equally low prices. WRITE for our Special Hardware and Farm Implement catalog today.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO., Madison Street CHICAGO

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

Letters of Thanks

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I wish to thank all for their every kindness. We shut-ins know how to appreciate kind letters, cards and quilt scraps. I am still a great sufferer and have been for twenty-five years. Do not forget me entirely dear friends; it is such a comfort to receive messages from the outside world and to know someone thinks of you. As ever your well wisher, L. R. UNDERHILL, Barlow, Ky.

MY DEAR SISTERS: I paid a letter visit to these columns some months ago, and I have heard from several and here I am to thank those who remembered me. I am a great sufferer, confined to the bed and need cheering up. I do so much enjoy the many letters, also the whole magazine which is a very valuable paper. I hope you are all well and I shall be very glad to hear from as many as can or would like to cheer a bedridden shut-in. Letters and remembrances mean very much to me. I will look forward with great pleasure to a visit from the many kind friends and readers, for the Lord will reward all who are kind to His afflicted. With all good wishes and hopes for a reminder of you all in my mail. MISS ANNA W. REIF, 1340 Aisquith St., Baltimore, Md.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS: My thanks for past favors are tardy, but please forgive me as I have been a general wreck from nervous breakdown. This is a beautiful day but as the sunlight dances down through the trees some of the leaves begin to show yellow. The winter is approaching but though it is a time of death and decay, yet it is beautiful, as nature is in every season. Life is our active season and the change called death is simply the passing from earthly trials to rest and repose. The glorious life beyond will be all love and joy to those who love and obey the Lord. This page does me much good and letters from any who care to write me will ever be welcome. MRS. BEN P. CUNNINGHAM, Box 18, Galena, R. D. 1, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: May I come again to thank the dear, kind sisters and all who so kindly answered my request for the song in a letter in the March '08 issue of COMFORT, also the many helpful, interesting letters. I should have liked very much to have answered all personally, but my slender purse would not permit. To the many who ask for a description of myself I will say I was twenty-three years old last July, have blue eyes and auburn hair, am five feet eight inches tall and weigh one hundred and twenty-eight pounds. Have been married nine years last December, and am the mother of four children, three of whom are living. Mrs. Winifred Hissey, Imperial, Pa. I agree with you in regard to inferring little children of their sacred person. How many mistakes have been accounted for by saying, "I did not know," or, "You never told me," some even go so far as to say, "If mother had told me sooner a world of misery to us both might have been saved." I would like to correct.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

EVERY LADY READ THIS.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhoea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

Highest prices paid for Skunk and other furs. Write M. J. Jewett & Sons, Redwood, N. Y., Dept. 6.

ASTHMA—I want to tell all who are afflicted with ASTHMA, what cured me after 46 years of suffering. G. F. ALEXANDER, 45 Exchange St., Portland, Me.

FREE YOUR CHOICE

Solid Gold Filled & Absolutely Guaranteed to Wear Ten Years. All We Ask of You Is to Distribute Only 4 Packages of Our Beautiful Gold Glazed and Embossed Post Cards. These rings are not the cheap gold washed kind, but genuine guaranteed gold filled rings; they are beautifully engraved and of the latest design. They are rings that anyone would be proud to wear and will last a lifetime with proper care.

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY, just your name and address and we will send you at once 4 packages of the most beautiful gold glazed embossed post cards you ever saw to distribute on our special plan to four people, collecting 25c from each, making \$1.00 altogether. It will send you a few minutes to do this as our plan is the most liberal you ever heard of. Send us the \$1.00 collected and we will send you your choice of any of the above rings at once, absolutely free of charge. Write for the cards and full particulars TODAY. It costs nothing to try. Address D. DAVIS, Manager, Ring Dept. 52, CHICAGO, ILL.

No More Gray or Faded Hair

"You'd never think I stained my hair, after I used Mrs. Potter's Hair Restorer. The stain doesn't hurt the hair as dyes do, but makes it grow out fluffy." Send for a Trial Package To-day. It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, doesn't rub off, contains no poisonous dyes, sulphur, lead or copper. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle should last you a year. Price, \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by first-class druggists everywhere, or by mail on receipt of price. We guarantee satisfaction. Send us 25 cents, (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain sealed wrapper with valuable booklet on hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 1017 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE American Movement Watch, Gold Plated case warranted correct time keeper and a Gold Filled Ring, with a Sparkling Gem given free for mailing 20 packages of BLUINE at 10c each. Write for them. When sold send us the \$2.00 and we send Gold Watch and Ring. BLUINE MFG. CO., 361 Mill Street, Concord, Mass.

25 Christmas and New 10c Years Post Cards Richly colored, glossy, with gold and silver backgrounds, etc. Finest and most beautiful published this season. All colored. No cheap, trashy cards. All illustrated. Worth 3 to 10c each. Sent prepaid with catalog, largest and cheapest post card house in the world. Agents wanted. LUCAS & CO., 361 Lucas Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED Sell our Big \$1.00 bottle Sarsaparilla for 50 cents. 200 Per Cent Profit. Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Complies with pure drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms. F. R. GREENE, 39 Lake St., Chicago

PILES If you are afflicted with piles in any form write for a FREE trial treatment of Infallible Pile Tablets, and you will ever bless the day you read this. Infallible Tablet Co., Dept. 73 Marshall, Mich.

OLD COINS: \$5.75 paid for each date 1853 Quarters. We pay a cash premium on hundreds of old coins. Keep all money coined before 1860, and send it at once for our New Illustrated Coin Value Book—size 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. D. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Le Roy, N.Y.

20 Christmas Post Cards 10c No Two Alike—Latest Designs Lovely assortment of 20 Artistic Christmas, New Year and Flowers in exquisite colors, all for only 10 cents if you answer this ad immediately. J. H. Seymour, 160 W. Eighth St., Topeka, Kan.

RHEUMATISM

Let Me Send You a Dollar's Worth of the Great Michigan External Remedy Which is Curing Thousands to Try Free. Just

Sign and Mail My Coupon



FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Sec'y.

Let us cure your Rheumatism (no matter where located, how severe, or whether it is chronic, acute, muscular, sciatic, lumbago or gout) with our powerful, yet harmless Magic Foot Drafts. They have even cured cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, where baths and doctors and medicine failed.

Just sign and mail the coupon below. Return mail will bring you prepaid a regular \$1 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan cure for every kind of Rheumatism—chronic or acute—muscular, sciatic, lumbago or gout—To Try FREE. Then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received send us One Dollar. If not, keep your money. You are the judge, and we take your word. We know what Magic Foot Drafts are doing, for we send them everywhere, and wait for our pay until the work is done. Let us send you a pair. Valuable illustrated booklet free with the Trial Drafts. Send no money—just the coupon. Do it today—now.



This \$1.00 Coupon FREE

Good for a regular \$1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts to be sent Free to Try (as explained above) to

Name.....

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Mail this coupon to Magic Foot Draft Company, 1156 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

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FREE VERY CHEAP TRANSPORTATION

Quickly build up population along the Washington and Choctaw Railroad, in new reservation just thrown open, we will sell a little of our 100,000 acres of \$25 and \$50 lands for \$17.50 per acre.

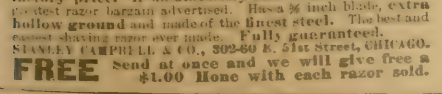
Magnificent opportunity for settlers, investors and speculators; easy terms as low as \$1 per month; any size tract from 10 acres up; Gulf Coast Land the most productive in the world; 10 acres will yield an income of \$5,000 a year; don't buy lands anywhere until you investigate this; send us your name a postal card will do, and we will send you complete details, also a railroad pass free.

WASHINGTON & CHOCTAW LAND CO., 5116 TIMES BLDG., ST. LOUIS, MO.



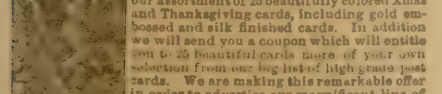
Send No Money. Just your name and address and we will send you this fine CAMPELL razor postpaid for a free trial. If you like it 10 days you are fully satisfied, send us \$1.45, our factory price. If unsatisfactory send it back. This is the greatest razor bargain advertised. Has a 3 inch blade, extra hollow ground and made of the finest steel. The best and lowest shaving razor ever made. Fully guaranteed.

STANLEY CAMPELL & CO., 329-340 E. 4th Street, CHICAGO. Send at once and we will give free a FREE \$1.00 Bone with each razor sold.



50 BEAUTIFUL XMAS CARDS 10c

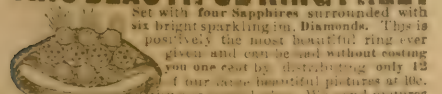
Send us 10c and we will send you, postpaid, our assortment of 25 beautifully colored Xmas and Thanksgiving cards, including gold embossed and silk finished cards. In addition we will send you a coupon which will entitle you to 25 beautiful cards more of your own selection from our big list of high grade post cards. We are making this remarkable offer in order to advertise our magnificent line of postcards. Remember every card is printed in beautiful colors. You get almost \$1.50 worth of post cards for 10c. Our big catalog free with every order. Meyer Art Co., Bonaventure Dept. E52 Chicago



THIS BEAUTIFUL RING FREE!

Set with four diamonds surrounded with six brilliant sparkling in diamonds. This is positively the most beautiful ring ever given and can be had without cost.

Choose from our assortment of 12 14 carat gold and diamond rings. We send pictures at once, and you can select and order. Please hurry, as our stock is limited. CAPITAL ART CLUB, Dept. 98, Topeka, Kan.



YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry for Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of those who do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Bowler, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

late because wife had gone round the corner to cast a vote. Man, up to the present time, has hogged all the good things in this world, and the little conceited, bewhiskered animal has got it into his mush box that woman who has always been his superior infinitely, was the weaker vessel, and being weaker also the inferior. It's only sex jealousy that has kept woman back, and why, pray, should there be any jealousy between the sexes? Neither sex can get along without the other, they are indeed part of each other and when they are true, good men and women, they idolize and worship each other and are one flesh. If a woman commits murder she is hanged by laws which she has had no hand in making. This applies also to all other crimes. When there is a war, she has to supply the soldiers, and if it came to a pinch she would be ready to shoulder a musket, too. The man may be the bread winner, but it is the poor woman who has to make the paltry ten or twelve dollars a week that he earns do the work of twenty or thirty. Why shouldn't woman be allowed to vote the saloon off the face of the earth when it is her husband and her boys who are made drunkards and wrecks by the rum traffic. It's an outrage that she should have to conform to and obey laws in the making of which she has had no hand. She is taxed, too, without representation.

I know there are some women who don't want to vote and think that the men are quite capable and able to run the affairs of the nation to the satisfaction of all. If that is the case then why are the masses of our people today being crushed under the iron heel of relentless and cruel monopolists? Why have we no parcel's post, no postal savings banks, no old age pensions? Why have we tens of thousands of child slaves being done to death in mine and factory? Why have we tens of thousands of women in filthy sweat shops who ought to be home attending to their children? Why have we tens of thousands of white women slaves spreading disease and polluting the land? Why are we compelled to submit to the blight of Cannibalism and Aldrichism, political despots who rule our land in the interest of gluttonous wealth? And so it could go on indefinitely. If women don't want to vote, they don't have to. There are a great many men now who have the privilege of voting, and never vote. Perhaps it is as well, for most of them vote wrong when they do vote. After the war there were slaves who did not want to be free, but freedom came. But wait a little while until women do get a vote, and you will find all the rest of the women who opposed this movement, will be taking advantage of the ballot for which their more progressive sisters have fought. Never mind the don'ts, they cut no figure in this workaday world, it's the do's that make for progress, and lift the world to higher things. It is all right to say that directly women get a vote they'll neglect their home duties and hang around street corners like the bum male political heelers do. Women are not built that way. Every worthy woman loves her home, husband and children, and as soon as she casts her vote she will be right back, attending to her duties, while hub is around at the saloon directing the universe, and directing it wrong over a high ball of snake-cure whiskey. One woman wrote and told me that women should not vote because wife and husband might hold different political views, and get quarrelling. Now, that's the very reason to my mind, why women should vote. A healthy discussion of political and economic subjects in the home between man and wife would be the salvation of this country. The man will have to read and think, something he seldom does today, for most people allow the newspapers to do their thinking for them, and nearly all the newspapers are controlled by the monied interests and the editor has to do as he is told or lose his job. We want healthy discussions in the home. I know that my mother was infinitely more capable of casting a vote than my father was, and I guess that's the case with most homes, and most of you boys I feel sure are willing to admit it. I want the women to vote because I know they will vote right. There are lots of reforms that have been hanging fire for years to our eternal disgrace that will go through with a bang, directly women get a vote. There are millions of women today who earn their own living, and are doing as much for the welfare of the nation as the men. Women know what is best for women and children and women and children comprise about seventy per cent. of our population. God speed the day I say when the woman uses the ballot, and bet your life she will use it right, and use it for the good of the very men who are trying to keep it from her. Our political linen is dirty and reeks with filth, graft and corruption. Only women can wash it clean.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aims and objects, the following facts will be of interest. The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League, provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber, but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, without further expense. Be sure to state whether you are a new or an old subscriber. Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's yearly subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. No premium will be given those sending in members for the League.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League numbering over thirty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a year's subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary.

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17-JEWEL ELGIN only

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Special Notice
 Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once, so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine**, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for November

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Positively no appeals for help inserted, unless accompanied by written references from a physician, minister or local postmaster. Letters unaccompanied by references will be destroyed unread.

Mrs. Sarah M. Howell (54), Gainesboro, Tenn. Bedridden twenty years. Send her cheery letters and good reading. James Gilliam, Klondike, Tenn. Helpless and poor. Worthily of your aid. R. S. Haynie, 1111 Oak St., Kansas City, Mo. Invalid. Wants cheery letters, and grateful for any help. Mrs. J. H. Carrington, West Point, Ga. Poor woman with five children. An operation might cure her. Who'll help? Mrs. Libble Rangler, Continental, Ohio. Shut-in. Poor and very worthy. Finest references. Give her of your best. Miss Alice Kinney, Melber, R. D. 2, McCracken Co., Ky. Shut-in. Great sufferer. Wants cheery letters and postals. No financial help needed. Mrs. J. G. Dunn, Arley, Ala. Is unable to use her wheel chair. Will sacrifice it. Is not adjustable. If you write in close stamp. Mrs. Lily Borquin, Sawtelle, Cal. Invalid, with family of small children—grateful for any help, clothes, etc. Mrs. Jennie West, Waynesboro, Miss. Suffers agonies from asthma. Might be cured if she could get West. Will anyone help her get there? Eli S. Caylor, Townsend, Tenn. Helpless shut-in. Fine references. Wants cheery letters; put something in them. Mrs. M. E. Smith, Inwood, Iowa. Partial shut-in. Wants cheery letters. No financial aid needed. Annie C. Brown (74), Woman's Hospital, 232 South 10th St., San Jose, Cal. Send this dear old soul some cheery letters. Lydia Brinkley (11), 408 8th Ave. S. E., Roanoke, Va. Tuberculosis of bones. Helpless. References fine. Send postals, picture books, cheery letters and dime shower. Mrs. Mary A. Barle, Critz, Va. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

HARNESS-HORSE GOODS-WHOLESALE PRICES

THIS HARNESS \$19.50 UP
 DOUBLE HARNESS \$13.50 UP

Write today for our Big Free Harness Catalog, which describes, illustrates and price lists the largest assortment in the world of fine made harness, saddles and horse goods of all kinds. Free of charge.

Our harnesses are full size, stylish, handsome and extra strong, cut from oak tanned extra choice packers heavy steer hides, all parts exactly uniform in thickness, weight and strength, strongly and artistically sewed, reinforced with extra heavy leather and two or three ply where greatest strain comes. We sell **SINGLE HARNESS \$5.50 UP** Double Harness \$13.50 up.

For harness \$9.50 up, Men's Saddles \$2.65 up, Boys' Saddles \$2.60 up, Ladies' Saddles \$4.27 up, and correspondingly low prices for horse goods and horse findings of all kinds. Rush lap robes \$2.25 up, horse blankets 68c up. We guarantee our harness one year and ship it at our risk, subject to customer's approval. Write for our harness catalog and see our low prices, liberal terms, long time guarantee and safe delivery guarantee, which protects customers absolutely against loss.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. CHICAGO

FREE This ELEGANT LADY'S GOLD-INITIAL WATCH

Any Lady or Girl Can Have One if She Writes to Us at Once. This is the latest and most elegant watch ever offered by any premium house. High-grade American stem wind and stem set, a perfect timepiece, lady's size, fully warranted. Your own initial in gold lettering. A beautiful chain with each watch. All we ask of you is to send your name at once. We then send you, all charges paid, 12 packages of our beautifully colored and artistic Post Cards, all different, to be among your friends, who will be sure to thank you for the gift.

Return in the 60 days and send your name and address to **WATCH HEADQUARTERS, 508 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.** You receive both premiums without one cent of cost. Year after year you can win more and more if you prefer. Address at once **WATCH HEADQUARTERS, 508 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.**

WE WILL GIVE THIS RIFLE TO ANY BOY FOR ABOUT 10 MINUTES OF HIS TIME.

This is positively the greatest premium offer ever made by a reliable firm. This rifle is made of the best grade of steel, finely nickel-plated with polished walnut stock. It is full size (nearly a yard long) and is fitted with the latest improved sights, making it an accurate as well as a powerful shooter. Just the thing for hunting small game, such as birds, squirrels, etc.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO to get this rifle is distribute **Only Four Beautiful Multi-Colored Art Pictures** among four of your friends on a liberal plan, collecting only 25c from each one. This will make only \$1.00 altogether. When you have collected the \$1.00 send it to us and we will forward the rifle at once, also a supply of shot absolutely free. Don't delay but write at once as we are giving out extra presents to all who take advantage of this offer promptly. We absolutely guarantee satisfaction. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just send your name and address and we will send you the pictures and complete outfit at once. Address **DAVIS BROS. PUB. CO., Picture Dept. 52M2, Chicago**

Consumption Book

200 PAGE MEDICAL BOOK ON CONSUMPTION FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the **Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 3315 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.**, and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait until it is too late. Don't wait until it is too late. Don't wait until it is too late.

FOR ONLY \$3.75 A Genuine \$5.00 Gold Watch

In every appearance, elegantly engraved. Durable. Huesing Case. Fitted with an accurate stem wind, high grade Ruby Jeweled movement. Guaranteed for 25 Years.

Sent for free examination anywhere. Just give name, address and express office, saying whether ladies' or gents' watch is wanted. If you find it equal in appearance to a \$5.00 gold watch, pay the agent \$3.75 and express charge, and the watch is yours. We send, besides, an elegant chain and charm.

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BE A DOCTOR OF MECHANOTHERAPY

Earn \$3000 to \$5000 yearly. Wonderful new system of Drugless Healing taught by mail. Greatly superior and simpler than Osteopathy. Dignified profession for men and women. Authorized diploma to graduates. Special terms now. Write today for Prospectus free.

American College of Mechanotherapy, Dept. 786, 128-122 Randolph St., Chicago.

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Write for 10 packages of our very artistic silk and gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the \$1 when ordered and we will send you by return mail this beautiful Gold Ring set with sparkling Rubies. Only an hour's easy work. Address: C. B. DELL, 415 Household Bld., TOPEKA, KAN.

OPIUM

Or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Confidential.

Dr. R. G. CONTELL, Successor to KARRIS INSTITUTE, Room 558 400 W. 234 St., New York.

SALVE AGENTS

Bigger money for you. We have valuable information for every Salve Agent. Write TODAY for free particulars. State kind you are now selling. Address: CHAT CHEM. WORKS, Dept. 8 Box 270, Aurora, Illinois.

DIABETES CURED. For particulars send FULL DESCRIPTION of your case to **C. COVEY, R. D. 5 LANSING, MICHIGAN.**

FITS Epilepsy cured. Send for Free \$2.00 Bottle and Testimonials. A trial will convince you. Established 20 years.

SMITH & FINN, Dept. 6, Washington, D. C.

ALL FOUR RINGS

Given to anyone who sells 12 pieces of jewelry at 10c each and when sold sends us the money \$1.20. Send back any not sold. We trust you.

THE CARTER CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S POEMS AND SONG BOOK.

Poems, Cloth bound, 50 cents. Song Book, 30 cents. Address: UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

84 Cards for 10c

80 Best View Post Cards—The whole lot for only 10c sent postpaid. Send stamps or coin. Central Trading Co., McKimley Park, Dept. XX, Chicago, Ill.

A Blessing to Women! Bring Catalogue of Toilet and Rubber Necessities to your home. Address Desk M. Advanced M. O. House, 98 Market St., Chicago, Ill.

CANCER Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. Add. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

\$90 Monthly and expenses to Men and Women to advertise, leave samples and collect names. Write at once. **Silverton Co., D 19, Chicago.**

LADY SEWERS wanted to finish off shields at home: Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for particulars. **UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 29, Phila., Pa.**

YOUR OWN BIG DOLL

Yes, we want to GIVE you this beautiful, golden-haired doll. She is 2 1/2 feet tall, and you need not spend a cent of money to get her. But let us tell you more about this charming little lady: She cannot be broken, has cheeks like two pink roses, and with her big brown eyes and lips that look as if they wanted to be kissed, she will make you love her as soon as you see her. She is so big and fat that you will have to put her to bed in your own crib and dress her in your own outgrown clothes or some of the baby's. With a real child's dress on and a red bow that can't get lost or come untied in her bright curls, you will have a baby that all your little friends will admire and you will love her better than your other dolls, because she is the kind that won't break, lose her eyes or snarl her hair.

This doll is stamped in beautiful colors, on strong cloth, and mamma can sew her up on the machine in ten minutes. The printed directions will tell her how to make Miss Dolly so she will sit down, bend her arms and legs, and allow you to place her in all kinds of natural positions. She has on bright red shoes and black hosiery, and is the kind of doll your grandma used to play with, only the stuffed dolly of her day had no pretty face like a little live girl, her eyes, nose and mouth (and hair, if she had any) made with ink or a brush.

Now you want this pretty baby doll, don't you? We will send it to you if you will send us only 2 trial subscriptions to THE WELCOME GUEST at 10 cents each.

THE WELCOME GUEST, Dept. 52, Portland, Me.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Letters of Thanks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

respond with you. I was greatly attracted by your letter.

Now for a few hints which I hope will help. For a cold in children take three or four large onions and slice them in a bowl, sprinkle with sugar and let stand until it draws water, give a few teaspoonfuls at a time; it won't hurt them and no damage of too much.

For cold blisters on the lips touch often with camphor, if taken in time will prevent them getting large.

To the girls, love your mothers, dears, while they are here for when they are gone we can never recall them and we oftentimes think how many steps we might have saved them. It's easy to neglect them while they are here, but when they're gone it is not so easy to forget what we might have done. We know not how to love her till the green grass grows above her.

I want to thank all who sent me postals and religious papers. I enjoyed them greatly.

Dear Uncle Charlie, how patient he must be and what a great, good, kind heart he must have to forget himself in helping others.

I am so sorry for the shut-ins and wish I could do something to help them.

Mrs. GRACE KUHU, Osnaburg, R. D. 2, Ohio.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I wish to thank you all for the many kindly letters I received in response to my request a couple of months ago, about farming land.

We have not decided about any land yet, it will be a hard matter to make a choice between so many good places.

I have a lot of good cooking recipes and home candles and will be glad to render anyone a favor if they inclose stamp. Thanking you all again, I remain your Comfort sister.

Mrs. B. BECK, 4704 Michigan Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Goose in German Style

Scrub a dressed goose with hot water, then parboil, an effectual way to remove part of the oil from the skin. After this drain, dry with a soft towel, flatten the breast bone by striking with a rolling pin, then rub the fowl both inside and out with salt, pepper, sage, sweet marjoram and thyme, and leave over night. In the morning stuff with a dressing made as follows: One cup softened bread crumbs, two sour apples chopped fine, a handful of stoned raisins, one mealy potato, rice, a generous lump of butter and salt to taste. Mix thoroughly. If preferred one chopped boiled onion may be substituted in place of raisins. If the goose is young allow twenty minutes to the pound for roasting. If quite oily as soon as a considerable amount has been extracted by the heat, take the pan from the oven and pour off the oil, then dredge the goose with flour, add a little water to the pan and baste frequently. Mrs. ALMA KNORR.

Roast Turkey

After it is nicely plucked and drawn, wash thoroughly, adding a little soda to the wash water. To a fourteen pound turkey take a small loaf of bread, crumb fine, add half a pound of fat pork chopped fine, one fourth pound butter, pepper, salt and enough boiling water to moisten stuff and sew strongly. Keep the oven at an even heat and baste frequently.

Baked Squash

For holiday dinners no vegetables look prettier than baked Hubbard squash or pumpkins. Two medium-sized, round squashes should be selected. One cut up and baked with butter, pepper and salt in the usual way. Put the other in a hot oven just long enough to brown evenly. Using the stem for a handle, cut the top neatly from this second squash and save it for a lid.

Scoop out the contents of this squash and save for pie. Cut the baked squash from its rind and fill the squash shell. Serve with the top on and one will have a very toothsome and attractive dish.

Apple and Cranberry Jelly

Wash apples, cut into quarters and stew skins, cores and all together. Wash and pick over cranberries and put into a large kettle in the proportion of one third cranberries to two thirds apples, add three times the amount of water, boil slowly until the apples are soft mass, then strain through a jelly bag, add equal parts of sugar and boil down as usual.

Surprise Salad

Scoop out a medium-sized, well-shaped cabbage and decorate the outside with alternate rows of cranberries stuck on toothpicks, and cloves until well covered. Fill the inside with chopped cabbage, celery and nuts. Use a mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce leaves.

Mashed Sweet Potatoes

Bake the potatoes, cut in halves lengthwise and carefully scoop out. Mash, adding butter, pepper and salt, and enough cream or milk to make creamy. Return to shells, heap in lightly and place in a hot oven to slightly brown.

Potato Croquette

Two cups mashed potatoes, two tablespoonfuls cream, one teaspoonful onion juice or small finely chopped onion, salt, dash nutmeg, yolk of two eggs, one tablespoonful butter, some chopped parsley, dash of cayenne. Beat eggs then add potato and other ingredients. Mix and put in sauce pan and thoroughly heat. Let cool then form into cones. Roll in egg, then bread crumbs and fry in hot fat. This amount will make twelve croquettes.

Stuffed Onions

Boil large Bermuda onions until nearly soft, then remove the inside, leaving a shell. Chop the inside with three cooked sausages, one hard-boiled egg, two tablespoonfuls bread crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, one tablespoonful of butter, few drops catsup and little chopped parsley. Fill the shell with this mixture, sprinkle cracker crumbs on top and over all a small thin slice of bacon. Cook one half hour in good oven.

Kentucky Pudding

Fill a deep baking pan with alternate layers of bread crumbs, finely chopped apple and well floured seeded raisins. When layer of crumbs is used add small lump of butter, little nutmeg and sugar. Have top layer bread crumbs. Make a rich custard of three beaten eggs, one half cup of sugar and one cup hot milk. Add the sugar to the milk and pour over the eggs then pour over the pudding and bake thirty minutes. When baked cover with white of eggs, slightly brown.

Easy Fruit Cake

One cup butter, one cup sugar, one cup molasses, one cup milk, one cup raisins, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonful of mixed spices, three cups flour. Cream butter and sugar, add egg, then molasses with soda stirred in it, then milk and spices. Flour the fruit well and add last.

Delicious Mince Meat

Four pounds of meat boiled tender, three pounds suet, three pounds raisins, two of currants, two of citron, one of dates, six pounds brown sugar, one half peck apples, one ounce of cinnamon, one quarter ounce mace, one ounce nutmeg. To this add liquid ingredients according to one's taste and principles, about a quart and a half will be necessary.

Kerosene or Coal Oil

For CONSUMPTION.—If eight or ten drops are taken three or four times daily in a little sarsaparilla in the first stages of this disease, cures have often resulted. A cloth saturated with kerosene and bound around the chest at night will remove the lung soreness caused by coughing.

Croup—Take ten or twelve drops on loaf sugar every three or four hours, and also rub the chest and neck with it.

Croup—Give same treatment only smaller doses according to age of the sufferer.

Toothache—Wet cotton and place in aching tooth.

BURNS—Cloths saturated with kerosene and applied will give immediate relief.

BURNS AND CORNS—Inflammation and pain will

STEEL RANGES \$12.65 UP BASE BURNERS \$17.95 UP

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. If you are thinking of buying a cook stove, a heating stove, a range or any kind of a stove, we have a proposition to make whereby we will send you any stove or range in our catalog without any money in advance and allow you to inspect it 5 days in your home before any money is sent to us, and then we extend to **30 DAY FREE TRIAL** offer that it will suit you. Our stoves are big, full size, full weight, best in the world, made of strongest, finest stove plate, fitted together as closely and accurately as a watch case. They cook, bake and heat perfectly, produce more heat with less fuel, and distribute heat where needed better than any other stove made, regardless of name, make or price; will not crack or warp under greatest heat pressure. Our prices are lowest, one half your home dealers prices.

COOK STOVES \$5.75 UP. Steel Ranges \$12.65 up, Oak Heaters \$3.95 up, Hot Blast Heaters \$5.50 up, Air Tight Heaters \$8.95 up, oil, gas, gasoline stoves, laundry stoves, ovens, radiators, stove pipes and stove goods of all kinds at equally low prices.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR GREAT, SPECIAL STOVE CATALOG and read in full about these wonderful, no money-in-advance, five day inspection and 30 day free trial offers, see the marvelous, beautiful descriptions and see the fine pictures of our fine made cook stoves, ranges, heaters and stoves of all kinds, for all purposes. **JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150-151 West Madison Street CHICAGO**

polish every stove before shipment and guarantee safe delivery.

BIG SPECIAL JEWELRY CATALOGUE FREE

If you intend to buy a watch or a diamond, or silverware or jewelry of any kind, and if you want to buy it at half your home jewelry dealers' price, then send us a postal or letter saying "SEND ME YOUR FREE SPECIAL JEWELRY CATALOGUE" and by return mail we will send you our great and wonderful watch, jewelry and silverware catalogue, which describes a magnificent assortment of **5000 WATCHES AT 87c** Waltham, etc., and a bewildering assortment of exquisite articles of jewelry comprising everything sold in large city jewelry stores. We are real headquarters for silverware, solid and plated, at wonderfully low prices; marvelously out prices on lamps, clocks, cut glass, etc. We also present complete lines of SPECTACLES, FIELD AND OPERA GLASSES, microscopes, thermometers, and optical goods of all kinds at half your home dealers' prices. Write today for our great Jewelry Catalogue and see our beautiful illustrations, our liberal trial offers, and unparalleled cut prices. If you are a CHINAWARE, tableware or crockery of any kind write for our Free Special Catalogue and see the thousands of wonderful bargains. Dinner Sets \$3.00 up. Toilet Sets \$1.37 up, fancy China of all kinds. 15 JEWELRY, 15 CHINAWARE, 15 CROCKERY, 15 TABLEWARE, 15 GLASSWARE, 15 SILVERWARE, 15 OPTICAL GOODS, 15 LAMPS, 15 CLOCKS, 15 CUT GLASS, 15 SPECTACLES, 15 FIELD AND OPERA GLASSES, 15 MICROSCOPES, 15 THERMOMETERS, 15 OPTICAL GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150-151 W. MADISON ST. CHICAGO

be reduced after a few applications. Care should be used and the oil only applied to callouses or otherwise blisters will be caused. Corns can be entirely removed by continuous applications.

RHEUMATISM.—Frequently rubbing affected parts with kerosene will give relief in many cases.

DIPHTHERIA ON THE THROAT.—External and internal use is effective in reducing the inflammation.

POISONS.—Kerosene is excellent for external use resulting from vegetable poisons.

FOR THE SCALP.—A little kerosene with three times the amount of glycerine is recommended by one reader, as excellent for cleaning the scalp and removing dandruff.

Remedies Requested

For Indigestion

Take the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and stirred into a wineglassful of cold water. It should be taken after each meal.

Every month I am sure to find something that I want to know in COMFORT. In answer to the question, how to reduce flesh, I send the following remedy: One half ounce marmala, one half ounce fluid cascarilla aromatic, and three and one half ounces peppercorn water. Directions for taking, one teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime. It does not disturb the stomach or wrinkle the face.

DELLIE TAYLOR, Pittsfield, Maine.

Miss Voth asks letters written in German for her mother, who has had a severe illness, she cannot read English, but some such letters would also be welcome, especially from folks of German descent. Address: Mrs. MARY VOTH, Box 29, Parker, R. D. 4, S. Dak.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

JOHN M. SMYTH COMPANY'S BIG 1200 PAGE CATALOGUE FREE TO YOU.

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SEND TODAY Our brand new FALL AND WINTER Great 1200 page CATALOGUE IS NOW READY and we want to give you one of them, therefore, fill in the application coupon below and mail it to us, and we will send you the catalog by return mail free with our compliments. This wonderful catalog represents five million dollar stocks of goods, is 8 1/2 inches in size, 2 inches thick, contains 1200 large pages, illustrates over 200,000 articles and gives over 300,000 descriptions and wholesale prices.

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BOOK COSTS US \$1.00. This great book costs us \$1.00 to print and mail. (Postage alone is 20c) Yet IT'S FREE TO YOU. All we ask is that you fill out and mail the coupon applied with 15c to partly pay the postage, and with the catalog we will send a 15c due bill to apply as cash on your first order of us of \$3.00 or more. We ask this simply as a safeguard against irresponsible people who would order the catalog through curiosity if we did not establish this protection. THE COUPON IS THE SAME AS CASH, always GOOD ANY TIME FOR 15 cents IN TRADE ON ANY \$3.00 or over order you send us.

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This is one of the finest assortments ever offered at such a low price. Includes Santa Claus, Turkey, Holly Cards, and many other appropriate subjects, beautifully embossed in gold, with greenery. \$1.00 worth of cards for only 10c postpaid. Write today—you will be astonished at this wonderful bargain. Our bargain Post-Card Catalogue FREE with every order. If your order reaches us after Thanksgiving Day we send all Christmas and New Year's Cards. Order today. Reference—Chicago City Bank. Address: **DAVIS BROS., Christmas Post-Card Dept. B-2 Chicago, Ill.**

SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER.

Wise Words to Sufferers

From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.

I WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Waters), displacement or falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address **MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.**, for the FREE TREATMENT and FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS: I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectively cures Leucorrhoea, and wherever you live I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and makes women well. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

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TO TRY FREE

Just Send Us the Coupon

Don't Neglect Piles, or the itching, burning sensation that tells you they are coming. A true case of Piles never cures itself, but leads to the dreaded fistula and cancer. Dr. Van Vleck's Great 3-Fold Absorption Remedy is curing thousands in every stage of this cruel disease, and every sufferer is hereby invited to try without cost a full \$1 package.

"There's Relief in Every Package."

Just fill in and mail the coupon to us. Return (in plain wrapper). Then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send us One Dollar. If not, it costs you nothing. You decide and we take your word. This treatment is curing some of the worst chronic on record, after a lifetime of suffering, as well as all the milder stages; will you try it without cost. Then write your name and address plainly on this coupon and mail it to us. Send no money—just the coupon. Don't delay—Do it now.



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Mail this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 1156 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring the \$1 Package on Trial.

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I have made new and important discoveries in the cure of Rupture and for the next 30 days I will give every ruptured person who follows these directions a chance to try this remarkable Home Cure, FREE.

Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture. Answer the questions and mail this to

DR. W. S. RICE, 747 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.

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Does rupture pain? Do you wear a Truss?



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Beautiful Signet Ring Gold Filled 12c. With any Initial Hand Engraved Free. Warranted 3 years. Sent by return mail. VANCE CO., 48 W. 8th St., N. Y. Beautiful Colored Art Post Cards with Full Name 10c embossed in Gold on each. ART CO., 48 W. 8th St., N. Y.

HOROSCOPE: Life read as revealed by planets. Send birthdate and 15 cents. PROF. L. ZANDT, BOX 865, PORTLAND, ME.

Uncle Charlie's Poems Cloth bound, 50c. Song Book, 30c. Address, UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

22 VERY FINE POST CARDS 10c. Choice Birthday and Flower Cards, Roses, Pansies, etc. Beautiful colors. Not the cheap kind. CAPITAL CLUB, Dept. 26, TOPEKA, KAN.

MARRY Universal Letter Writer FREE to unmarried people on love, courtship, etc. Particulars. H. A. HORTON, Dept. E., Tekonsha, Mich.

PILES Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Balm to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address Dr. E. M. Botot, Box 709, Augusta, Maine.

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LADIES \$1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my great successful "MONTHLY" remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 30 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail \$1.50. Double strength, \$3.00. Dr. W. J. Southington R. Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

Invalid and husband injured. Need help and clothing. Well recommended. Willie H. Harlow, Cove City, Ky. Would like cheery letters, and postals. Will reply to all who include stamps. Miss Mary C. Emmons, Lawrence, Kans. Shut-in. Wants cheery letters and postals. J. D. McLenon, Guilford, Fla. Shut-in. Grateful for any help. Flora Barrett, Piqua, Ky. Would like cheery letters and postals. Wm. J. Rattry, 859 Clark St., Toledo, Ohio. Invalid, grateful for any help. Miss Fanny Brown, Hawkeye, Mo. Wants flower seeds, and cheery letters. Callie D. Barefoot, Four Oaks, R. D. 2, N. C. Has silkline quilt covers for sale, one dollar and fifty cents each. Mrs. Sallie Davis, Acworth, R. D. 3, Ga. Shut-in. Wants cheery letters. Florence Thompson, Oxford, Maine. Delicate girl, threatened with consumption. Needs nourishing food. Mother an invalid. Send her money for eggs and milk. Mrs. J. D. Jamison, Dell Bottom, Ohio, wants to adopt a healthy colored girl of twelve to sixteen years of age. Will be given a good home. Mrs. Esther Standley, 118 High St., Hastings, Mich. Helpless shut-in. Husband died recently. Liable to lose her home. Sad case. Worthy of help, well recommended. Ida W. Rook, Altoona, Wilson Co., Kans. Invalid for twenty years. Entirely helpless. Requires constant care. Only a poor widowed sister to help her. Needs substantial aid. See she gets it. Ayton Shilt, Dillwin, Kans. Wants cheery letters, postals and good reading. Mrs. Ida Reynolds, Orland, Ga. Suffering mother with five small children. Can't walk. Needy case, but has not asked aid. Send her cheery letters, and anything that will bring sunshine into a suffering life. Mrs. L. E. Post, E. 28th St., Wabash R. R., Des Moines, Iowa. Helpless invalid, deserted by husband. Does fancy work. Pitiful case, very worthy. Help this brave soul to help herself. Miss Betty Clay, State Asylum, Hastings, Minn. Wants cheery letters and friends who will interest themselves in her. Educated, and writes exquisitely, and from letter, I should judge perfectly sane. Fletcher McGhee, Clinton, Tenn. Young man with broken back. Wants cheery letters and postals. Will answer all who include three cents for postage and stationery. Writes admirably. McNeal Williamson, Red Level R. D. 1, Ala. Poor boy of twelve crippled with rheumatism for eight years. On crutches. Thinks he could be cured if he could go to Hot Springs, Ark. Highly recommended. T. C. Sumler, Box 60, Christiansburg, R. D. 2, Va. Rheumatic. Can use his left arm only. Sells infant pins, ten cents.

Shut-ins, All of You Take Notice

This is the last time I shall ever tell any of you to send in references when you appeal for aid, or for wheel chairs. Not one in a hundred of you ever send references. A few of you foolishly give a dozen names of people and tell me to write to them, and find out all about your case. Now I might do that for one case, but if I have to do it for several hundred how can I do my work and earn my living. In the last three days I have written seventy-four letters that I need not have written had you obeyed our rules. I am tired of playing private secretary to indolent, thoughtless people. Now remember, I've gone on strike. After this, no references, no publicity. It is the height of ingratitude, when I am trying to help you to place every possible obstacle in my way. When you make your appeals, state your case briefly and to the point. I often have to wade through thirty pages studying over a letter before I know what you want. Shut-ins must make their own appeals, or sign appeals made for them.

A thousand thanks to the good souls who sent me birthday greetings, and a million thanks to the Kansas cousins who provided me with two beautiful cushions. Once more thank you and God bless you.

I hope you will all have a happy Thanksgiving. Lots of turkey and lots of pie, though I fear it will be stale bread and cold water for some of you. God bless and be with you all till we meet again next month and exchange Christmas greetings. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Remedies Requested

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

Sure Cure for Erysipelas

Mash cranberries into a pulp, spread on cloths and cover affected parts. When dry apply a fresh poultice. If taken at the start, two or three applications will effect a cure. Put berries next to the skin. Will some sister kindly send me Comfort for Jan. 1909. Mrs. Geo. Huffer, W. Laf., R. D. 11, Ind.

Quincy Sore Throat

Are any of the readers of this column troubled with the above? If so I know a simple, sure and safe cure—apply sliced onion in a poultice to the throat, then get a new clay pipe, boil same to remove the sting and dry, fill it with the thin dry outside skin of the onion and smoke same, inhaling the fumes as smokers do through the nose.

For Pneumonia

Melt three tablespoonfuls of fresh lard, steaming hot, remove from fire, then add two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, while hot draw heavy white flannel through same until saturated, apply hot as patient can stand, change flannel every fifteen minutes. This has been used by a great many I know and the result is as fine as the above.

For the Heart

Half a pint of the best brandy, one ounce each of fluid extract of prickly ash, spirits of red lavender, and extract of gaultheria. One teaspoonful in wineglass of sweetened water three times a day. Good.

A good home-made cure for the asthma is to procure mullein and sunflower leaves, dry them thoroughly in the stove oven and pulverize them, add a small pinch of saltpeter, place this mixture on a shovel, over some hot coals and inhale the fumes. It will relieve the disease as quickly as anything I know of. Also heating a shovel very hot and pouring vinegar on it or over hot coals, is equally good for the same trouble.

Miss Mary M. Brownson, 407 S. 2nd Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Indian Consumption Cure

No. 1.—One pint Holland gin, one pound dog grease, mixed.
No. 2.—One pound strained honey, one pint brandy, mixed.
Take one tablespoonful three times a day, first No. 1, then followed by one tablespoonful of No. 2.
Mrs. M. STEGALL, Oakland, Kan.

Egg Rupture Cure

Into a perfectly clean spider, no grease or butter, break fourteen newly laid eggs, put over a slow fire, stirring often, keep up for half a day or until the eggs are black and hard. Then tip the spider to one side, squeezing back the eggs with a spoon, the black oil is pure egg oil. Put this in clean salve box and when cold it will form a black ointment. To use begin and moisten a little closer in and so on daily until it spread it on the center. Every day spread it over the parts already moistened and a little nearer the center too, then keep putting all over until cured, while using this salve wear a good truss.

Miss M. VOTH, Box 20, Parker, E. D. 4, S. Dak.

Best Liniment Made for Man or Beast

Into one half pint of best alcohol dissolve ten cent cake of gum camphor, one half pint each of turpentine and strong cider vinegar, three tablespoonfuls best of saltpeter, two eggs, one will do beaten as ammonia, whites of two eggs, one will do beaten as stiffly as possible. Shake all together thoroughly, and strain every time used. There is nothing better for rheumatism, or for distemper or cough, bathe horses' throat well twice a day at the very outset and there will be no further trouble.

Ida S. BOWEN, Dewey, Wash.

Jewelry for Christmas Gifts on 8 MONTHS' CREDIT!

Send for Superb Jewelry Catalog—1200 Christmas Bargains



No. G7151. Solid Gold Lion Head Scarf Pin in Eos gold finish, ruby eyes and one perfectly cut diamond.



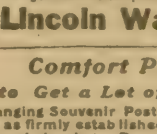
No. G2023. Unusually clear white, perfectly cut genuine diamond, set in a solid gold, round belcher mounting.



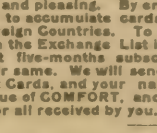
No. G6516. Gold filled locket, beautiful flower design, rose gold finish. Center of flower is set with a fine white stone.



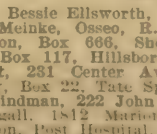
No. G3611. Hoop ring, bright polish, handsomely hand chased, set with selected genuine whole pearls.



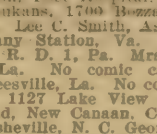
No. G2205. Sparkling, clear white, perfectly cut, genuine diamond, set in handsome, solid gold mounting.



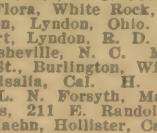
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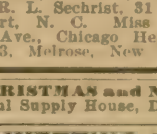
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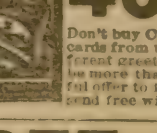
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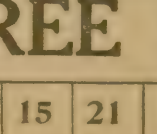
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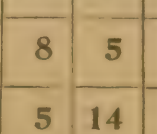
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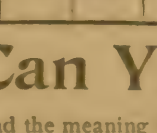
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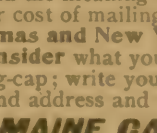
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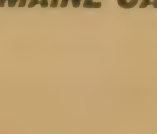
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Give Jewelry this coming Christmas! No gift expresses so much—none has such permanent value—none is so sure to please! We sell Jewelry of Quality at extraordinarily low prices—on 8 Months' Credit. You can give the Jewelry away while you are making the small monthly payments.

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Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send three trial ten-cent five-months subscriptions to COMFORT, and 30 cents for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

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TEN beautiful sample cards and our big FREE offer. Just to introduce we send all for 3 cents postage. Send POST CARD HOUSE, 273 BROADWAY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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MOST ASTONISHING OFFER!
Don't buy Christmas and New Year's Cards at the rate of two for 15c and 15c each when you can get cards from us just as good at about three for 15c. These cards are all beautifully colored, having different greetings, and some of them are beautifully illustrated with good. We guarantee they will be more than pleased with them. If not, you can get your money back. We are making this wonderful offer to introduce our bargain Catalogue of Christmas and New Year's novelties, which we send free with the cards. Order today. DAVIS BROS., Christmas Card Dept. A 52, CHICAGO.

FREE Christmas Cards FREE

25	15	21	12	12	9	11	5
20	8	5	3	1	18	4	19
19	5	14	4		14	15	23

This puzzle can be solved with a little study, as follows: There are 26 letters in the alphabet, and we have used the figures in spelling the six words instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, letter B is number 2, C is 3, etc., throughout the alphabet. Spell out the six words and mail them right away. Don't delay.

Can You Solve It?

Find the meaning hidden by the figures; send us your solution and 5 two-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling cards, and we will send you 25 Rich Gold and Silver, Christmas and New Year Cards.

Consider what you would have to pay for 25 high class post-cards. Then put on your thinking-cap; write your solution on a piece of paper, and mail it immediately with your full name and address and 5 two-cent stamps, or ten cents in silver.

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And Sympathy For Her Own Sex
Leads Her to Devote Her Life to
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TREATMENT FREE FOR THE ASKING

Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, the most widely-known lady physician in the world, now offers to you, sick and suffering, a FREE trial treatment, and the benefit of her long years of experience in scientifically treating leucorrhoea, displacement, ulceration or inflammation of the womb, disease of the ovaries, barrenness, profuse or painful menstruation, backache, bloating, nervous prostration, sick headaches and the many other ills so common to the sex. Middle-aged ladies passing through that painful and depressing period, the change of life, find relief. If you are suffering let the doctor help you. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY HER HOME TREATMENT. Write today describing your case fully. "A valuable medical pamphlet FREE to every woman applying for the free treatment."

Address DR. LUELLA MCKINLEY DERBYSHIRE, Box 502, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

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Without KNIFE or PAIN

No Pay until Cured.

No X-Ray or other swindle.

Absolutely GUARANTEED.

A Tumor, Lump or Sore on the lip, face or anywhere six months is Cancer. THEY NEVER PAIN until last stage.

130-PAGE BOOK sent free with testimonials of thousands cured at home.

WRITE TO THEM

ANY LUMP IN WOMAN'S BREAST

Is Cancer, and if neglected it will always poison deep glands in the arm pit, and kill quickly.

Address DR. & MRS. CHAMLEE & CO. Building

"Most successful Cancer specialists living."

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KINDLY SEND TO SOMEONE WITH CANCER

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FREE

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1001 curious (mostly untold) facts of human nature—how life is perpetuated, health saved, how to avoid pitfalls of ignorance and indiscretion, how to mate, be happy in marriage, and have prize babies, read Dr. Foote's "Wonder" books on Health, Disease, Freaks, Love, Marriage and Parentage.

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In Three Booklets, only 10 Cents. Contain 240 pages and 40 illustrations, only 10 Cents. Contain 240 vital facts that your doctor would give you for ten dollars. By mail, post paid, on receipt of price.

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Sell 10 packs Prof. Smith's Hair Tonic and Dandruff Remedy.

When sold return the \$1 and we'll send these 2 gold laid rings, or choice from premium list. A reliable firm, established 14 years.

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Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause.

A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence.

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OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ointment cures Salvo ulcers, Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 15, St. Paul, Minn.

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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them.

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

T. B., Augusta, Kans.—The yellow dock has the yellow root.

E. F., Columbia, Miss.—In cases of itchy, cleanliness is of the greatest importance and frequent washing in hot water and soap is necessary. Sulphur is the king remedy and the following preparation will be found most beneficial: Flowers of sulphur, two ounces; carbonate of potash, two drams; lard, four ounces. Rub it in thoroughly every night and morning, washing it off with soap and lard before each application. This remedy will prove effectual if proper cleanliness be observed.

V. C., Roanoke, Va.—If you will go to any book-seller in your town and ask him for a book on physical exercise you will get for a small amount, from a quarter up, more information than we could possibly give you in this column. In using dumb-bells you can easily be your own judge of how to use them, the idea being to bring into play those muscles of the abdominal regions which will aid digestion. Physical culture treats those subjects especially. If your book-seller cannot supply the book, write to Editor, Physical Culture Magazine, New York City, telling him what you want. As to taking milk, you should not drink it by the mouthful, but take it with crackers in it, so that you will not swallow it until you have held it in your mouth for a time. Without crackers it may be taken by the tablespoonful and shaken about in the mouth until the saliva has prepared it for the stomach. You are like those people, you eat too fast and swallow your food before the saliva has had a chance to get it ready for the digestive organs.

P. M. B., Crittenden, Ky.—That others had no trouble with the same vaccine which has caused you so much trouble indicates that your system is not in harmony with it. What may be done in your case is largely experimental and you will have to submit to treatment by your local physicians. We are inclined to believe that it was a mistake to have cut the skin out—the trouble lay deeper than the skin. A capable physician should be able to put you all right.

L. A. J., Detroit, Mich.—Detroit has many first-class physicians and specialists along the lines you mention. Go to anyone of them. You need advice not medicine; mind treatment, not body.

Helen, Hill City, Ill.—Wisdom teeth give some people a great deal of trouble, but ordinarily they do not. The only thing to do is to go to a competent dentist and have him treat them, taking them out if necessary. Nothing can be done with teeth except on personal examination. Hydrogen peroxide is an antiseptic and among various uses it does duty as a tooth wash. It will also blonde the hair. Use it as an ordinary tooth wash. Gout is an enlargement of the thyroid gland and is due to various causes. It is commonly permanent, but may be reduced. Consult a physician who can examine you. Your deafness is probably catarrhal. So, the head noises.

T. P. B., Vilas, S. Dak.—You should have your throat examined by a physician if it troubles you when singing. There may be inflammation, or it may be the result of the nervousness. The nerves often affect the throat in that way.

I. D., Woodland, Wash.—We think you cannot get an electric needle to remove superfluous hair, and if you could you could not use it properly. That calls for expert handling as we understand it.

A. M., Coatesville, Pa.—Pine tar inhalation is a common and excellent remedy for catarrh, and it will affect all the air passages including those of the ear. You will find it beneficial, and it may cure you, though the best cure for catarrh is change of climate.

M. N., Walkersville, Ga.—You are such a complication of ailments, mostly due to indigestion, that we can only recommend you to a physician who can see you personally. Ask him to tell you what to eat and how to eat it. First of all, never swallow a mouthful of victuals until you have chewed it to a fine pulp, as nearly liquid as possible. Eat nothing that does not agree with you and stop drinking alcohol and tea. You don't need medicine as much as you do knowledge.

J. W., Annapolis, N. M.—Yes, a goiter is a tumor, or a tumorous growth of the thyroid gland. We can only advise you to consult a physician and take his advice. Goiter may be cured, or greatly relieved, but not by treatment in print.

X. X., Old Office, Va.—Try a milder caustic on your warts. Be careful not to get it on the unaffected skin because it is "hot stuff." You can get it at any drug store. Haven't you got a warty man or woman in your neighborhood who can "charm" the warts away? The Family Doctor once had his hands full of them and the voodoo took them all away. How it was done is beyond our power to say.

X. Y. Z., Nelson, Mon.—The dandruff cures for sale at all drug stores are quite as effective as any remedy we could suggest. Ask the druggist for a good one. (2) It is healthy to sweat, even profusely, when one exercises, and you should consider it a sign of health. If you should take means to prevent it you would pretty soon find out its value. (3) Dizziness may be due to indigestion, or there may be some defect in circulation. Take exercise by making the muscles of the body rigid, breathing the lungs full of air, and while holding the breath heavy down slowly and rise again. Do this once or twice at first and gradually increase, day by day, taking it every hour if you think of it. Better see a physician if the dizziness increases.

T. D., Seville, Ohio.—Thorough massaging of your legs from the knees down may be of benefit to the numbness in your feet. Rub down for five minutes, bathe your feet in hot water with a little mustard added, if you wish, and rub them dry, then massage for another five minutes. Do this night and morning and see what the result will be. At the age of seventy the blood is apt to course less lively than it did fifty years ago, as you may have found out by experience. Still a man at seventy ought to be good for a dozen years longer and then many more if he is careful. Particularly be careful in what you eat and drink, quitting everything that does not agree with you perfectly. A plaster with a hole in it to protect the corn from the leather is the best remedy for a corn in the bottom of the foot.

B. F. J., Pardue, Tenn.—Stop taking the liver medicines and go to see a physician. Brown spots are natural on the skin of people who have much iron in their blood and possibly you are that kind.

Troubled Lass, Brooklyn, N. Y.—In our opinion the only trouble with you is indigestion. If you will read what has been said on that subject in this column at various times and will follow directions therein set forth you will have as good health as the average person does in this land where most of the suffering is due to carelessness of dietary habits. If you doubt this ask any physician of your acquaintance who is well informed.

M. G. L. C., Gilmore City, Iowa.—What you need is to have some competent physician give you a common-sense talk on physiology and hygiene and you should see one at your earliest convenience.

X. Y. Z., Mobile, Ala.—The complaint is not at all uncommon and unless there is something radically wrong, can be corrected and cured, but you will have to consult a physician. You are too young to begin suffering now with what may last many years.

Amanda, Oklahoma City, Okla.—You are another one of the numerous indigestion cases. Diet yourself on such food as agrees with you, drink no coffee or tea, and after meals, and morning and night, take a pinch of cooking soda in half a glass of hot water.

G. H., Granite, Colo.—You must go deeper than the skin to get rid of the pimples. You are probably eating too much greasy food. Drop the grease and the sweets and live on eggs and toast and vegetables with lean meat and no coffee or tea for a while. Cleanliness is always excellent in any skin troubles.

B. C. W., Lansburg, Va.—For information about Christian Science write to Christian Science Publica-



Personal To Rheumatism

I want a letter from every man and woman in America afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one **Free a One Dollar Bottle** of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—**ACTUALLY CURES RHEUMATISM**. I know it does, I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit. You cannot coax Rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or cunning metal contrivances. You cannot **tease** it out with liniments, electricity or magnetism. You cannot **imagine** it out with mental science. **You Must Drive It Out.** It is in the blood and you must **Go After It and Get It.** This is just what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy does and that's why it cures Rheumatism. Rheumatism is Uric Acid and Uric Acid and Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. **The Rheumatism has to go and it does go.** My Remedy cures the sharp, shooting pains, the aching muscles, the throbbing, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffened joints, and cures quickly.

I CAN PROVE IT ALL TO YOU

If you will only let me do it. I will prove much in **One Week**, if you will only write and ask my Company to send you a dollar bottle **FREE** according to the following offer. I don't care what form of Rheumatism you have or how long you have had it. I don't care what other remedies you have used. If you have not used mine you don't know what a real Rheumatic Remedy will do. **Read Offer below and write today.**

A FULL-SIZED \$1.00 BOTTLE FREE!

We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you, that ends it. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but a **full-sized bottle**, selling regularly at drug-stores for **One Dollar Each**. This bottle is heavy and we must pay Uncle Sam to carry it to your door. **You must send us 25 cents** to pay postage, mailing case and packing and this full-sized One Dollar Bottle will be promptly sent you free, everything prepaid. There will be **nothing to pay on receipt** or later. Don't wait until your **Heart-Valves** are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a Dollar Bottle free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who send the **25 cents for charges**.

Address, KUHN REMEDY CO., DEPT. B. M. HOYNE & NORTH AVES., CHICAGO

tion Office, Boston, Mass. Or to Mrs. Stetson, 96th Street and C. P. W., New York City.

C. G. S., Lambertson, Minn.—We don't know anything about the value of the injection for the skin and advise you not to attempt its use except under direction of a physician.

Reader, Blue Lake, Mo.—Stop worrying about the lump and night and morning rub it for five minutes. Not too hard, but enough to cause it to disappear before long by absorption.

Mrs. C. H., Post, Ore.—Write to N. Y. Med. Book Co., No. 45 East 42nd Street, New York City, asking the prices of various publications and have them recommend one. Very many are published, some good, and some not so good.

A. P. S., Missoula, Mont.—Wash the feet night and morning in hot water and soap, rinsing them off in cold water, then rub dry with a rough towel. It is not wise to attempt to prevent the perspiration, but if the feet are bathed frequently they will give you no trouble, or the least amount of it. Some feet sweat more than others and they must be properly cared for.

Forceps and Biceps

The city man had had his tooth filled so painlessly that he was feeling in good humor.

"I notice that these high-class dentists have no pull whatever," he said to his partner, when he came back to his office.

"Why not?" inquired the partner, who was in politics on the side. "They have a pretty good thing out of it judging from the money they make."

"But not through any pull they have, my boy."

"But they must have," the partner insisted.

"I tell you they don't. They turn the pulling part of the business over to a dentist who doesn't do anything else. See?"

Whereupon the partner gnashed his teeth for being so stupid.

Gains 30 Pounds in 30 Days

Remarkable Result of the New Flesh-Builder Protone, In Many Cases of Run-Down Men and Women.

Prove It Yourself By Sending Coupon Below For A 50c Package, Free.

"By George, I never saw anything like the effects of that new treatment, Protone, for the building up of weight and lost nerve force. It acted more like a miracle than a medicine," said a well known gentleman yesterday in speaking of the revolution that had taken place in his condition. "I began to think that there was nothing on earth that could make me fat. I tried tonics, digestives, heavy eating, diets, milk, beer, and almost everything else you could think of, but without result. I had been



Any Man or Woman Who Is Thin Can Recover Normal Weight By The Remarkable New Treatment, Protone.

thin for years, and began to think it was natural for me to be that way. Finally I read about the remarkable successes brought about by the use of Protone, so I decided to try it myself. Well, when I look at myself in the mirror now, I think it is somebody else. I have put on just 30 pounds during the last month and never felt stronger or more 'nervy' in my life."

It will cost you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of this treatment. The Protone Company will send to anyone who sends name and address, a free 50c package of Protone, with full instructions, to prove that it does the work. They will also send you their book on "Why You Are Thin," free of charge, giving facts which will probably astonish you. Send coupon below today with your name and address.

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This coupon is good for a free 50c package, (all charges prepaid,) of Protone, the remarkable scientific discovery for building up thin people, together with our free book telling why you are thin, if sent with ten cents in silver or stamps to help cover postage and packing, and as evidence of good faith, to

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American Movement Watch. Solid Gold Plated case, warranted time keeper, and a beautiful Signal Ring, both given Free for selling 20 pieces of our jewelry at 10 cents each. Write for jewelry. When sold send us the \$2.00 and we will send Gold Watch and Ring.

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My New Obesity Reducer Will Quickly
Reduce Your Weight To Normal,
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Prof. Kellogg and He Will Reduce You
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FREE. positively free a \$1.00 box of Kellogg's Safe Fat Reducer, to every sufferer from fat, just to prove that it actually reduces you to normal, does it safely, leaves no wrinkles, and builds up your health at the same time. Mail free coupon below today.

\$1.00 Free Package Coupon

This coupon is good for a \$1.00 package of Kellogg's Safe Fat Reducer and a book of Photographs and testimonials. Fill in your name and address on the blank lines below and enclose 10c. in stamps or silver as an evidence of good faith and to help cover postage and packing, and by return mail you will receive a free \$1.00 package prepaid.

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Do you buy coal? Why not burn your corn cobs prepared to heat same as coal? For \$5.00 we will instruct you how to prepare your cobs so that each cob will burn for 20 minutes with intense heat. Send 10 cents for sample to D. W. BOSTELMANN CO., CHICAGO. REFERENCE, R. G. DUN & CO.

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with constipation or piles? If you are, do not tax and injure your stomach with medicine. Your physician will endorse our Entona Suppositories as a simple, practical and safe remedy. It has proved so for over thirty years. If your druggist does not keep them send to MAISON DE SANTE, 240 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.

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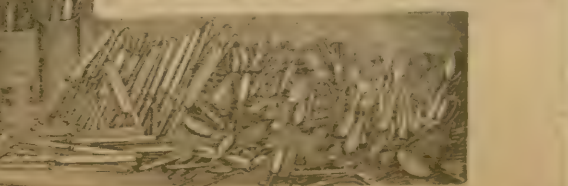
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Good Old Songs We All Love

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

Will any reader having an old song containing these words please send it direct to Mrs. Flora Evans, Alma, Ark:

"Next morning so early
We rose to our feet
With full fifty miles to travel
And not a bite to eat."

Also song entitled, "May God Bless the Song of Freedom."

Can anyone send direct to Mrs. Lida M. Barty, Xenia, R. D. 3, Ill., any or all of these poems? "The Skeptic's Daughter," "The Starless Crown," "The Curtain," "Lasca."

Nettie Moore

In a little white cottage, where the trees are ever green
And the climbing roses blossom at the door,
There I've often sat and listened to the music of the birds
And the gentle voice of pretty Nettie Moore.

CHORUS.

O! I miss you Nettie Moore, and my happiness is o'er,
While a spirit sad around my heart has come,
And the busy days are long and the nights are lonely now,
For you've gone from our little cottage home.

Below us in the valley, on the Santee's dancing tide,
Of a summer eve I've launched my open boat;
And when the moon was rising and the stars began to shine,
Down the river so merrily we would float.

CHORUS.

One sunny morn in autumn, e're the dew had left the dawn,
Came a trader up from Louisiana Bay
And gave the master money,
Where he's taken her to wear her life away.

CHORUS.

Since that time the world is dreary, and I long from earth to rise,
And join the happy angels gone before,
I never can be merry for my heart is full of sorrow,
And I'm pining for my pretty Nettie Moore.

CHORUS.

You are gone, lovely Nettie, and my heart must surely break,
When the tears come no more in my eyes,
But when weary life is past, I shall meet you again,
Heaven darling we shall meet beyond the skies.

CHORUS.

Last Night As the Moon Was Shining

Tell me, mother, tell me, are all lovers true?
Do they mean those loving words they speak to you?
Tell me, mother, for he whispered words so sweet,
Words that thrill my heart with ecstasy;
It was only last night, in the bright moonlight,
That he pressed me to his heart in fond delight,
And he vowed to love me by the stars above me,
Mother, did he mean those words?

CHORUS.

Last night, as the moon was shining,
Last night, while all nature slept,
Then he kissed me and caressed me,
Kissed me as I wept,
"For last night my heart was aching;
Someone told me he was false.
That he never meant one word he'd spoken—
Last night as the moon shone bright."

Dry your eyes, my darling, for your love is true,
Don't believe those cruel words they've told you;
I once listened to those same words, years ago,
And it parted my first love and me.
For they said my lover was unfaithful too.
I was young and innocent and bade him go,
His kind heart was broken, when those words were spoken.
So, my dear, believe him true.

Two Sweethearts of Mine

A crowd of young fellows one night at a club
Were telling of sweethearts they had;
All of them jolly excepting one youth,
And he seemed downhearted and sad.
"Come, Ned, won't you join us," his comrades then asked,
"For surely some girl has loved you."

Then raising his head, as proudly he said,
"Why, boys, I'm in love with two."

CHORUS.

"One has hair of silvery gray, the other just like gold.
One is gay and youthful, while the other's bent and old.
But dearer than life are both to me, and from neither would I part.
One is my mother, God bless her, I love her, the other is my sweetheart."

"My sweetheart, you see, is a poor working girl,
But still I'm determined to wed;
My father says, 'No it can never be so,
Go marry an heiress instead.'"

I've won mother over, she knows how it is,
When father met her she was poor;
She says, "Ned, don't fret, she'll be your wife yet,
Father will consent, I am sure."

CHORUS.



FIGHTING The Trust!

The Smashing Anti-Trust
Fight Now On!

TRUST PRICES
ECLIPSED AT LAST!

An absolutely first-class high-grade watch at a price within the reach of the people—the Burlington Special No-Trust Watch.

The World's Masterpiece of watch manufacture—the BURLINGTON SPECIAL—now sold direct to the public at its rock-bottom, no-trust price [and besides without middlemen's profits.]

We do not care what it costs we will uphold our independent line and so we are making the most sweeping, baffling offer ever made on watches.

Some trusts are legal and some are not. We do not say that the watch trust is illegal; but we do say that the methods of the giant factories in making "contracts" with dealers to uphold double prices on watches are very unfair—unfair to us and unfair to you. Hence our direct offer in the Burlington at the very same price the Wholesale Jeweler must pay.

This is your opportunity—NOW while this great no-trust offer lasts—get the best watch made anywhere at one-third the price of other high-grade watches. Furthermore, to fight trust methods, we \$2.50 a month on our finest watch—easiest possible payments at the rock-bottom price, the identical price the Wholesale Jeweler must pay.

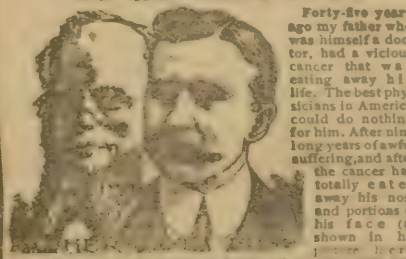
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The sad story of MY FATHER'S GREAT SUFFERING FROM CANCER

Read the following and be convinced
WE CAN CURE YOU.



Forty-five years ago my father who was himself a doctor, had a vicious cancer that was eating away his life. The best physicians in America could do nothing for him. After nine long years of awful suffering, and after the cancer had totally eaten away his nose and portions of his face (as shown in his picture here given) his palate was entirely destroyed and together with portions of his throat. Father's physicians discovered the great remedy that cured him. 30c. was over forty years ago, and he has never suffered a day since.

This same discovery has now cured thousands who were threatened with operation and death. And to prove that this is the truth we will give their sworn statement if you will write us. Doctors, Lawyers, Mechanics, Ministers, Laboring Men, Bankers and all classes recommend this glorious life-saving discovery, and we want the whole world to benefit by it.

HAVE YOU CANCER. Tumors, Ulcers, Abscesses, Fever Sores, Gout, Catarrh, Salt-Rheum, Rheumatism, Piles, Eczema, Scald Head or Scrofula in any form.

We positively guarantee our statements true, perfect satisfaction and honest service—or money refunded.

It will cost you nothing to learn the truth about this wonderful home treatment without the knife or caustic. And it will cost you nothing to have your disease cured. If you know anyone who is afflicted with any disease above mentioned, you can do them a Christian act of kindness by sending us their addresses so we can write them how easily they can be cured in their own home. This is no idle talk, we mean just what we say. We have cured others, and can cure you. Forty years experience guarantees success. Write us today; delay is dangerous. Illustrated Booklet FREE.

DRS. MIXER, 269 State St., HASTINGS, MICH.

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TO ADVERTISE OUR BUSINESS We will make a present of 10 of our beautiful solid gold and silver Thanksgiving and Christmas cards to everybody sending 10c for our big package of 25 assorted beautifully colored Souvenir Post Cards—This makes 35 cards altogether for 10c postage. The Greatest Bargain you ever heard of. Our big catalogue free with each order. Address Davis Bros., Post Card Dept. Ms 2 Chicago

FREE! The New External Prize Remedy. WHAT OXEN POROUS PLASTERS WILL DO.

THEY will, if used as directed, cure bodily pain as if by magic. They banish Backache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous and Sciatic Pains, Colds, Coughs, Quinsy, Gout, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Fever, Soreness, Stiffness, Lameness, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Growing Pains in Children, Lumbago, Stitches in the Back, Inflammation, and other bodily Aches and Pains.



Although the price of Oxen Plasters is 25c. each, to the first seven hundred new friends who can prove they have never before used the Oxen Plasters, and who agree to use the powers of our Wonderful Discovery, and tell their friends if they find relief from their miseries, we will send a sample Oxen Porous Plaster post free.

Thousands in America have been cured by this Wonderful Remedy, and many European cures have already been made. Write at once—today—and we will also send sample Oxen Plaster.

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We show this album as it opens, showing that four cards may be displayed before you on the 2 pages, also each leaf accommodates four cards, two on front and back; the entire album accommodates fifty cards. You preserve and exhibit cards at same time.

The average post-card collector would naturally require three or four of these albums every year, now that post cards are produced in such various seasonable subjects. One could fill an album with all different Christmas cards and again with birthday and greeting cards, still another album for travel cards received from friends who are residing at a distance or traveling. In this way one can arrange and classify their cards and they will then be preserved in a nice way and when you want to show them to your friends they are presentable in a tastefully arranged manner or cabinet.



ALSO LOTS OF CARDS FREE

To go with ALBUMS. As long as they last you get CARDS and ALBUMS for club subscription to 60c. PER YEAR. For these liberal terms. Send 2 trial 10c. 5 months. Club Offer subscriptions to COMFORT amounting to 30c. per year. Send trial subscription to COMFORT.

We give a new album free to all who send us a card of introduction to 15 beautiful cards.

Such as Christmas, New Year, Santa Claus, embossed, a gold thread, birthday and sentiment, greetings, views of public buildings, land and landscape cards as well as many more. We will miss a great big opportunity to let this offer escape you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

Comfort's Second Grand Prize Offer

863 CASH PRIZES WE SHALL GIVE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS



E. Wagoner Who Won \$875.00

SEE WHAT A GREAT THING THIS DOUBLING UP process did for MR. E. WAGONER. He won the \$50.00 FIRST PRIZE only three months and the \$25.00 SECOND PRIZE THREE MONTHS, but the DOUBLING UP of his MONTHLY PRIZES together with the \$250.00 CAPITAL GRAND PRIZE which also TUMBLED to him, made up the handsome sum of \$875.00 which he won and we paid him in the short space of SIX MONTHS besides a BIG VALUE IN PREMIUMS and commissions. He won the \$25.00 SECOND PRIZE in NOVEMBER and we paid him. In December he won the FIRST PRIZE of \$50.00, and DOUBLING IT, we paid him \$100.00; in January he DROPPED DOWN again to SECOND PRIZE \$25.00, but we DOUBLED IT and paid him \$50.00; the same in February, second prize of \$25.00 DOUBLED to \$50.00; in MARCH and APRIL he WON the FIRST PRIZE of \$50.00; and each of these months we DOUBLED IT and paid him \$100.00; and all these same subscriptions that won him these SIX MONTHLY PRIZES ALSO COUNTED in the GRAND PRIZE contest and won him the CAPITAL GRAND PRIZE of \$250.00 more. How was that for a DOUBLING UP combination? But if he had won the first instead of the second prize the other three months he would have won, and we should have PAID HIM \$1,300.00; he just missed it, but the \$875.00 that he did win was quite a HANDSOME LITTLE WINDFALL to PICK UP in SPARE MOMENTS outside of his regular business in SIX MONTHS.

THEN THERE IS MR. C. F. CLARK, of Leroy, N. Y., whose PICTURE APPEARS BELOW, to show how one creeps up from a small beginning in this prize competition. In November he WON ONLY a \$1.00 PRIZE; in DECEMBER he DIDN'T TRY; in JANUARY he entered again and won a \$1.00 PRIZE AGAIN; in FEBRUARY he won a \$1.00 PRIZE AGAIN, and it being his second month WE DOUBLED IT and paid him \$2.00; in March he WON THE THIRD prize of \$10.00, and WE DOUBLED IT paying him \$20.00; in April he won the SECOND PRIZE of \$25.00 and we PAID HIM \$50.00, and the combined subscriptions which he sent in won him ALSO THE THIRD GRAND PRIZE of \$25.00, making \$139.00 in all that we PAID HIM in CASH PRIZES BESIDES ALL HIS PREMIUMS.

MR. C. B. MORRIS of HEbron, a small town in West Virginia, won the third prize of \$10.00 in November and the same prize again in December, and of course we DOUBLED HIS SECOND MONTH'S PRIZE, making \$30.00 we PAID HIM FOR the TWO MONTHS. He DROPPED OUT and didn't do another thing DURING the other FOUR MONTHS, but the subscriptions he got in MAY and JUNE TWO MONTHS WON HIM the FOURTH GRAND PRIZE of \$40.00 which we paid him in May making a TOTAL OF \$70.00 in CASH PRIZES paid him just for winning the \$10.00 THIRD PRIZE TWICE. Isn't that a good kind of a combination by which TWICE TEN MAKES SEVENTY? We have mentioned only a few of the many prize winners in our last year's competition just to illustrate the workings of our great combination progressively compounding prize offer by showing you some of the actual results last year. THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF OTHERS to whom WE PAID PRIZES, and among them many children.

MR. C. F. CLARK

winners in our last year's competition just to illustrate the workings of our great combination progressively compounding prize offer by showing you some of the actual results last year. THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF OTHERS to whom WE PAID PRIZES, and among them many children.

Monthly Prizes Double Up to Persistent Winners and Give Astonishing Results

Nobody ever heard of such a thing until it was invented by us especially for our Great Jubilee Anniversary Prize Offer which created such a sensation a year ago; so we give you the benefit of it again in this present prize offer. It is a very simple process, but it produces surprisingly large results by doubling up prizes for those who win month after month. This is it. If you win a prize any month it will be paid you immediately, and you will receive your regular club premiums, too, as fast as the clubs come in. But that is not all. If you win a monthly prize the next month, that is for two months in succession, we will immediately pay you double the amount of your second month's prize. You need not win the same prize both months; any prize one month and any prize from \$1.00 to \$50.00 the next month will do the doubling act on the second month's prize. We also double for you whatever monthly prize you win the third successive month; and likewise the fourth, fifth and sixth months if you continue to win. Understand, that if you win one monthly prize, all monthly prizes won by you in consecutive months thereafter will be doubled for you.

This explains why there are two sums stated for each prize in the above December prize list; the first sum each time being the regular prize for that month and the second sum being the amount to which it is likely to be doubled by the progressive process just stated.

Of course the doubling and thriffling does not apply to the consolation prizes which are distributed by us among women and children who don't win.

Letter and Photo from the 83-YEAR-OLD PRIZE WINNER

Richland Ctr., Wisconsin, Dec. 15, 1906.

Publisher COMFORT Augusta, Maine.

Dear Sir:—I hereby acknowledge the generous gift of \$50.00 cash, also premiums following each other in rapid succession, of books, dolls, dishes and everything as ordered.

Here is a photo of your eighty-three-and-a-half-years-old servant with a crippled knee, who tramped ten villages getting subscribers for COMFORT last month and getting thriffling pay for my work.

1st. IN VISITING AMONG OLD FRIENDS;
2nd. IN PREMIUMS;
3rd. IN CASH PRIZE \$50.00. God bless our dear Publisher, his work and Uncle Charlie, with his band of Cousins.
S. V. CARPENTER.

CONDITIONS. The conditions of this contest are few and simple. First. Send subscription clubs, large or small, often as you like. Name regular club premium you want. Second. In mailing subscriptions intended for the prize competition, be sure to address them all to COMFORT Prize Department, Augusta, Maine or we shall not know they are for the prize contest. Third. Subscriptions mailed on last day of a month will be counted into that month's contest provided the post-mark on the envelope shows it. This makes it fair for all, no matter how far off they live. Fourth. The prizes will be awarded on the basis of one-year subscriptions, but other subscriptions will be accepted and counted in these prize contests as follows: 3 five-months subscriptions equal one yearly subscription. One two-years renewal equals one yearly subscription. So send in either kind of COMFORT subscriptions or renewals and they will all count.

Cash Prizes All Sizes \$1.00 the Least

\$1,300.00 THE LIMIT TO ANY ONE WINNER

ENTER NOW FOR NOVEMBER PRIZES

This is our SECOND GRAND Combination PRIZE OFFER, and we make it the same as our GRAND JUBILEE PRIZE OFFER of last year, because that was such a great all-round success,—but this time WE OFFER MORE PRIZES.

We paid \$675.00 to MR. E. WAGONER, of Galesburg, Ill., and \$350.00 to MISS ALICE WINTERS, of Grover Hill, Ohio, and large sums to MANY OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS, and HUNDREDS OF SMALLER PRIZES OF ONE TO FIVE DOLLARS EACH easily won with little effort, all in accordance with our last year's PRIZE OFFER which proved to be

THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME

to them; and we now offer you an equal opportunity to WIN AS MUCH OR MORE.

THIS IS THE GREATEST COMBINATION PRIZE OFFER ever made, because these 863 CASH PRIZES are divided into six groups of monthly prizes, \$1.00 to \$300.00, 34 GRAND PRIZES, \$5.00 to \$250.00, and 525 consolation PRIZES of \$1.00 EACH for WOMEN and CHILDREN; so that you may win any ONE CASH PRIZE, or ANY NUMBER or combination of CASH PRIZES not exceeding seven and not MORE THAN \$1,300.00 in all to any one person, and in addition an unlimited number and value of club premiums.

WE PAY BIG CASH PRIZES MONTHLY, so that you don't have to pull through a long contest to win, and you don't have to wait to get the premiums that you earn and the money that you win.

FOR EACH AND EVERY MONTH of the six months beginning with NOVEMBER, 1909, and ENDING with APRIL, 1910, there is a SEPARATE and DISTINCT PRIZE competition for a separate and distinct list of MONTHLY CASH PRIZES to be paid at the end of each month.

THESE 863 SPECIAL, EXTRA, CASH PRIZES will be paid, in addition to club premiums, to those who send us subscriptions to COMFORT. Prizes come thick and fast every month for six months.

209 PRIZES FOR NOVEMBER

To the 134 PERSONS who, after entering this competition, send us the largest number of one-year subscriptions to COMFORT before the end of November, we will pay the following 134 monthly prizes:

1st Prize,	\$50.00	3rd Prize,	\$10.00
2nd Prize,	25.00	4th Prize,	5.00
130 Prizes of \$1.00 each, \$130.00			

This competition for November opens with the date of this announcement and closes at midnight, November 30, and these monthly prizes for November will be paid as early in December as we can count up and find out who the winners are. The first prize goes to the one who sends in the largest number of subscriptions before midnight of November 30, the second prize is for the next largest number, and so on.

75 CONSOLATION PRIZES of \$1.00 each WILL BE PAID, 50 to WOMEN and 25 to CHILDREN UNDER 15 years of age, who ENTER THIS NOVEMBER COMPETITION and FAIL TO WIN a monthly prize.

There will also be a separate subscription prize competition in each of the months of December, January, February, March and April, and each of these months we shall award and pay 34 monthly cash prizes to the 34 persons who, during the particular months for which the prizes are awarded, send us the largest numbers of yearly subscriptions. The following are the

DECEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize \$50.00 or \$100.00	3rd Prize \$10.00 or \$20.00
2nd Prize 25.00 or 50.00	4th Prize 5.00 or 10.00
30 Prizes \$1.00 or \$2.00 Each	

JANUARY MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize \$50.00 to \$150.00	3rd Prize \$10.00 to \$30.00
2nd Prize 25.00 to 75.00	4th Prize 5.00 to 15.00
30 Prizes \$1.00 to \$3.00 Each	

The monthly Prizes for February, March and April are the same as those for January, except that the first prize is \$50.00 to \$200.00 for February, \$50.00 to \$250.00 for March, and \$50.00 to \$300.00 for April, as explained further on.

Each monthly contest (after November) opens on the first day of the month and ends at midnight of the last day of the same month. Subscriptions mailed on the last day of a month will be counted in on the contest for that month, provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This gives an equal opportunity to everybody no matter how far off they live. The prizes for each month will be paid as early in the month following as we can count up and find out who the winners are. In the January number of COMFORT we shall print the names of the November prize-winners, and each succeeding month we shall print the names of those to whom we have paid prizes during the previous month.

GRAND PRIZES

To those who send us the largest number of yearly subscriptions between the date of this announcement and midnight of April 30, 1910, we will pay the following grand prizes:

Capital Grand Prize, \$250.00	4th Grand Prize, \$40.00
2nd Grand Prize, 125.00	5th Grand Prize, 20.00
3rd Grand Prize, 65.00	6th Grand Prize, 10.00
28 Grand Prizes of \$5.00 each, \$140.00	

The Capital grand Prize goes to the one who sends in the largest number of subscriptions between now and the last day of next April, and the second prize is for the next largest number, and so on. These Grand Prizes come on top of the monthly cash prizes and regular club premiums, and therefore they are

COMBINATION CUMULATIVE PRIZES

When you enter for the monthly prizes we also enter you for the Grand Prize Contest, and all the subscriptions which you send in any month count in the monthly prize contest of that month and also in the Grand Prize Contest. You can enter at any time in any of the six months and can drop out at any time, and we will pay you whatever monthly prizes you win while you are in, and will send you your regular club premiums, too, as fast as you send in the clubs. You may win a monthly prize one month, two months, or every month, and may win a Grand Prize on top of them. As all the subscriptions in this contest count toward both sets of prizes, the Grand Prizes are sure to go to winners of monthly prizes.

MONTHLY PRIZES THRIFBLE

If you win the same monthly prize three consecutive months, we will double your second month's prize and pay you three times the amount of your third month's prize. See how this works. Suppose you win the third prize, \$10.00, for three consecutive months, or as some say, three straight months,—what we mean is three months running. In that case we pay you \$10.00 for the first, \$20.00 for the second and \$30.00 for the third month, making \$60.00 in all for the three months. And likewise with the fourth, fifth and sixth months, if you continue to win the same monthly prize. This explains why there are two sums stated for each prize for January and succeeding months, as above; the first sum each time being the regular prize for that month and the second sum being three times as much means that the regular prize is likely to be doubled or thrifbled by the progressive process just stated.

Understand, that on the third consecutive month that you win the same monthly prize, and on all successive months thereafter that you win the same monthly prize, we pay you three times the monthly prize which you win. This rule applies to each and every one of the 34 monthly prizes, ranging from \$1.00 to \$50.00 each month. Even a \$1.00 monthly prize becomes \$2.00 the second and \$3.00 the third successive month that you win it, making \$6.00 for the three months, and keeps on at \$3.00 a month for the remaining three months if you continue to win it. There are 130 \$1.00 prizes the first month, and 30 \$1.00 monthly prizes each of the other five months, and it ought to be easy to win at least a \$1.00 prize each month, and if you do win only a \$1.00 prize each month, it will double and thrifble up to \$15.00 for the six months, and you would be almost certain to win a grand prize of at least \$5.00 more on top of that.

YOU MAY WIN \$1,300.00

Undoubtedly many of the monthly prizes will be won easily and even doubled up or thrifbled without much effort, as they were last year, but we are going to make it worth a vigorous effort to win the first \$50.00 monthly prize and keep on winning it month after month. So if the same person who wins the \$50.00 prize in November also wins the first prize each of the five succeeding months, we will pay him \$50.00 for November, double it to \$100.00 for December, make it \$150.00 for January, raise it to \$200.00 for February, raise it again to \$250.00 for March, and wind up by paying him \$300.00 for April, which adds up to \$1,050.00 for the six months; and of course, if you capture the first prize each month you cannot help winning the Capital Grand Prize of \$250.00 also, which added to the \$1,050.00 makes the splendid sum of \$1,300.00 which we should be more than pleased to pay you if you are industrious and persevering enough to win it. Now is not this worth trying for? It is enough to buy you a small farm, a little home in the village, set you up in business, pay off a mortgage, or start a bank account and make you a capitalist.

525 Consolation Prizes for Women and Children

We shall pay 525 consolation prizes of \$1.00 each (including the 75 above mentioned for November), to women and children under 15 years of age. These consolation prizes will be awarded and paid by us for the five months, November to March, to such of the women and children entering for monthly prizes and failing to win as we think worthy of reward for their unsuccessful efforts. Remember, the monthly prizes are paid every month. The November prizes will be paid early in December, and the names of the winners will appear in January COMFORT, and so on, month after month, until May, when the Grand Prizes will be awarded and paid.

A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOR

We shall keep a strict account of all subscriptions sent in to us by each and every person who enters this great subscription prize contest so that there shall be no mistake in awarding the prizes. Each and every prize must and shall surely be paid to somebody. It makes no difference to us who wins them. We shall take great care to see that those who win them get them, and you will all know because we shall publish the names of all the prize winners.

IN CASE OF A TIE, the prize or prizes for which contestants are tied will be divided equally between them. Thus, if two are tied for first prize, we shall add first and second prizes together and give half of the total to each, and doubling the share of either contestant entitled to double.

EVERYTHING TO WIN AND NOTHING TO LOSE. It costs you nothing to enter. It is the chance of a lifetime,—a lot of great chances combined. Don't let them slip past you. Enter now with a club of two or more and get in line for the prizes. Your own subscription or renewal will count one. You can renew 2 years for 25 cents, or if you have recently renewed or subscribed, you can extend your subscription for 25c. more and have it count one. Use the Prize Contest Entry Coupon on opposite page to enter this contest, or if you do not wish to mutilate this paper by cutting it out, copy it on to a sheet of paper. Get your friends to subscribe, renew or extend their subscriptions and help you to win a prize.



Miss Alice Winters Who Won \$350.00

THE YOUNG LADY, whose picture is shown above, WON HER \$350.00 in ONLY THREE MONTHS' time. She did NOT ENTER UNTIL DECEMBER, the second month of last year's prize competition, and that month she won the second PRIZE OF \$25.00; in JANUARY SHE WON the FIRST PRIZE of \$50.00 which we DOUBLED and PAID HER \$100.00; again in FEBRUARY she won the \$50.00 FIRST PRIZE and we paid her ANOTHER \$100.00, and then she was ill and HAD TO DROP OUT and DIDN'T DO A THING, DIDN'T EVEN MAKE A TRY in MARCH or APRIL; but the subscriptions THAT SHE SENT in through DECEMBER, JANUARY and FEBRUARY and which WON her PRIZES in THOSE THREE MONTHS counted for her in the GRAND PRIZE CONTEST and Won HER also the SECOND GRAND PRIZE of \$125.00 which we PAID HER in MAY. Don't you think she was more than SATISFIED WITH the PROFITS of her brief efforts GETTING SUBSCRIBERS for COMFORT? \$350.00 CASH PRIZES besides all her valuable premiums in ONLY THREE MONTHS' time,—WOULDN'T YOU BE?

Then there is DEAR OLD MR. CARPENTER, whose picture and nice letter of thanks appear on this page. He had such a NICE, EASY HAPPY TIME GETTING THE SUBSCRIPTIONS which won him the first prize of \$50.00 in NOVEMBER. He was more than 83 YEARS OLD and so he dropped out of the competition after the first month when cold weather came on, and through the other five months he didn't do a thing, but his November subscriptions won him a \$5.00 GRAND PRIZE which he was very MUCH SURPRISED to receive last May.

MISS LULAE BLACKMAN, whose picture is shown below found that SMALL PRIZES EASILY WON COUNT UP. She entered in DECEMBER and won \$1.00; in JANUARY she won a \$1.00 PRIZE which we DOUBLED for HER; in FEBRUARY she again WON a \$1.00 PRIZE which we THRIFBLED and PAID HER \$3.00, making \$6.00 that we PAID HER FOR WINNING only THREE \$1.00 PRIZES; in March she won the FOURTH PRIZE of \$5.00 which we DOUBLED to \$10.00; in APRIL she DROPPED BACK AGAIN to a \$1.00 PRIZE which we DOUBLED for her, and ALSO PAID HER the SIXTH GRAND PRIZE of \$10.00, making \$26.00 that we paid her for winning ONE \$5.00 and FOUR \$1.00 MONTHLY PRIZES.

But just see what this DOUBLING and THRIFBLING WILL DO on a \$1.00 MONTHLY PRIZE. SEE WHAT IT DID for

MRS. ALICE WARNER whose picture appears in the FAMILY GROUP with her husband and three PRETTY CHILDREN. She entered in November and won a \$1.00 PRIZE; in DECEMBER we DOUBLED it and PAID HER \$2.00; in JANUARY she won a \$1.00 PRIZE and we kept it the SAME PACE WINNING just a \$1.00 PRIZE in each of the SUCCEEDING FIVE MONTHS; THAT WAS ALL SHE DID, just won a \$1.00 PRIZE each month for SIX MONTHS, but it brought HER \$20.00 in PRIZE MONEY; thus, NO- VEMBER \$1.00, DECEMBER DOUBLED to \$2.00, JANUARY THRIFBLED to \$3.00, FEBRUARY THRIFBLED to \$3.00, MARCH THRIFBLED to \$3.00, APRIL THRIFBLED to \$3.00, making \$15.00 out of SIX \$1.00 PRIZES, and the combination also won HER A \$5.00 GRAND PRIZE which made \$20.00 that she received for winning SIX \$1.00 MONTHLY PRIZES.

MISS LULAE E. BLACKMAN

\$1.00 PRIZES, and the combination also won HER A \$5.00 GRAND PRIZE which made \$20.00 that she received for winning SIX \$1.00 MONTHLY PRIZES.



Mrs. Alice Warner Won Seven Prizes

\$1.00 DOUBLE-THRIFBLE COMBINATION WON \$20.00 including a \$5.00 Grand Prize. She won only six \$1.00 monthly prizes, but by our doubling and thrifbling combination they brought her \$20.00, including a \$5.00 Grand Prize. She lives at Redwood Falls, Minn.

ENTER NOW; Win a November Prize, Win Double in December. Read directions with coupon on opposite page.

FREE FUEL

Most Wonderful Stove Ever Invented.

BURNS AIR

Fuel Drawn Principally From Atmosphere.

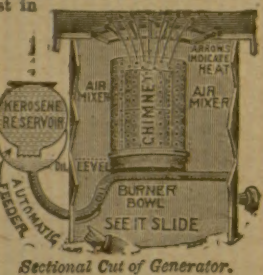
HEATING OR COOKING.

Air now burned in this wonderful stove is free to rich and poor alike. No trust in control.

This Valveless
Wickless Automatic
Oil-Gas and
Air-Burner
Stove

automatically gener-
ates gas from kerosene
oil, mixing it with air.

Scientific test
proves it uses 395
barrels of air to
one gallon common
kerosene oil.



Sectional Cut of Generator.

CHEAPEST FUEL-INTENSE HEAT.
Heat concentrated under cooking vessels and ab-
sorbed by articles being cooked or concentrated under
Radiator and distributed throughout room.

NOT LIKE THOSE SOLD IN STORES.
Ideal for roasting, cooking, baking, ironing, canning fruit,
etc. In Winter use Radiator for heating houses,
stores, rooms, etc.—always ready. No more carrying
coal, kindling, ashes, soot and dirt. To operate—turn
knob—oil runs into burner—touch a match; it generates
gas, which passes through air mixer, drawing in about a
barrel of air to every large spoonful of oil consumed.
That's all. It is self-regulating, no more attention.

Same heat all day or all night. For more or less heat,
simply turn knob. There it remains until you come
again. To put fire out, turn knob, raising burner—oil
runs back into can, fire's out. As near perfection as any-
thing in this world. Not dangerous like gasoline. No
dirt, soot or ashes. No leaks—nothing to clog or close
up. No wick—not even a valve, yet heat is under perfect
control.

D. CARR, Ind., writes: "It costs only 1 1/2
cents a day for fuel." **L. Norris, Vt.,** writes:
"The Harrison Oil-Gas Stove is a wonderful saver
of fuel, at least 50 to 75 per cent over wood and coal."

E. Arnold, Neb., writes: "Saved \$4.25 a month
for fuel by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. My
range costs me \$5.50 per month, the Harrison \$1.25 per month."
Wm. Baering, Ind., writes:
"We warmed a room when it was
15 below zero with one Radiator."
REV. WM. TEARN, ME.,
writes: "This morning 16 below
zero—soon after lighting Harrison
Oil-Gas Stove temperature rose to
summer heat."

ALL
SIZES.
PRICES
LOW
\$3.25
AND
UP.
Sent to
any address.

Absolutely safe from explosion. Not dangerous like
gasoline. Simple, durable—lasts for years. Saves ex-
pense, drudgery and fuel bills.

Give this stove a trial. Send no money—only send
your name and address. Write today for full descrip-
tion, thousands of testimonials. Our 1910 Proposition.
Circulars FREE.

EXCITING BUSINESS FOR AGENTS
SALESMEN—MANAGERS—Men or Women at
home or traveling, all or part time—showing—taking
orders—appointing agents, etc. **MESSRS. HEAD
& GRAZIANO, TEXAS,** writes: "Enclose order for
\$31.00. RUSH. Sell like hot cakes. Sold 50 stoves
in our town." **B. L. HEUSTED, NICH,** writes:
"Been out one day and sold 11 stoves." This
patent new. Nothing like it. Demand enormous.
Agents reaping great harvest. Where operated people
stop, look, get interested, want to buy at once. Show
dozen, sell ten. Write today for special agents'
new plan. Send no money. World unsupplied.
Get in early for territory.
**THE WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 127 World
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BED WETTING
Inability to hold urine during the night or day, in old
or young, is not a habit but a dangerous disease.
Our **HARMLESS** Pastilles are guaranteed to cure it.
O. H. ROWAN DRUG CO.,
Dept. 9, London, Ont., Canada. A 25c. Pkge. FREE.

WEAK MADE STRONG
FREE TRIAL
If you suffer from Nerv-
ous Weakness or Debil-
ity, Lack of Vigor,
Feeling, Weak of Vigor,
Ambition and Vitality,
Despondency, Restless
Nights, Poor Memory,
Lame Back, Dizziness,
Trepid. Liver, Nervous
Indigestion, Kidney and Bladder trouble, send for my
FREE BOOK, with valuable information for you, also a
FREE TRIAL TREATMENT of the Famous Parker
Remedy, used so successfully by my late husband, a well
known physician, for over 27 years in his large practice.
Don't put off this duty you owe yourself; write today.
Mrs. N. G. Parker, 519 Main St. Desk 7, Toledo, O.

IS THIS A SAMPLE COPY?

LOOK AND SEE. If so you will find it marked "Sample Copy" on the wrapper or title page, and
you will know that you are one of a favored few to whom it is sent free this month only, with the
compliments of the publisher, to show you what an excellent all-round family magazine it is, and to
give you a chance to subscribe for it. But THIS IS THE LAST you will see of it if you do not sub-
scribe. KINDLY LOOK IT THROUGH. It will interest you, and every member of your family will
find something in it of special interest.

The Best Serial Stories by Well-Known Popular Authors constitute
one of the strong and attractive features of COMFORT, and you will find in this number parts of four
continued stories which will interest you. All of them were started recently. Two began in Septem-
ber, one in October, and THIS PAPER CONTAINS THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF THE FOURTH.
They will run through the winter.

Notice particularly the charming child's serial, "Little Prudy's Dotty Dimple," by Sophie May, the
celebrated author of the most delightful juvenile books written in such a style as to be equally interest-
ing to children and their elders.

SUBSCRIBE NOW, at once, so as to get Christmas COMFORT next month, an especially interest-
ing number full of good things, including an ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS STORY that touches the
heart and fills one with the true CHRISTMAS SPIRIT. You will miss it if you delay, because we
cannot supply back numbers.

COMFORT, each month, contains a vast amount of instructive and useful information, covering a
wide range of interesting topics.
COMFORT is BRIGHT, CHEERY, UP-TO-DATE. Its tone is moral, PATRIOTIC, and CHRIS-
TIAN. An ELEVATING influence IN THE HOME, it PROTECTS the children from the TEMPTA-
TION of reading demoralizing literature.

Comfort is the Best All-Round Family Monthly. But don't take our
word for it, and don't judge COMFORT by its subscription price, which is low enough to be within
everybody's means; read this paper and judge for yourself.

Fill out the subscription blank below and send with it 25 CENTS for one year, or 10 CENTS for
FIVE-MONTHS trial subscription. If you subscribe now you will receive our beautiful colored
art CALENDAR for 1910, sent you FREE as a THANKSGIVING PRESENT to decorate your home.
It is really exquisite, being lithographed in ten colors from an elegant picture painted especially for us.

Publisher of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

I am sending 25 cents for 12 months subscription to COMFORT.

Name _____ Post-office _____

County _____ State _____

If you send a quarter cross out the words "10 cents." If you send 10 cents cross out the words "25
cents," so that the coupon will show correctly the amount of your subscription.

Home Lawyer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

M. H. L., Arkansas.—You should communicate with
the Pension Department, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. L. E. T., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your
state, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of a
man, intestate, leaving a widow and one child by a
former marriage, his property would be divided be-
tween the widow and the child. (2) We think that
children can be disinherited.

E. H. O., Minnesota.—We think you should keep
the property you mention until you locate the owner,
but that you should make every effort to find the
owner.

R. S. S., Connecticut.—We think it very probable
that you are entitled to a portion of your uncle's
estate, but that it is not probable that your mother
has any interest in it, as from your statements we
understand your relationship comes on your father's
side; you should communicate the fact of your rela-
tionship to the executor of the estate, or to the lawyer in
charge, or employ some one at the place where your
uncle was a resident at the time of his death.

M. M. C., Mississippi.—Your statement of facts is
incomplete, but, as near as we can understand the
facts from your statements, we do not think you can
recover damages.

O. E. D., California.—We are of the opinion that,
under the laws of Wisconsin, your father could by his
will disinherit you, and that you should communi-
cate with the clerk of the probate court of the county
where your father was a resident at the time of his
death for information as to whether he left a will;
we do not think you can recover against his estate
for your support during minority; such a claim
should have been made and passed upon at the time.

Mrs. E. B., Rhode Island.—If there was a suit
brought against your husband and a judgment en-
tered, we think he can be compelled to pay the taxed
costs if he has any property.

Mrs. M. M. C., Michigan.—We do not think the
note you mention can be collected unless the holder
can substantiate that the statute of limitations has
not run against it.

R. S., Washington.—We do not think your father
can recover the property you mention.

J. T. P., Iowa.—We do not think so.

D. P., Minnesota.—We think the supervisors have
the power to take up and lay out the road you men-
tion; if your neighbor disputes their acts, it would
then be a matter for the courts.

F. E. W., Illinois.—If the deed to the property is
so drawn that the title stands in the names of
the husband and wife as tenants by the entirety, we
think that upon the death of one the whole property
would go to the survivor.

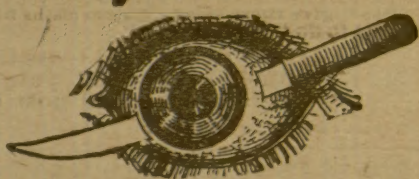
W. F. C., Washington.—We think, upon your
statements to us, that you have a legal right to open
the fence to the roadway over which you have a right
of way, in order to enforce your right, but you
should be careful not to destroy any other fence ex-
cept just enough to give you passage room to the
road.

E. L. H., Iowa.—We do not think the man you
mention collect double pay for working the day
you mention, unless he had an express bargain to that
effect, nor would he be entitled to another day's lay-
off in case he worked that day, without such bargain.

Mrs. W. D. M., Texas.—We think that, if the book
was misrepresented to you, you should refuse to re-
ceive it, and that you cannot be held for payment of
it, but that you should be very particular to refuse
to receive it.

Mrs. S. E. E., Virginia.—Upon your statements to
us, we are of the opinion, that the husband of the
woman you mention is entitled to support from her
husband unless she is divorced from him or an action
for a divorce is pending. We think she should make
application to the court to compel him to allow her
to see her children; their custody can then be deter-
mined by the court.

Eyes Cured



Without the Knife

Grateful Patrons Tell of Almost Miraculous
Cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild
Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes, and
All Eye Diseases—Send Your Name
and Address with Two-Cent
Stamp for Free Trial Bottle.

The cures being made by this magic lotion every
day are truly remarkable. I have repeatedly restored
to sight persons nearly blind for years.

Ulcers, wild hairs, granulated lids disappear almost
instantly with the use of this magic remedy. Weak, watery
eyes are cleared in a single night and quickly restored
to perfect health. It has repeatedly cured where all other
remedies and all doctors had failed. It is indeed a magic
remedy and I am glad to give this free trial to any suf-
ferer from sore eyes or any eye trouble.

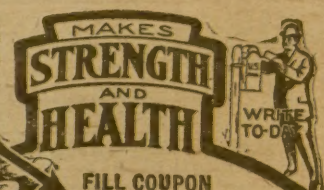
Many have thrown away their glasses after using it a
week. Preachers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, engineers,
students, dressmakers and all who use their eyes under
strain find with this Magic Lotion a safe, sure and quick
relief. If you have sore eyes or any eye trouble write me
today. "I am in earnest in making my offer of a free trial
bottle of this lotion. I am glad to furnish proof in many
well-proven and authentic cases where it has cured cata-
racts after the doctors said that only a dangerous and ex-
pensive operation would save the sight. If you have eye
trouble of any kind you will make a serious mistake if
you do not send for my great free offer of this Magic Eye
Lotion. Address with full description of your trouble and
a two-cent stamp, H. T. Schlegel Co., 3775 Home Bank
Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and you will receive by return mail,
prepaid, a trial bottle of this magic remedy that has
restored many almost blind to sight."

FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline

YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT



Dr. Rainey says: "My scientific formula
of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases
and symptoms mentioned below—it's the
most certain of all and there is no doubt
about this. Vitaline tablets are just
the treatment so many are looking



for, what they should have and must have
to be made strong, vigorous and healthy.
It makes no difference how weak you are
nor how long you have had your trouble,
Vitaline tablets will easily overcome it—
they will not fail nor disappoint you.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lost
Vitality, Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily
Excited, Worn-out Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack
of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor
Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss
of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache,
Bloating, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up,
Catarrh, Gas, Grawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fainting, Skipping, Pal-
pitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold
or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in
Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped
Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness,
Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels
may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness,
Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish,
Loss of Flesh and Strength.

ENCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc.

Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 25, 152 Lake Street, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage
and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, \$1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost
or obligation to me.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

One More Wheel Chair in October

40 Shut-ins Relieved by COMFORT in 17 Months

Augusta, Maine, Oct. 15, 1909.

My Dear Readers:

You will rejoice with me because the wheel-chair subscriptions are coming in better. As I wrote you in
October, I had hoped they would be sufficient in number to warrant the bestowal of two chairs in October;
they fell far short of two, but they are coming in so much faster now, and unceasingly so, that I feel little
doubt of two wheel chairs for November. The recipient of our October Wheel Chair is Rufus Hendricks,
DeQueen, Arkansas.

While you are preparing to celebrate the Thanksgiving season with festivity and mirth, manifest your
gratitude to Providence, whose mercy and kindness has given you a whole, sound body and innumerable other
blessings, by helping the poor, the sick and the needy, and especially that most unfortunate and deserving
class, the destitute, crippled shut-ins. Don't plead poverty as an excuse, because it costs you nothing but a
very little of your spare time to get one or more new subscribers to COMFORT for the Wheel-Chair Club.

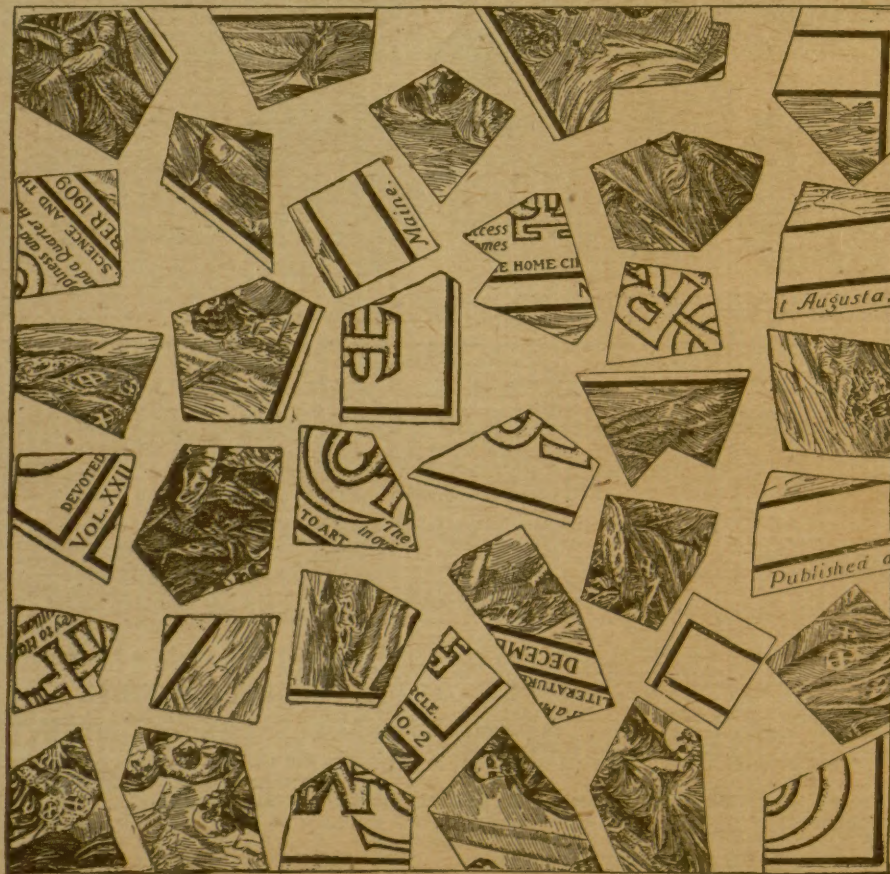
O, if every reader of COMFORT would just take this to heart, bearing in mind how empty their prayers
and thanks must sound to the Creator if unaccompanied by the real substance of charity and good deeds, and
before Thanksgiving Day would each send in even one new subscription to credit of COMFORT'S Wheel-
Chair Club, they would make it the greatest Thanksgiving that ever was. Think of the thousands of poor
shut-ins that it would provide with wheel chairs. Every one of you can certainly do this much if you are well.
Then why is it that so few do it? Is it selfishness or indifference?

Do something, however little, now before Thanksgiving for the shut-ins.
With best wishes and Thanksgiving greetings.

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of Comfort.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 250 new
one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be
credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be en-
titled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID'S WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute crippled Shut-in and I pay
the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am
always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Our space is so crowded that I am unable to print any of the letters or testimonials from the shut-ins and
their friends this month, but will give you some in Christmas COMFORT.



Prize Picture Puzzle for Christmas

You Can Find the Right Answer in Your Bible

This cut-up picture is a small reproduction of COMFORT'S beautiful and inspiring December title page
illustration which represents one of the most notable scenes of sacred history described in a FAMOUS PAS-
SAGE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. The text which the picture illustrates tells about the GIVING OF THE
VERY FIRST CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, and ought to be familiar to everybody that reads the Bible and to
every child that attends Sunday school. As a test of your knowledge of the Bible we make the following

Prize Offer. WE WILL GIVE, subject to conditions stated below, to each and every person
that tells us correctly the chapter of the New Testament in which these first
Christmas presents are mentioned **A Dozen Beautiful Christmas Post Cards.** These Post
Cards are lithographed in striking colors, GOLD and SILVER FINISHED, assorted, embossed, Holly, Santa
Claus, Christmas Bells, etc. To those who answer within 10 days with club subscriptions, we also give a dainty
pocket hand mirror in a pretty celluloid frame.

Conditions. To win a prize you are only required to mail us the correct answer on or before the
fifteenth day of December, and send with it one new yearly subscription to COM-
FORT at 25 cents, or two five-months subscriptions at 10 cents each.

Of course you have to cut out the picture and put it together so as to know what it is, BUT YOU ARE
NOT REQUIRED TO SEND US THE PICTURE.

IN CHRISTMAS COMFORT FOR DECEMBER will be an exceedingly interesting and instructive article
explaining the picture and the mysterious significance of the text. Every Christian ought to read it. TAKE
NO CHANCE OF MISSING IT by letting your subscription run out. RENEW, NOW, TWO YEARS FOR A
QUARTER. It is imperative if you found the buff folder renewal blank in your October COMFORT and
have not already made use of it.

Address COMFORT PUZZLE DEPT., D, Augusta, Maine.

Reuben Jones at the County Fair

(CONTINUED FROM OCTOBER.)

As she came up the watchers could see that she was trembling, but she seemed to have every trust in the man, who leaned toward her. "Prompt to the minute my little fairy," he exclaimed. "Why you have so many virtues I don't know how you'll put up with such a bad egg as I," and he lit a cigarette.

"I will think my husband perfect," she whispered.

"Of course, but there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip," was his strange reply, and there was a sinister undercurrent in his laugh that did not promise much for the girl's safety or happiness. She did not quite doubt him, but his words seemed to need explanation, and she said:

"And you'll marry me as soon as we get off the train, Clarence, sure?" her voice shaking.

"I'll fix everything up, little girl," was his reply. Bad as he was, he did not seem able to lie to her outright, as she stood there in the moonlight, her hair like a nimbus about her pretty head.

The gambler leaped out of the buggy, holding the reins with one hand, while he threw his other arm about her slender waist and kissed her upturned lips, and then lifted her into the

buggy, and was about to leap in himself, when Mr. Green, breaking away from all restraint, shot at Smart, missing him, but slightly wounding one of the horses. They dash away with Lucy in the buggy, while the gambler is knocked flat on his face in the road. Before he can recover himself, Reuben is upon him holding him down, while the sheriff comes up and puts on the handcuffs. It requires their united efforts to prevent Green from braining him with his clubbed musket.

The gambler is searched, but only a few hundred dollars are found on him. "Where is Mr. Jones's money?" asks the sheriff.

"I never saw the color of his money. Ask the man who got away with it," Smart replied glibly.

"That don't go down," snapped the sheriff. Smart began to laugh, but the sheriff soon opened his lips by remarking:

"You can tell us now, or I'll leave you tonight in charge of Green while the rest of us hunt for this money."

One glance at the furious father struggling to get at him was enough, and Smart shaking in terror gasped:

"It's in a tin box under the sill of the woodshed of the schoolhouse on the next crossroad." And there, sure enough, was found all Reuben's money safe and sound.

While the others with the gambler in irons went after the hidden money Oliver P. Green and

his son started down the road to find Lucy. Their search was not a long one, for the horses had been stopped by old man Cobb and his son who were out hunting for Frank, and while Lucy was frightened almost to death, she was otherwise none the worse for her wild ride.

They took her to the Cobb house which was nearer, and while she was recovering herself, a messenger was sent on to tell her mother that she was safe. Mr. Green seemed a sadder and a wiser man, wise enough now that he had cooled down, to hold his tongue, overcome with shame; while poor Lucy frightened and bewildered crouched down in her chair, and cried as though her heart would break. Finally he said to her: "Come, let's go home, your mother will be anxious to see you although you are forever disgraced. There isn't a man in this whole county who would marry you after this escapade," but he was interrupted by a voice:

"I will if she will forgive me," and they all turning saw Frank Cobb, pale, shamefaced, but determined looking, standing in the doorway. With a manliness he had never showed before he went over to Lucy, and stooping over her he said gently:

"Lucy, dear, look up," and when she raised her eyes there was something in his that made her feel that perhaps life still held out some inducement for living.

"I introduced poor Lucy to this man so as to get away from her, and I ought to bear the

blame, but I realize that it is she I love. When I heard about all this, I thought I would go crazy," and he shuddered.

"And that hussey you were with?" demanded his mother.

"She? Oh, she can get back to town all right, she has my horse and buggy," then turning once more to Lucy, he said:

"Can you forgive me Lucy?" and as she hid her face on his arm, she whispered:

"If you can me," and as the two fathers looked at the repentant ones, they shuddered to think how truly Mr. Haycock's warning had come true. Assuredly their sins had found them out, and the innocent had been made to suffer with the guilty.

As Reuben drove Bessie to her home, with his money safely tucked away in his pocket, he breathed freely again, the clean, pure country air, and he whispered, as he drew her closer to him:

"Bessie girl, the country looks awfully good to me."

"Honest, Reuben?" Bessie asked delightedly.

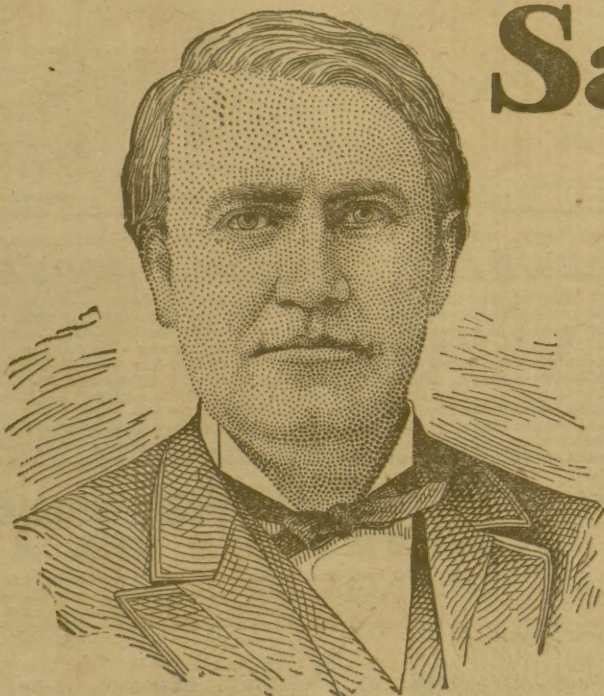
"Honest, so good that I'm going to make my home here for the rest of my days and never again try to play another man at his own game," and then in the moonlight he kissed the distracting dimple that came out in Bessie's left cheek with the glad smile that lit up her pretty, dear face at his words.

THE END.

MR. EDISON

Says: "I Want to See a Phonograph in Every American Home."

What This FREE Loan Offer Means to YOU



For the Phonograph, as the reader may know, is the Wizard's pet and hobby. Though he has patented hundreds of other wonderful inventions, Mr. Edison's constant care and experiments have made the Edison a perfect musical instrument.

Read the Free Loan Offer

Thomas A. Edison

Several times before I have offered to LEND the readers of this paper free of charge any of the latest style Edison Phonographs described in our new Edison catalog.

Why, then, have YOU not favored me with your name and address—just your name and address—so I could send you this New 1910 Edison Catalog? Address F. K. BABSON.

The free loan means just what it says. You may borrow a latest style Edison direct from us, take it to your home, and let the machine talk, sing, laugh and play for you; hear the wonderful marches, waltzes and two steps, the laughable minstrel show—all that endless variety of entertainment. After a few days of music and merry-making, return the outfit at our expense. That is all. I do not charge you one cent for the loan.

ALL I ASK is that you invite some of your neighbors and friends to your home to hear these grand Edison concerts—of course you would do that anyway. Let your friends realize the wonderful improvements in the Fireside Edisons. Tell your friends, please, that on a special offer, they can now get the very latest style Edisons at the rock bottom price either for cash or for easy payments of \$3.00 a month; the rock bottom price (without even interest) at \$3.00 a month.

I DON'T ASK you to sell an outfit or to take any orders. In fact, at the rock bottom price I would not allow a commission to anyone. If after hearing all the wonderful music and recitations, five or six of your friends want a genuine Edison at \$2.00 a month (and at the surprisingly small rock bottom price) tell them to send their orders to us; if you yourself want to keep the machine either for cash or at \$2.00 a month, you may; if nobody buys (and that may happen) I am just as willing and just as glad I let you have the free use and the free loan of the machine for I certainly shall have proved to you and to everyone of your friends the wonderful superiority of the genuine Fireside Edison over all other talking machines, even those machines which cost twice as much; and you and your friends will remember and talk about those grand free Edison concerts all the rest of your lives.

Now Without Any Obligations

I will consider it a favor if you will allow me to lend you an Edison for your free concerts, and I want to send you now our FREE EDISON CATALOG so that you can select the machine you want. Even if you do not want to borrow the Edison right now I wish you would send me your name and address so I can send you our free catalog.

Your name and address, either a postal or in a letter, or on the coupon—that is all. Then mail it to

F. K. BABSON,

Edison Phonograph Distributors

Suite 2078 Edison Block,

CHICAGO

Canadian Office

355 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG, CANADA.

This offer means that you can have an absolutely free trial of an Edison Phonograph, that you can enjoy right in your own home the grandest entertainer the world has ever known. This offer means that you can give at your home just such concerts as would cost \$1.00 to \$2.00 a seat in the opera house of a big city.

Indeed, you cannot imagine how many uses and pleasures you will find in a phonograph until you have one in your own home. Suppose you accept the great free loan offer for a few days. Send over for a few of your neighbors, of course. Tell them to bring the children too, for there is no end of entertainment, concerts and vaudeville for children and for grown up people with the Edison.

For an Evening's Fun

And then for an evening's fun with this phonograph which I am so pleased to lend. Everything that is bright and clean and wholesome. How much better than the theatre! Never a questionable joke, never a vulgar song, never an evil suggestion for the youthful mind. Only the best and the cleanest and most wholesome is chosen for the Edison gold moulded records.

Just think how much all this means, and you can have it all free just by signing your name and address. You want to make your home attractive, don't you? You may make it anything you wish. Let it be bright and cheery and inspiring. Let it be a place attractive to your sons and daughters in the long winter evenings.

Amusing the Children

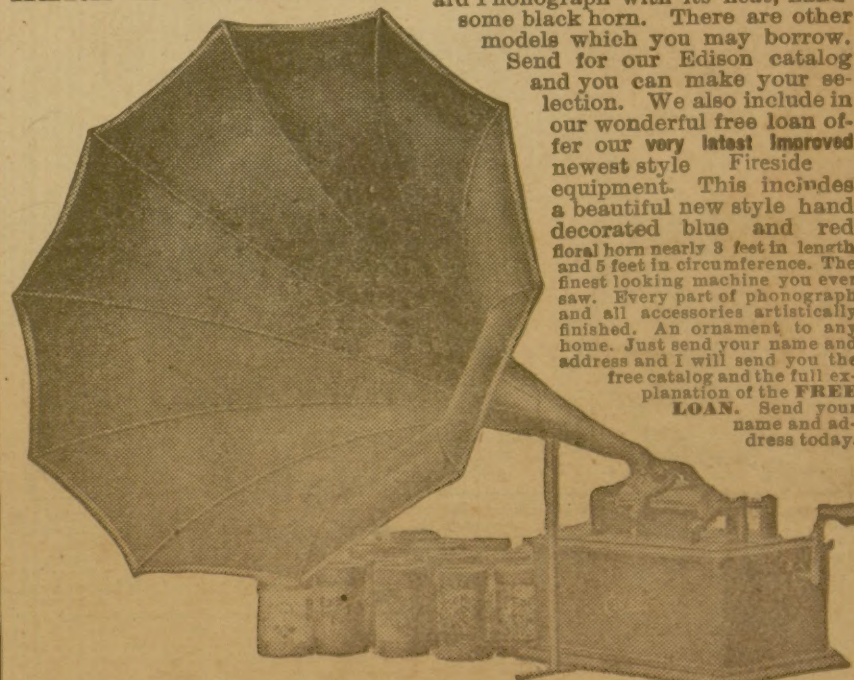
We are always trying to think of something to amuse and interest the children. Don't you think "mother" would enjoy just as well as the children, the stirring marches, the bright dialogues, the funny minstrel jokes, the late "coon songs" or one of Cohan's breezy, sunny hits.

And how about yourself? Don't you ever feel just "weary", not tired enough to go to bed but too tired to read? Put your slippers on, sit by the fire and sit down with "mother". Let your children operate this wonderful instrument—your 6 year old child can learn all there is to know about the simple perfected Edison in five minutes, and the children will enjoy the responsibility. See how much the soothing music or songs or stories will rest and refresh you. Why don't you try it for a few evenings? Why haven't you done it before? You have only yourself to blame if you do not accept my free loan offer and borrow for a few days at least the "king of entertainers."

NOW, I OFFER A FREE LOAN: So many families have been made happy and bright with this perfected Edison invention, I just wish I could talk to every reader of this paper and tell you how much such a treasurehouse of entertainment means in your home. But I can't talk to you personally so I'll send you an Edison Catalog free and our offer for a free loan of the Edison Outfit, provided you send me your name and address.

HERE IS A PICTURE of the latest style genuine Edison Standard Phonograph with its neat, handsome black horn. There are other models which you may borrow.

Send for our Edison catalog and you can make your selection. We also include in our wonderful free loan offer our very latest improved newest style Fireside equipment. This includes a beautiful new style hand decorated blue and red floral horn nearly 3 feet in length and 5 feet in circumference. The finest looking machine you ever saw. Every part of phonograph and all accessories artistically finished. An ornament to any home. Just send your name and address and I will send you the free catalog and the full explanation of the FREE LOAN. Send your name and address today.



Owners of Edisons—1910 Model Equipments Now Ready! All those who already own an Edison phonograph can wonderfully improve their old machines, making them almost like the new 1910 machines, and can also get the SUPERB new 23 Edison Amberol records, the loudest, clearest, most beautiful records ever made, playing TWICE AS LONG as any of the records heretofore made. Owners of Edisons—write for free circular A.A. describing all this.—F. K. BABSON, Manager.

OUR FREE CATALOG COUPON
My name is
My address is
Just fill out the above (no obligations of any kind) mail this coupon to F. K. BABSON, Suite 2078, Edison Block, Chicago, and get our free catalog, no letter necessary, the coupon will do.